The Saturday Evening
POST
December 27, 1958 – 15¢

DEC 23 '58

PETER LIND HAYES and MARY HEALY

By PETE MARTIN

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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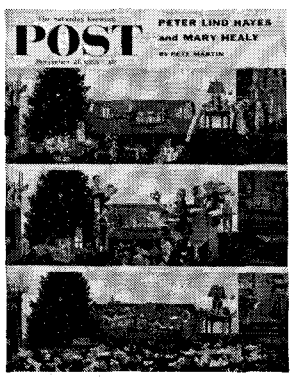

THE COVER

During the mystic night a roly-poly saint has stolen down the chimney and unloaded from a bottomless pack gay parcels bulging with gifts—bulging, that is, with love. According to some theories, Saint Nick is joined in the room's pale starshine by assistant saints who live in the house; in any event, there is documented evidence that after he departs, reindeer hoofs can clearly be heard making a rooftop take-off, and a jingling of bells dwindles away across the sky. As artist Ben Prins' joyful people come oh-ing, ah-ing and bowwowing into the room, you can see by the dark window that 'tis still the night before Christmas; but a silver dawn breaks as they convert those beautiful packages into the classic Dec. 25 shambles. What does Fido think he's doing, tidying things up?

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How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 47-59 or May 23, 1959; 23-60 or December 3, 1960.

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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

This is a season of gala events, a time to remember. And for millions of filmgoers there is excitement in the lengthening list of Academy Award contenders. Very opportunely, along comes M-G-M's latest, a picture of prize-winning stature—"Some Came Running."

The much-discussed novel by James Jones, author of "From Here to Eternity", filmed in CinemaScope and Metrocolor, translates to the screen its bold realism and driving emotional force.

Not only does it search out shocking truths from a sleepy and apparently respectable small town, one like any other, but the vitality of the roles seems to inspire the actors to extraordinary performances.

Sinatra

MacLaine

Martin

M-G-M blew the glory bugle on this story, summoning the best of their talent, a fine cast headed by Frank Sinatra, and such top creative men as producer Sol C. Siegel and hit director Vincente Minnelli.

Hyer

The action starts quietly, with almost deceptive calm. A bus groans to a stop in the town drowsing under the hot sun. Out steps homecoming Dave Hirsh, a writer without words, a man without a dream, a lover without a woman.

Kennedy

He walks through streets, his presence dissolving the masks of deceit exposing the whole secret turmoil of greed, lust and ambition that smolders behind the façade of tree-shaded houses.

Sinatra uncoils an electrifying performance as Dave Hirsh; he is tough yet soft, laughing, loving and lost. He can brawl with a bouncer or beat the drums in a nightclub. And he can read the invitation in a charmer's eyes. His character, like a catalyst, touches many lives.

Ginny (Shirley MacLaine) the soiled angel is doomed to love him too much. Bama (Dean Martin) the soft-spoken gambler who is his friend pushes luck too hard. Gwen (Martha Hyer) thrills to his kisses and hates herself for it. And his brother (Arthur Kennedy) takes refuge from marital boredom in an office romance.

Yes, "Some Came Running", some turned away, but everyone knew that Dave Hirsh was in town. And his homecoming is touched with wry humor and salty drama.

The novel was moulded into a magnificent script by famed playwright John Patrick, and Arthur Sheekman. "Some Came Running" is the kind of movie that will keep filmgoers running to wherever it is shown.

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**Except in those states where specific waiting periods are required by law.*

Letters

Officers of the Law

DEAR SIRS:

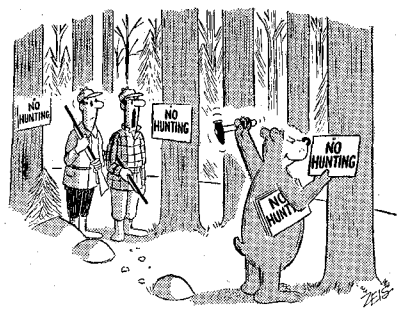
PLEASE INFORM WILLIAM HEUMAN [Take a Chance on a Stranger, Nov. 1] THAT COPS WHEN SPEAKING OF COPS NEVER CALL COPS COPS.

LAMONTE H. MOORE
OKEECHOBEE, FLA.

Unbearable

Dear Sirs:

Sometimes [Nov. 15 issue] you strain our credulity to the breaking point.



"Just as I thought!"

Who in the world ever saw a left-handed bear?

K. B. MACDOUGALL
Benton, Pa.

Decline of the Dollar

Dear Sirs:

Roswell Magill's WILL YOUR DOLLAR BE WORTH TEN CENTS? [Nov. 22] has so clearly translated the handwriting on the wall that no one can feign ignorance of its portent.

LUCIUS H. KENTFIELD
San Mateo, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

We are laying the groundwork for a first-class stock-market crash. And when it crashes this time, it will do a good job of it. The dollar will be inflated and the credit of the country will be dissipated. . . . Then will come the day that Russia has been waiting for.

RALPH M. SHAW, JR.
Beverly, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I believe that the citizenry of the U.S.A. is intelligent enough to understand what Roswell Magill says we should do to solve the problem of inflation, but whether we are intelligent enough to do it is another question.

CHARLES W. HAWTHORNE
York, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

His suggestion that Congress develop "a suitable fiscal policy" is equivalent to suggesting that a confirmed drunkard cure himself by signing the pledge.

WILLIAM F. MAHER
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Some of my friends tell me that the article has given them a sleepless night; and if that is true on a large scale, perhaps the article will have served its purpose.

ROSWELL MAGILL
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The idea of reducing taxes and increasing the total tax revenue from the [resultant increase in] business was successful when propounded by the late Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury thirty years ago. It'd still work.

A. HORACE FISH
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I am convinced that the only [path] to solvency is a constitutional amendment that would freeze taxes at their present rates and limit spending to ninety-five per cent of income, the remaining five per cent to be applied to reduction of the national debt. This amendment should give Congress power to declare a national emergency for a period of two years in any one decade, during which time restrictions as to spending would be removed.

BRADLEY ORMES
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Magill asks . . . "Is it absolutely necessary to pay Federal employees an average of $90 a week, while state employees get $67 and the average in private industry is $78?" . . .

Contrary to the implications of Mr. Magill's statement, the pay of classified Federal employees has lagged so markedly in recent years that the Government has had an increasingly serious retention and recruitment problem.

VAUX OWEN, *President*
National Federation of Federal Employees
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

When business gives labor a ten per cent raise, without getting a ten per cent increase in productivity, the value of our dollar declines, for we get less for it. This is inflation. . . .

Business is resigned to inflation, apparently, as it routinely approves every demand of the unions for more pay.

T. B. HOLLIDAY
Elmhurst, Ill.

Mary's Monotony

Dear Sirs:

Quite true that readers have suggested enough things for Miss Mary Kraft of Indiana to keep her out of boredom for the next decade [Letters, Nov. 22] but has it ever occurred to any of those who have rushed into helpfulness that . . . second only to sleep, the boredom of monotony is the most restorative of all human blessings?

I had begun to worry that, in a world where a miracle is obsolete before it is understood, boredom was extinct. . . .

Good for Mary.

MRS. ERIC W. PERKINS
South Yarmouth, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to Mary Kraft on a unique way of entertaining herself—getting a rise out of the readers of The Saturday Evening Post.

JOANNA WOODROW
Schenectady, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

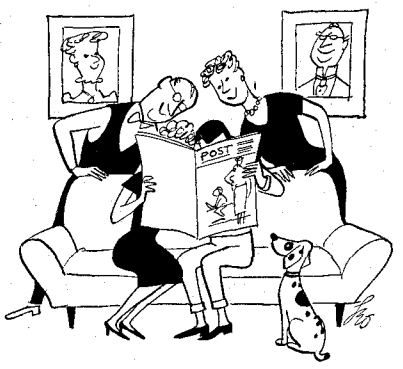
What's with this Dear Mary stuff? Has anybody felt her pulse? . . . If she is young and alive she can find plenty to do and not have to be smart either. . . .

We have a little school, six boys and one girl (that's my sister). . . . One boy is in the first grade, one boy is in the second grade, one boy is in the fourth grade, two boys are in the sixth grade, and one is in the seventh grade. (But he isn't any smarter than the rest.)

DOC SARGENT (*age 11 yrs.*)
Seeley Lake, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

Mary Kraft was successful with your readers—so here's my problem. What do you do when the boy friend comes call-



ing, finds The Saturday Evening Post, and reads it from cover to cover?

ROSELYN PHILLION
Amos, Québec

● *Try reading over his shoulder. Or get a second subscription. Or take cheer from the letter below. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I plan to be married soon and I am very sure it will be a happy one, for we both love to read the Post!

BEA NAVA
Corpus Christi, Texas

Perry Mason Cops a Plea

Dear Sirs:

In this day and age, with so many persons being shot, and shot at, on the pages of our magazines and on our television screens, it might be a good idea if authors . . . were to employ the services of someone who is acquainted with firearms. Such a person could have prevented Perry Mason from referring to a .22-caliber Colt Woodsman as a "twenty-two automatic *revolver*" on page 111, Nov. 15 issue [Part IV, THE CASE OF THE GREEDY GRANDPA, by Erle Stanley Gardner].

Mr. Mason has been around firearms enough in his career to know that an automatic pistol is a weapon that extracts, ejects and reloads a cartridge by means of a recoiling mechanism . . . whereas a revolver has a cylinder containing chambers which hold a separate round of ammunition in each.

LEO W. SONNE
Titusville, Pa.

● *Author-lawyer Gardner's defense: "Many readers don't associate the word automatic with a weapon. For some years I have, therefore, referred to a lethal firearm as a revolver, regardless of whether it is an automatic, a target pistol or a revolver. This makes sense to the millions of average readers who want to follow the action in a story, but quite frequently results in letters of protest from gun lovers to whom I cheerfully yield the point whenever it is pressed." —ED.*

(Continued on Page 6)

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BLOWOUT PROTECTION: Why risk the danger of a blowout? Nylon guards against unseen tire damage that leads to sudden failure. Nylon gives tires lasting protection against the 4 major causes of blowout: (1) bumps, (2) heat, (3) moisture, (4) flexing. All tire makers use nylon cord in their better tires. For your safety insist on nylon cord tires whenever you're buying new tires or a new car.

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LOOK FOR THE NYLON IDENTIFICATION ON TIRE SIDEWALL.
Enjoy the "DU PONT SHOW OF THE MONTH" on CBS-TV.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

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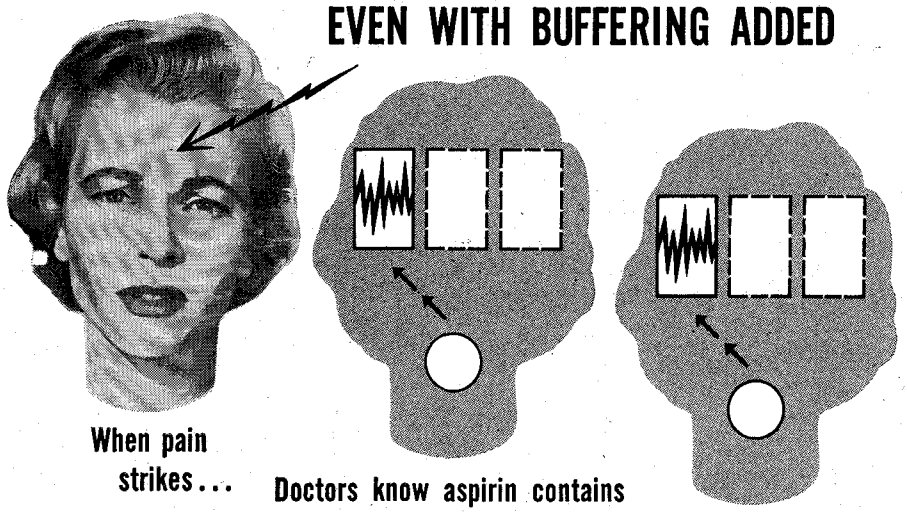
WHAT DO DOCTORS DO to relieve TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES?

3 out of 4 recommend the ingredients of ANACIN® for headache pain.

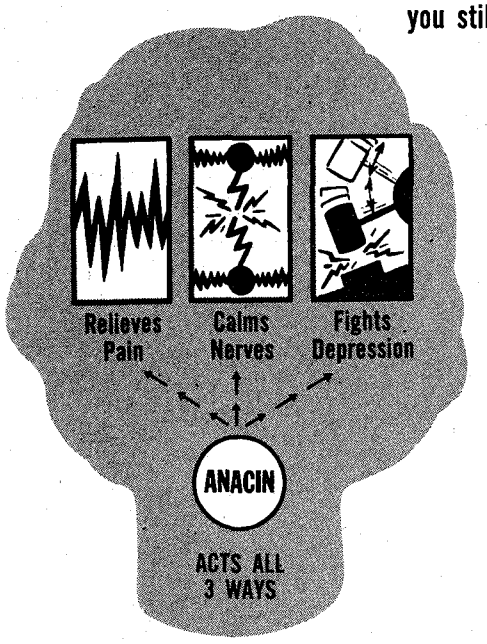
BETTER THAN ASPIRIN... EVEN WITH BUFFERING ADDED



When pain strikes...

Doctors know aspirin contains only one pain-reliever...

Add buffering and you still have only one



ANACIN relieves pain, calms nerves, fights depression. Leaves you comfortably RELAXED

Anacin gives a better TOTAL effect – more complete pain-relief than aspirin or any buffered aspirin. Here's the simple reason. Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains *not* just one but a *combination* of medically proven ingredients. Anacin (1) promptly relieves pain of headache, neuritis, neuralgia. (2) calms jittery nerves, leaves you relaxed. (3) fights depression. And Anacin Tablets are *safe, do not* upset your stomach. Buy Anacin today!

FOR FAST FAST FAST RELIEF

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Brynner vs. Brynner

Dear Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed Pete Martin's article I CALL ON YUL BRYNNER (Nov. 22), as I do all of Mr. Martin's articles.

I was amused, though, at Mr. Brynner's contradicting himself on the question of vacations. On page 82, Mr. Brynner says, "I don't know what a vacation means, and frankly, I don't know why anyone wants one. What is a vacation anyhow except wasted days?"

Then, on page 86, quote, "The day before I left for a vacation in Mexico. . . ."

MRS. CHARLES H. THOMPSON
Downey, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Probably both Mr. Brynner and Mr. Martin need an extended one.

RAYMOND A. KRINGEL
Milwaukee, Wis.

● *Brynner says he didn't plan to loaf when he left for Mexico. He went there to work on a movie, which was canceled after he arrived. So he took a fishing trip. "Being on salary," he says, "I sent the first fish to the studio, saying, 'You paid for it. You might as well have it.'"*

In other words, a vacation on company time doesn't count as a vacation—according to Yul Brynner.

—ED.

Dear Sirs:

This is the story of Yul Brynner as a choice for The King and I. It is unknown to Yul.

My husband Paul White was in Henry Souvaine's office when Henry turned to him and said, upon hanging up the phone, "That was Richard Rodgers; he can't find a lead for King and I." He described the character and Paul said, "I have him." Souvaine was disdainful, but Paul called me and asked who the male lead of Lute Song had been. I'm part of Paul's memory, so I came through with "Yul Brynner." . . . Brynner got the part.

FRANCES WHITE
New York, N.Y.

Our Fascination With Ponca City

Dear Sirs:

Have any other readers called your attention to the curious fact that Ponca City, Oklahoma, is mentioned in both an article and a fiction story in your Post for Nov. 22?

In your article WHERE IS LYDE MARLAND? [by John Kobler] Mrs. Marland resided in Ponca City. And in your story THE INNOCENT CAPTIVE [by Allan Seager] appears the sentence, "If it had happened in Ponca City. . . ."

What does Ponca City, Oklahoma, have that it should be mentioned twice in one book, when Fieldale, Virginia, never gets mentioned?

R. CLYDE BROWN
Fieldale, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Will someone please tell me what's wrong with Providence, R.I.?

MRS. GLORIA CHALLBERG
Greenwood, R.I.

Down Under Overlooked?

Dear Sirs:

I always read the Letters in your excellent magazine and have yet to find one from this fair land. Do you print only those from your own country?

JEAN M. DITTMER
Childers, Australia

● *By no means. (See below.) But most mail from overseas arrives after the subject already has been dissected in Letters.* *—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

After reading GREETING CARDS WITH NO INHIBITIONS [by Joe Hyams, Oct. 25] I am left with the conclusion that America is the only country in which you can mass-produce nonconformity.

MICHAEL ARBIB
Vaucluse, Australia

※58949 Speaks Up

Dear Sirs:

I am an inmate at the State Prison of Southern Michigan and just recently got around to reading a copy of your issue of January 18 [1958].

In the story ISLAND OF FEAR [by William Sambrot] the author relates that the two immortal Gorgon sisters are imprisoned in seclusion by a barricade of towering walls and by the sea.

While in grade school (nearly fifty years ago) I read a story about these

Medusa.

grisly creatures which stated that they were endowed with the power to fly. . . .

Since they could *fly*, neither towering walls nor the sea would hinder the Gorgons from going wherever they chose. . . .

Recognition that the Gorgons could fly nullifies the entire concept and complexion of Mr. Sambrot's tale.

CARY T. COOK, #58949
Jackson, Mich.

● *Author Sambrot can appreciate reader Cook's sympathy for the imprisoned Gorgon sisters. But he points out: "If my version of this legend differs from the one he read fifty years ago—why, think how* that *version differs from Homer's."* (*Homer said there was only one Gorgon; Hesiod said three; reader Cook says two.*)

—ED.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–New York Public Library. • 13–Eugene Kammerman. • 14, 15–Ollie Atkins. • 16, 17–Arthur Lidov. • 18, 19–John Bickel. • 20, 21–Joe Bowler. • 23–Joern Gerdts. • 24–Ben Prins. • 25–Larry Keighley; The Atlanta Constitution. • 26–Larry Keighley. • 27–Four by Larry Keighley; Pictorial Parade; Culver. • 28, 29–Joern Gerdts. • 30–Era Zistel. 31–Paul Nonnast. • 32, 33–Stan Galli. • 37–Mac Conner. • 58–65–Stan Galli. • 80–Anonymous; Bill Shrout; Demetrios Kesoglides; Gus Pasquarella.

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Publisher's Note—This is an *advertisement,* but one of such unusual character we are glad to print it as a public service.

Persuaders in the Public Interest

The story of a little-known band of men and women who created a Hundred Million Dollar Non-Profit Trust that works for the public good

By JASON WEEMS

Last summer, a father, driving his vacationing family through one of our great national forests, pulled up for the view where a mountain road looked down on a deep, wooded canyon.

Filling his pipe, he flared a kitchen match with his thumbnail, in the Western manner.

"Hey, Pop," cried his eight-year-old son, "don't throw that match out the window, break it. You know what Smokey the Bear says."

Smokey has been urging people to take such precautions against starting forest fires for 16 years. You've probably seen his messages on posters, on TV, or in print. Or heard them on the radio.

Smokey, who now lives in the Washington, D.C., zoo, was a real-life bear cub. A forest ranger found him wandering in the smoke of a forest fire which had consumed his mother. Advertising men dressed him up in print as a forest ranger and made him the greatest fire fighter of them all.

As a result of his efforts, the U.S. Forest Service estimates that, since 1942, 600,000 forest fires *did not start;* 260 million acres of timber *did not burn;* and nearly 10 billion dollars of damage *was not done!*

Who Made Smokey a Hero Fire Fighter?

Smokey got his start in the fire-fighting business in 1942 when the U.S. Forest Service called for help from a unique business organization called The Advertising Council.

You've probably never heard of The Advertising Council, but it is unlikely that a day passes in which you are not exposed to the persuasive messages, prepared and disseminated under its auspices, on the air or in print. This is a good thing for you, and for your country.

Persuasion in the public interest started when an advertising man had lunch with a Princeton professor and three officers of the Rockefeller Foundation in New York. This was in the spring of 1941.

The Adman Stuck His Neck Out

The professor was doing research in communications under a Rockefeller grant, so the lunch table talk naturally turned to the art, or science, of communication. That was when the adman stuck his neck out.

He said all foundations were making two mistakes in policy. First, they spent most of their money on the *increase* of knowledge and very little on the distribution of it. Second, when they did spend money on the distribution of knowledge, they used old-fashioned horse-and-buggy methods, and ignored the modern high-speed effectiveness of motion pictures, broadcasting, and advertising.

Seeing a responsive gleam in the eyes of the late, great Dr. Alan Gregg, world-wide student of medical problems for the Rockefeller Foundation, the advertising man went on to elaborate his idea in terms of what advertising could do to spread new medical knowledge among all the people.

Persuasion for the Public Welfare

His convictions, widely shared by many advertising men at that time, boiled down to this:

1. American advertising facilities and techniques had become the most effective means for the communication of new knowledge, and for persuasion to use it, which the world had ever seen.

2. This means of communication could be used just as effectively in the public interest as it was being used in the private interest.

3. Advertising being a communication facility developed by business, business itself might well consider making it available for public welfare projects and organizations.

Out of these convictions The Advertising Council was born in November, 1941. Its initial organizers and financial supporters were the six official organizations of national advertisers, of magazine, newspaper, radio, and outdoor media owners, and of advertising agencies.

It had barely been organized when it was called upon to play a greater role than any of its founders had envisioned.

The Stab in the Back

On December 7, 1941, the Japanese struck Pearl Harbor. A country at war found itself faced with vast new problems which could be

TURN PAGE

ABOUT THE AUTHOR—Jason Weems is the pen name for one of America's most versatile men. He has been successful as a Bible salesman, a printer, an advertising writer, a book and magazine publisher, a government official, the head of a social science research laboratory and consultant to a large Foundation. He is the author of several books.

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met only with the cooperation of all the people.

Scrap metals, rubber and paper were needed in vast quantities, and they had to be gathered up from every farmyard and city cellar.

Fats and wheat had to be saved to send to our allies.

War Bonds had to be sold.

Merchant seamen, WACS, WAVES, and nurses had to be recruited.

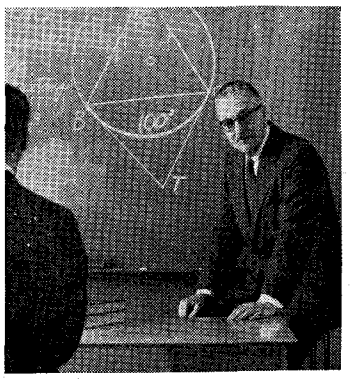
Victory gardens had to be planted.

Altogether, before the war was over, civilians had to be persuaded to do more than one hundred things like this.

Great Britain, faced with the same problems, had turned to paid government advertising to help solve them. This made the government by far the biggest, and almost the only, advertiser in the country. Some felt this was a potential threat to freedom of the press.

"42 years with chalk on my sleeve"

The story of a man who was a national hero for 42 years and never knew it!



"I've been a schoolteacher for 42 years. Now they're trying to tell me that I'm a hero, too — me, a national hero, for teaching geometry!

"Lately, there's a lot of talk about education being America's best defense. All of a sudden, we teachers are in the spotlight — 'heroes of America's future security' someone called us the other day. It really makes you stop and think.

"Frankly, I've never felt much like a hero. Certainly there were times when I didn't see like one – times when I almost quit teaching for a job with more money or position. But each time I started to dream about the extra things I'd be able to give my own children, I'd remember the other young folks in our town — the slow child who needed help after class . . . the quick one who needed encouragement to compete for a scholarship . . . the typical student who had to be shown how exciting learning can be. I guess I knew all along I could never really leave them.

"That's why it's so hard to think about retiring – especially now, when America needs good schooling more than ever. Luckily, I know I'll still be able to play an important part in the fight for better education. You don't have to be a teacher or even a parent to work for revised curricula, higher standards of student achievement or improved status, prestige and training for teachers. People just like you and me are working toward these goals all over the country."

We must have *first-rate* schools, not only to prepare our children for all branches of higher learning, formal and informal, but also to make them well-informed adult citizens. An educated America is a free America.

For full details on how you and your community can help, write to "BETTER SCHOOLS" 8 EAST 40th STREET, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Let's ask ourselves these questions:

		YES	NO
1	Are the teachers in our schools fully qualified and are we doing them the justice they deserve?	☐	☐
2	Do our schools provide for the early recognition of each child's capacities, with the necessary guidance counseling to assure his participation to the limit of his interests?	☐	☐
3	Are the curricular courses of study, including essential laboratory facilities and up-to-date textbooks, available to our students? Are science and math courses given proper emphasis, starting in the grades?	☐	☐
4	Do our schools make adequate provision for exceptional children, both the extremely bright and the slow learners?	☐	☐
5	Are our students being recruited scholastically by colleges, with full consideration of their abilities and their strong points of interest?	☐	☐
6	Are the students who do not go on to college receiving the kind of education that makes them more valuable employees and better citizens in our community?	☐	☐
7	Are our children attending full-time sessions in classes small enough for the teacher to give proper attention to each pupil?	☐	☐

AMERICA'S LEADERSHIP DEPENDS ON FIRST-RATE SCHOOLS

BETTER SCHOOLS—The continuing purpose of this campaign is to maintain public interest in the nation's schools, which must be ready to train rising school populations over the next ten years. In 1958, State School Committees increased in numbers and Parent-Teachers Association membership rose. Citizen concern about our schools and what they teach is at a new high level.

America Chose a Better Way

Our government turned to the newly formed Advertising Council, which quickly became the War Advertising Council.

The Council called for volunteers. Advertising agencies supplied talented people to prepare the messages needed. Advertisers, magazines, newspapers, radio stations, and outdoor poster companies supplied advertising time and space to carry the messages to the country.

All these interests responded through the War Advertising Council. America responded to the messages.

By the end of the war, more than *One Billion Dollars'* worth of government messages had been published and broadcast as a contribution of American business to the war effort.

The results proved what advertising men had long believed: that advertising could as effectively inform and persuade people to act in the public interest as it had in their private interest.

Waging the Peace

When the war ended, many in the War Advertising Council thought its usefulness was over. There were more who felt that the instrument of public information, which the Council had created, was far too valuable to be reserved for war.

The government still had jobs of public information which needed doing . . . such as forest fire prevention, and the sale of Savings Bonds; and there was the original Council concept of broad public service such as assisting the work of the Red Cross, CARE, March of Dimes, the National Safety Council, and many others.

The word "War" was dropped from the name, and The Advertising Council continued. But here it faced a new problem.

Who Decides What's in the Public Interest?

Under the imperatives of war there was no question about what projects the Council should undertake, but when it came to non-governmental organizations and non-war projects of government departments, who was to determine which ones were in the public interest?

The businessmen who were the financial supporters and operators of the Council's facilities did not feel it was in the public interest that they alone should decide such questions.

As a result, a Public Policy Committee was created. This was a group of 20 of America's most distinguished citizens with backgrounds and experience in various areas of American life. One of the first to accept an invitation to serve was Dr. Alan Gregg, who remembered the luncheon where he first heard how advertising might help solve some health problems.

On this page you'll find a list of the men and women who serve, without pay, on this Public Policy Committee. They are drawn from business, labor, education, agriculture, the religions, medicine and public affairs. They represent no one but themselves and the best interests of their country, as they see them.

When a project is presented for The Advertising Council's support, the Board of Directors first decides whether or not it can benefit from broad national advertising. If they decide it can, it goes to the Public Policy Committee which votes on whether or not it is importantly in the public interest. The Public Policy Committee must approve the project by a three-fourths vote before the Council will tackle it.

What Kind of Projects Are Approved?

Since the war, The Advertising Council, with the approval of the Public Policy Committee, has presented numerous national problems for your information and consideration, and programs for your support and action.

There are emergency programs, such as appeals of the Red Cross for disaster funds.

There are periodic programs, such as the one called "Religion in American Life", which reminds you of the strength to be drawn from attendance at your church or synagogue. (Gallup polls have shown a steady increase in attendance at religious services since this program started.)

Other programs, such as Forest Fire Prevention, have been continuous over a period of years. One is the Stop Accidents campaign for the National Safety Council. It has helped bring the traffic toll to a new low per vehicle-miles traveled. Still another is the drive for Better Schools, which has stimulated formation of State School Committees, and increased membership in Parent-Teacher Associations. Result: citizen concern about our schools and what they teach is at a new high level.

One of the largest and oldest is the campaign in support of the U.S. Treasury for the sale of Savings Bonds. You have probably responded to both your own and your country's benefit.

Public Policy Committee of The Advertising Council

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PAUL G. HOFFMAN

VICE CHAIRMAN
EVANS CLARK, *Editorial Board, New York Times*

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JOHN J. McCLOY, *Chairman, The Chase Manhattan Bank*
EUGENE MEYER, *Chairman, The Washington Post & Times Herald*
WILLIAM I. MYERS, *Dean of Agriculture, Cornell University*
ELMO ROPER, *Public Opinion Analyst*
HOWARD A. RUSK, M.D., *New York University-Bellevue Medical Center*
STANLEY RUTTENBERG, *Research Director, AFL-CIO*
BORIS SHISHKIN, *Assistant to the President, AFL-CIO*
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, *President, Hunter College*
THOMAS J. WATSON, JR., *President, International Business Machines Corporation*
HENRY M. WRISTON, *Executive Director, The American Assembly*

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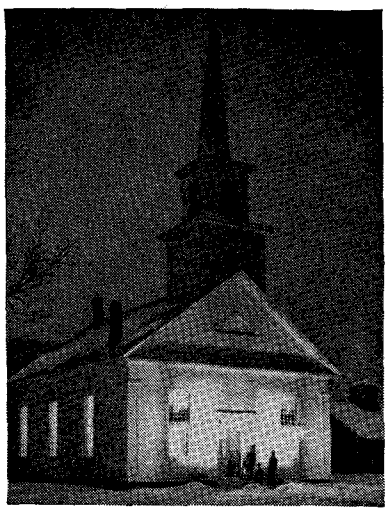
HELP US KEEP THE THINGS WORTH KEEPING



All is calm, all is bright. In America we are free to worship as we please, where we please. And we worship in peace.

But like so many precious things, peace doesn't come easy. Peace costs money.

Money for strength to keep the peace. Money for science and education to help make peace lasting. And money saved by individuals.

Your Savings Bonds, as a direct investment in your country, make you a Partner in strengthening America's Peace Power

The chart below shows how the Bonds you buy will earn money for you. But the most important thing they earn is peace. They help us keep the things worth keeping.

Think it over. Are you buying as many Bonds as you *might*?

HOW YOU CAN REACH YOUR SAVINGS GOAL WITH SERIES E BONDS (in just 8 years, 11 months)			
If you want about	$2,500	$5,000	$10,000
each week, you	$4.75	$9.50	$19.75

This shows only a few examples. You can save any sum, buying Bonds by Payroll Savings or where you bank. Start your program now!

HELP STRENGTHEN AMERICA'S PEACE POWER

BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertising. The Treasury Department thanks, for their patriotic donation, The Advertising Council and this magazine.

Ad from the current Treasury Bond campaign. Started at the outset of World War II, it is the oldest continuing campaign on the Council's docket.

The Council Doesn't Wait to be Asked

When the Council sees a developing national need which calls for the help of better public information, it tries to get a program started.

A recent example was creating and getting support for a program of "Confidence in a Growing America" in the spring of 1958. Twenty million dollars' worth of advertising time and space told Americans why they were justified in having such confidence. This helped avert the development of a "depression" psychology. Government, economic and business leaders say it helped reverse the downswing of last spring.

The Advertising Council has also tackled the problem of misunderstandings about America abroad. The Round Tables on American Life, sponsored by the Council in 1953-54, developed a description of the American economic system as "People's Capitalism" which was widely disseminated throughout the world by the U.S. Information Service.

In later Round Tables, in which both Yale University and the University of Chicago participated, citizens and scholars have been developing the story of America's cultural life to help correct the distorted picture of America often painted abroad.

More Than 100 Million Dollars a Year

Altogether, the programs of The Advertising Council get more than 100 million dollars' worth of support every year.

The support comes from American business, large and small corporations alike. It comes from owners of magazines, newspapers, television and radio stations, outdoor and transit advertising facilities. It comes from the volunteered talent of America's leading advertising agencies.

Most of it is represented by donations of advertising time and space. But there's also cash to support the necessary staff work of the Council and some of the programs it originates.

A great deal of it results from the devoted services of a group of some 70 of America's leading corporation officers who serve the Council, without pay, as its Industries Advisory Committee.

Why Haven't You Heard about the Council Before?

This article might well have been titled, "The Light Hidden Under a Bushel." And that might seem a contradiction in terms when it comes to advertising.

But it is a fact advertising men are little given to advertising themselves. Their first rule is: "Never get on the stage in front of your client."

So the chances are that any one of these public service messages you read or hear does not identify either The Advertising Council or its business donor as its sponsor. You see or hear it only as a message from the organization which it serves.

Yet He who first spoke of "a light put under a bushel" also said: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works."

And so it has seemed to me it was time for all our citizens—the millions like you and me who have responded to the appeals which The Advertising Council daily casts upon the waters—time for us to know and fully understand the workings of this great Public Information Trust.

So the next time you hear from Smokey the Bear, you might like to remember the uniquely American institution that put the words in his mouth for the good of us all.

The Advertising Council demonstrates by actions, not words, the social responsibility of American business and the power of advertising in the public interest.

Even more important, it has proved that Americans will move to solve the problems of their society with intelligence, sacrifice, and courage whenever they are adequately informed of these problems and persuaded that they need solving.

You'll recognize some of these examples of 1958 campaigns

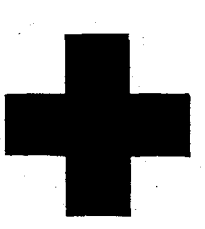
Traffic fatality rate reduced 40%

Public interest in schools greatly increased

Ownership of U.S. Savings Bonds at all-time high

Church and synagogue attendance rises

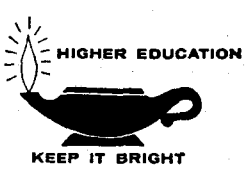
Helped to stop depression psychology


Annual campaign during March drive

Promotes greater public understanding

Good Neighborhoods are our Nation's strength

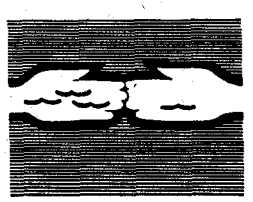
Aided the attack on paralytic polio



To combat crisis in colleges

Helps 2100 United Funds and Community Chests

Register, Vote and Contribute


Religious overseas aid through three major faiths

"Truth Dollars" for Radio Free Europe

ADVERTISING COUNCIL · PUBLIC SERVICE ·

The Advertising Council . . . for public service

If you would like to know more about this work, this magazine suggests you write for a free booklet to The Advertising Council, 25 W. 45th St., New York 36, New York.

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Editorials

We've Made a First Move to End Needless Government Secrecy

There was little fanfare when Congress passed, and President Eisenhower signed, the brief eighteen-word "Freedom of Information" bill (HR 2767). Stating simply that "this section does not authorize withholding information from the public or limiting availability of records to the public," the bill modifies a Federal "housekeeping" statute, long misused to conceal the facts of Government operations.

To most people it's a surprise that such a bill was necessary. We take it as axiomatic that the right to know is an essential of democracy, and the free world's way of life. The availability of public records is an accepted part of our tradition. Some twenty-nine states have right-to-know statutes which guarantee the citizen's access to public documents and records.

Not so our Federal Government.

The aspect of Federal secrecy that HR 2767 ended had its unintended beginnings in 1789, when the new Congress authorized the head of each department to "prescribe regulations, not inconsistent with law, for the custody, use, and preservation of records, papers, and property." If secrecy had been hinted at, men like Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Patrick Henry would have fought it. President Washington had said, "Concealment is a species of misinformation."

This "housekeeping" regulation has been used, through bureaucratic interpretation, to justify closed-door Government. It has been used as authority for hiding everything from patronage lists, nonstrategic import-and-export data, Federal-building rentals, large Federal loans, and a lot more. A recent study shows that the "housekeeping" statute was being used to justify restrictions on public information by eight Cabinet-level departments and three regulatory agencies. It has been used to keep facts from Congress and the courts.

No reasonable person disputes the necessity for essential secrecy in Government—where national security or delicate diplomatic negotiations are involved, where disclosure would seriously threaten the efficiency of vital Government operations, give unfair advantage, or disclose the source of confidentially given information. But there should be no arbitrary secrecy of the sort under which a paper curtain was drawn around increasing areas of Federal activity.

The hearings before Rep. John E. Moss's House Government Operations Subcommittee on Information revealed the not unexpectedly hostile attitude of top-level Government executives when the ten Federal departments unanimously opposed revision of the "housekeeping" statute.

The hearings also brought out the fact that neither citizen nor press has an enforceable legal right to inspect any Federal nonjudicial record. There are still some sixty to eighty estimated further regulations which deny free access to Government records.

The House Subcommittee on Information still has a big job ahead!

Here's an "Informer" the Reds Should Not Have Tangled With!

Once in a blue moon the Communists pull a rock, as the expression is. In a recent proceeding before the Subversive Activities Control Board the Communist Party demanded a look at the FBI files, which the Supreme Court, in the Jencks case, had decreed they might have. How this privilege bounced back in their faces makes a fascinating tale.

In February, 1954, a great stew was created over charges that a Mrs. Annie Lee Moss, who was employed in the code room of the Pentagon, was a Communist. The charges were based on testimony before Senator McCarthy's permanent subcommittee on investigations by Mrs. Mary Markward, an FBI undercover agent who had infiltrated the Communist Party in Washington. A few weeks later Mrs. Moss took the stand and, in a dramatic session of the committee, denied under oath that she was or ever had been a Communist Party member. She convinced committee members that she was telling the truth.

In due course Mrs. Moss became the heroine of an Edward R. Murrow program on television, a program which moved TV critic John Crosby so deeply that he wrote: "The American people fought a revolution to defend, among other things, the right of Annie Lee Moss to earn a living, and Senator McCarthy now decided she had no such right." Mrs. Markward was smeared by liberals as an "informer."

Back now, as they say on the air, to the recent hearings before the Subversive Activities Control Board, which has been trying for years to compel the U.S. Communist Party to register as the agent of a foreign power, which it undoubtedly is. Twice the Federal courts have turned back the board's judgments on the ground that certain testimony against the party was "tainted."

One allegedly tainted witness was supposed to be Mrs. Markward, whose information in the FBI files the party wanted to see. What the party learned was that the evidence on Mrs. Moss' Communist membership did not rest on Mrs. Markward's testimony alone. The story, which was dug out of the documents by Mrs. Alice Widener's U.S.A. magazine and followed up by Edward J. Mowery in the Newark Star-Ledger, has received too little public attention.

Says the board: "Markward's FBI reports concerning Moss, the majority being copies of actual Communist Party records such as club and branch attendance, membership and dues rosters, were received in evidence . . . Exhibits 499–511 corroborate Mrs. Markward's testimony in the Moss security hearing. The situation that has resulted on the Moss question is that the party's own records, copies of which are now in evidence, and the authenticity of which it does not dispute, show an Annie Lee Moss, 72 R Street, S.W., Washington, D.C., was a party member in the mid-1940's." That was one of the addresses given by the Mrs. Moss who was employed at the Pentagon.

Thus Mrs. Markward stands vindicated as one who performed a difficult and unrewarding mission for her country. Vindicated also is the FBI, which the Communists are sworn to destroy, and—in this instance at least—the labors of a much-abused congressional committee.

Mrs. Moss, who appears to be still in the Pentagon in a "nonsensitive" job, may be small potatoes. But the episode suggests that Congress would do well to explore the possibility that our bureaucracy contains Communists in "sensitive" areas.

A "White Christmas" is Traditional, Even in Snowless Places

By RICHARD ATTRIDGE

A "white Christmas" is for millions of Americans the powdered-sugar topping on all our holiday treats and good cheer. At this joyous season, it may be that the new-fallen snow seems to grant us a new white world, redeemed from sin and suffering, on which men are free to make new paths toward kindness, unselfishness and peace on earth.

Against a hushed background of snow, the Christmas candles in the windows seem to glow more warmly. The Christmas trees seem greener, and the stars of Bethlehem at the very top offer a brighter blessing. Even busy St. Nicholas, traveling his reindeer-sleigh around the world again, has easier going.

Through lightly falling flakes, the kids' bright scarves and mittens are more colorful, and their cheeks rosier as they try out their Christmas sleds and skates. On snow-piled business streets in cities and towns, flashing Christmas decorations reflect and spell out a message of universal hope for even the weariest shopper or clerk. In the white night, church bells somehow seem to ring with clearer meaning.

Even folks who "dread the winter" will still hanker for "a little snow on Christmas Eve." And in those parts of the world, including much of our own Southland, where snow seldom falls, people take the symbol of "white Christmas" to their hearts and pay no attention to their climate in selecting winter-wonderland Christmas cards. Indeed, it is not irreverent to believe that the Little Boy, whose birthday we celebrate—who never slid down a hill in Nazareth or made a Santa Claus snowman—may give a special meaning and promise in sometimes covering the scars of our sad old world with a white Christmas.

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Merry Christmas...and a sure New Year

From the Lake of Maracaibo
To the State of Michigan
PURE folks are thinking Christmas
Down to the last PURE man.

To truckers at PURE TruckStops
(Where the trucker sure is king)
The folks of PURE send greetings warm
And all that sort of thing.

A greeting from PURE drilling crews
In far-off Paraguay:
(As they drill deep, we sure do hope
Wild Indians keep away.)

Our Service Station people
Are seldom cross or dour
They just ain't mad at no one
You can Be sure with PURE.

These great Pure Oil Refineries
Smiths Bluff, Toledo, Heath
And Lemont, too, do send to you
A Blue-and-White Yule wreath.

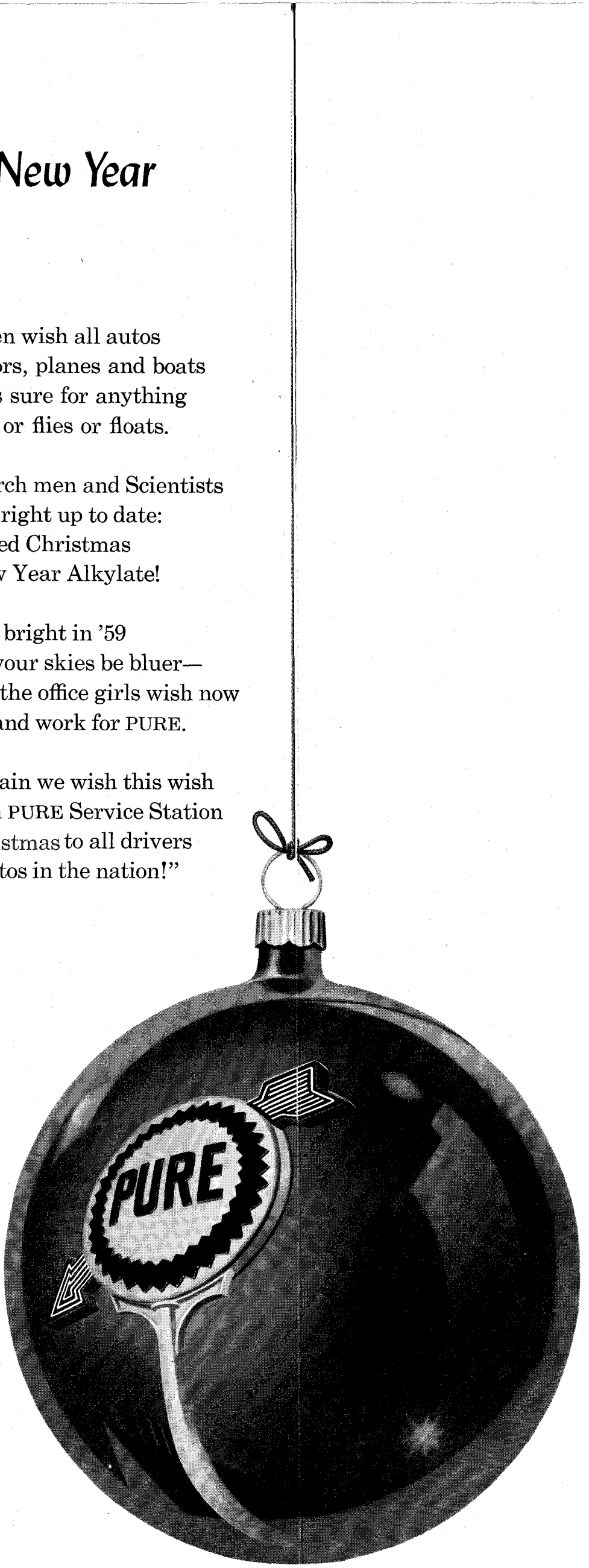
Down in the Gulf of Mexico
And up in Illinois
White collar folks and roustabouts
Sure wish you Christmas joy!

Our Salesmen wish all autos
And tractors, planes and boats
A Christmas sure for anything
That rolls or flies or floats.

PURE Research men and Scientists
Sure wish right up to date:
A Polymerized Christmas
And a New Year Alkylate!

May suns be bright in '59
And may your skies be bluer—
That's what the office girls wish now
Who live and work for PURE.

This year again we wish this wish
From each PURE Service Station
"Merry Christmas to all drivers
And all autos in the nation!"



THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 EAST WACKER DRIVE, CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

BE SURE WITH PURE

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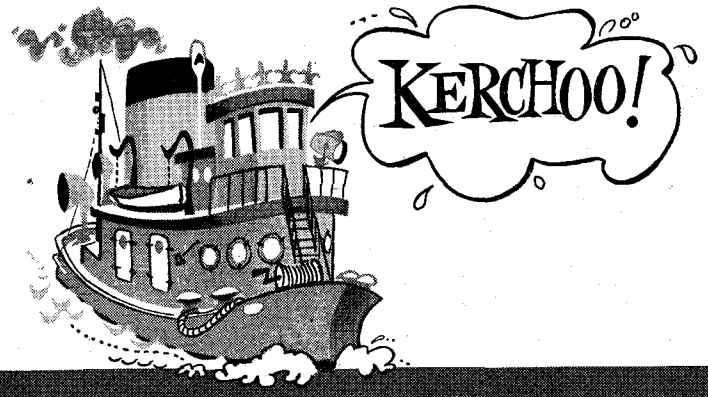
You know what they always say...



with Alka-Seltzer®

BRAND

"FEEL BETTER WHILE YOU'RE GETTING BETTER!"

This fellow is a ship's captain. He sometimes catches cold. In wet, wintry weather, landlubbers do, too! Take ALKA-SELTZER when you feel headachy and feverish with a cold. Dissolved in water, ALKA-SELTZER is a gentle, relief-giving liquid that helps you feel better while you're getting better! Take care when you take cold, and take ALKA-SELTZER!

MILES PRODUCTS M Division of Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Gaitskell (foreground) during a pre-election tour of shipyards at Plymouth. As Labor Party candidate, he hopes to unseat Prime Minister Harold Macmillan.

Britain's Own "Traitor to His Class"

Hugh Gaitskell, who rose so swiftly to become leader of the Labor Party, is a gentleman turned rebel. Will Britain choose his brand of socialism over the "conservative" variety?

By JAMES P. O'DONNELL

LONDON.

Hugh Gaitskell's Aunt Alice was a British gentlewoman of the old school. Her only son had been killed in World War I, and it was no secret in the family that she wanted her favorite nephew to become a Regular Army officer, and her heir. When Hugh was at Oxford in the mid-1920's she often sent him chatty, peppery little letters:

"I really don't like England these days. The working classes are too troublesome for anything. When I was a girl they were neither seen nor heard."

Hugh always answered these letters dutifully. Came the moment in 1927 when he was leaving Oxford, and he had to inform his aunt that he preferred teaching to an army career. He also jolted her with the news he had decided to join the Labor Party. The good lady's answer has not been recorded, but many things have changed in the England Aunt Alice knew. Today her nephew Hugh, scholar, economist and gentleman commoner, is leader of the British Labor Party. He will become Prime Minister if his party wins the coming general election.

(Continued on Page 74)

Gaitskell's critics call him a "dry stick." But he bested fiery Aneurin Bevan in a contest for party leadership.

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The Three Strangers in Our House

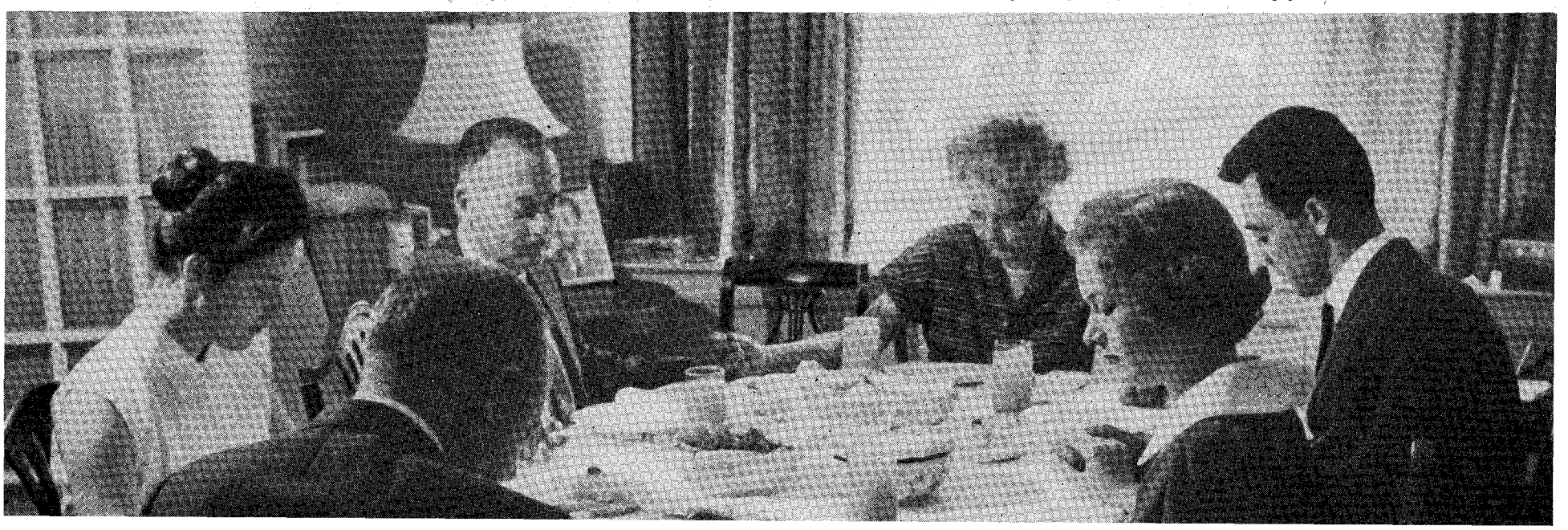
Wilson and Anna McMakin. They planned to take in only one refugee. Instead they brought home three.

Two Christmases ago, the author and her husband stifled their misgivings and adopted three adult Hungarian refugees. This is how the experiment worked out.

By ANNA PROBST McMAKIN

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

"Now you are one of us." At their first meal together, the McMakins and their Hungarian guests joined hands during grace.



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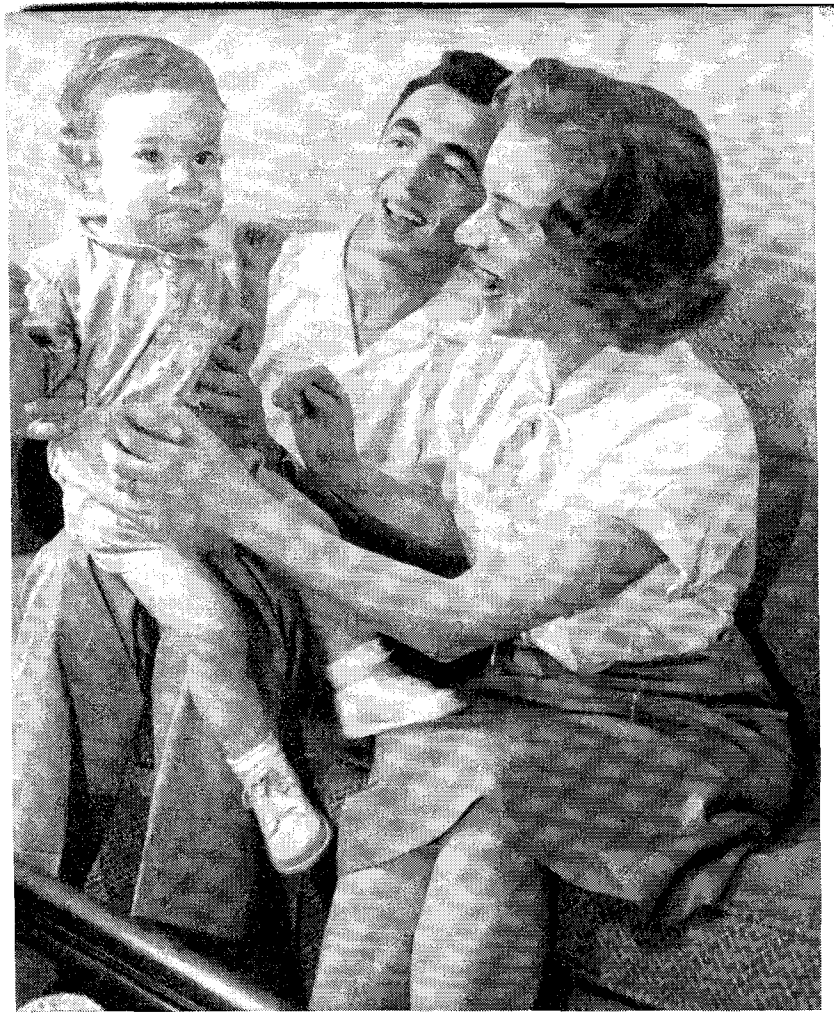


Maria was pregnant when she and her husband, Miklos, an engineer, moved in with the McMakins. Their son Nicky (above) was born four months later.

Everybody shared the chores in the suddenly crowded household. Despite the language barrier, Maria (center) became a close friend of Mrs. McMakin's daughter Judy (left).

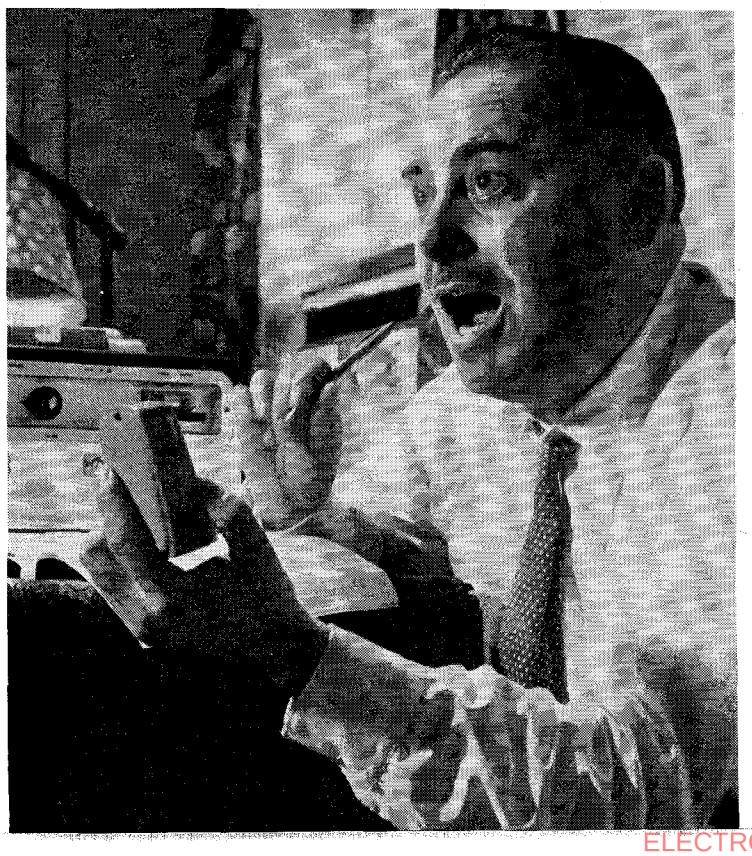
The thing that had our friends looking at us in openmouthed wonder was that we had taken into our home, in the middle of a typical pre-Christmas rush, three Hungarian refugees—neither kin nor friends nor friends of friends, but total strangers with whom we could not exchange a single word. Everyone, that autumn of 1956, had read of the trouble in Hungary. And everyone knew that refugees were arriving daily at the point-of-entry, Camp Kilmer. But, when it came to sharing living space with them, most people were willing to "let George do it."

Our reasons for daring to be different were simple. First, there was the emptiness of the house, now that our son was in Japan with the Air Force, and our older daughter was in college, leaving only one child at home. There was the basic Christian principle of helping someone in need. There were the TV newsreels showing people walking down snowy roads that led, always, away from home. Last, there was the decision of the board of our church—North Avenue Presbyterian, in New Rochelle, New York—to sponsor some of the Hungarians.

At the board meeting, my husband, Wilson, had offered our absent son's room to the cause. One of the deacons, Dr. Adolph Adams, Hungarian by birth but a long-time resident of the United States, had agreed to help with the initial language problems. When our minister, the Rev. Dan C. Thomas, announced what was happening, several other families expressed a wish to take in someone. My husband took this short list of names to the interdenominational Protestant organization called Church World Service, where the preliminary task of choosing Protestant protégés for Protestant families was being done.

Several weeks passed, and I was beginning to believe that nothing would come of all this. But one day, on impulse, I cleaned our son's room as for a guest. While I was working my husband, a vice president of the American Cable and Radio Corporation, phoned from his office to say that we were to go, next day, for a preliminary interview. (Continued on Page 69)

Learning to speak English was a hard job for the three Hungarians. Istvan (called Stephen) still practices, with the aid of a tape recorder.



One of the first things Miklos and Stephen wanted was a car, to them a symbol of the American way of life. Wilson soon taught them the intricacies of driving U. S. automobiles.

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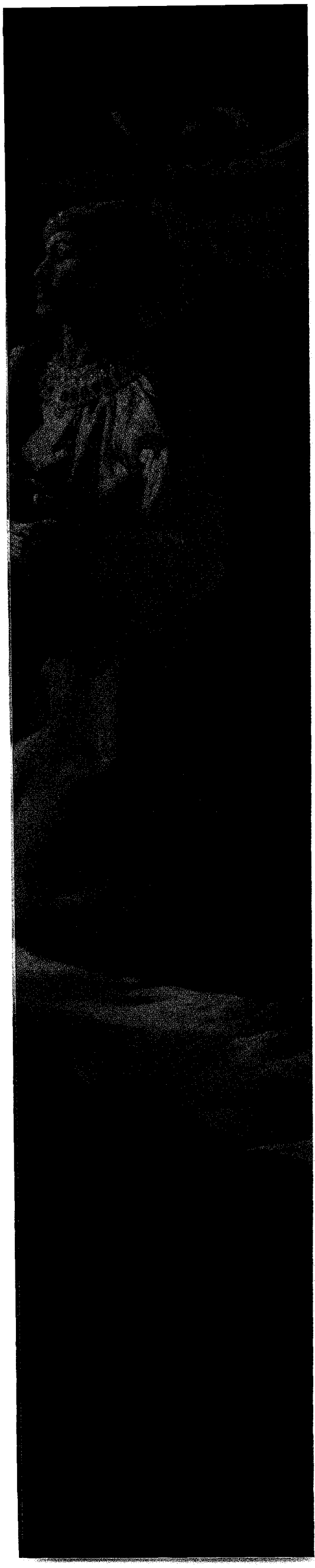

Illustrated by Arthur Lidov

A BOY IN BETHLEHEM

By OLAF RUHEN

I can remember everything about that day: the wind, a light stirring of fine, sharp air; the sky pale blue, the blue sky of a fine winter day; the earth brown with winter. My father was busy with his brothers Manasses and Eliud. They were staying with us—Manasses with his wife and their baby in the guest room on the roof, Eliud in the room that was mine. Because of them my father stayed home from the vineyard, and for a while I stayed with him; but I kept thinking what a good day it would be to spend with the shepherds, and after a while he told me to go.

I didn't get as far as the fields, though. After I had walked down the hill, was clear of the terraces, the vineyards and the olive groves, and looked over to where the shepherds were grazing their flocks on the lower slopes of the hills, I decided that the open fields would be too cold. There was a sunny corner out of the wind where old Aaron was working on his terraces just beyond our own; he was building rough field stones into a new wall; and I spent most of the day with him there, helping him where I could and sharing his cheese and his olives.

But the sun set early on the hillside below the village, and remembering this, I started for home before it began to lip the houses on the edge of the heights; it was still shining strong and warm when I came to the gateway of our home. There I stopped, for nothing was as it should have been.

My elder sisters were grinding barley with the little stone mill; the sound of it was a rich, rutty undertone that I always loved. But they had been grinding barley when I left in the morning just the same; Leah with the mill between her knees, and Anna sitting opposite her, her hands above Leah's on the handle of the top stone. Barley enough for ourselves and our guests should have all been ground long before noon; in our house the women were house-proud and all the public work—the carrying of water, the grinding of corn, the baking of bread and the washing of clothes—was done without interruption from earliest morning.

But on this day my sisters were still grinding corn; there was a strange little donkey in the yard, and there were people I had never seen before. The donkey was small and puny; my father would never have bought him, for he liked a good beast. This one was tired with a long journey too; his hoofs were worn too close; he needed a long spell on good soft pasture.

The gateway opened into the courtyard, and opposite this entrance our stable was a cave cut deep into the stone of the hillside, about eight paces deep, as the Romans count paces, and two wide. There was room enough to stable a dozen cows or donkeys all at once with their heads to the side wall, though we never had so many, and to tell the truth there were only four rings fastened to the limestone wall to take the halter ropes; and there was no sign that there had ever been others. The living rooms of the house were raised above the courtyard; the domed roofs of these rooms had been built up to a level to take a guest room higher again, and this had a ladder outside the outer wall to the street, so that our guests could come and go as they wished without the necessity of making polite conversation whenever they passed through the rest of the house.

My father and mother were standing away from the others. They were near the gate and I could hear their voices, though they were talking privately. My father sounded troubled.

"I hate to put anyone in the stable," he said.

"It's good shelter," said mother, deliberately offhand.

"My brother deserves better treatment."

"Oh, well," she said sharply, "he should have stayed in Jerusalem, where there are inns. He knows that Bethlehem is small and that there is no caravansary; he must be prepared to take what we have to offer."

"It is so many years since I saw him," my father said.

"He chooses a bad time to come. Why come now? At this time?"

"It was the census."

"The census. The census," my mother said. "The census

(Continued on Page 42)

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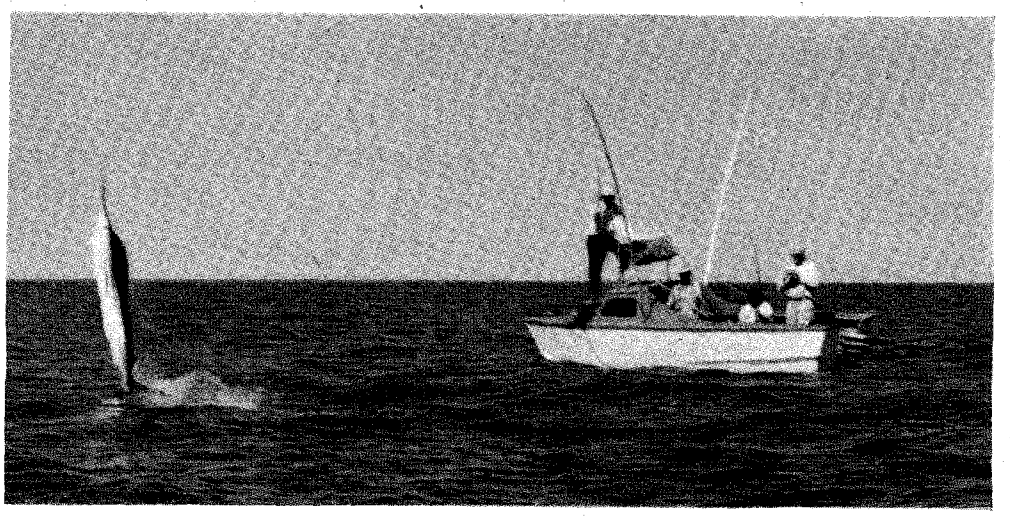
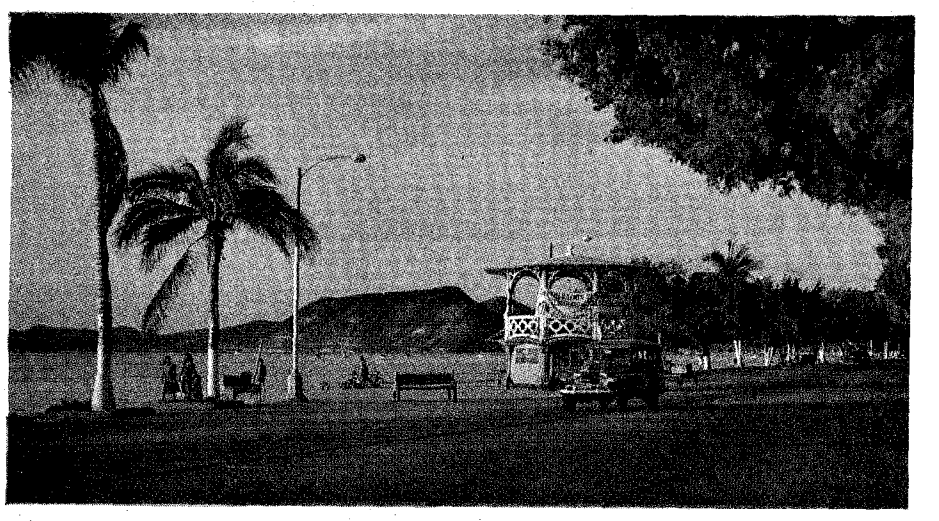
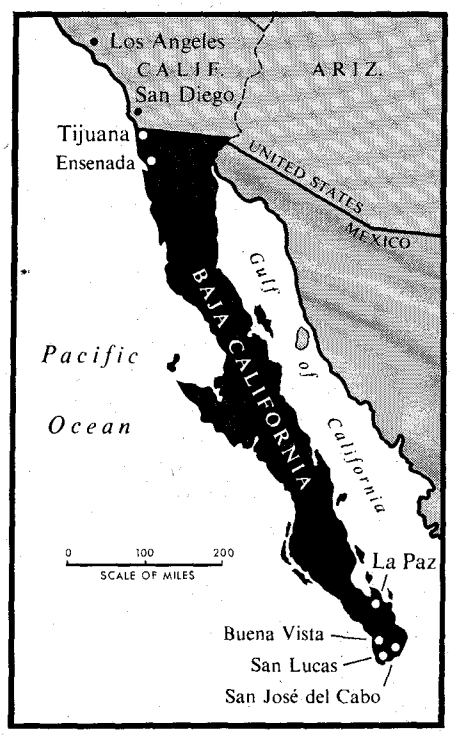


A visitor from the north plays a marlin off Baja's southeastern tip—the only place in continental waters where these fish can be taken twelve months of the year.



Avenue Alvaro Obregon on the water front of La Paz, capital of the southern half of the peninsula. Here, in 1535, Hernán Cortés sought "the black pearls of La Paz."

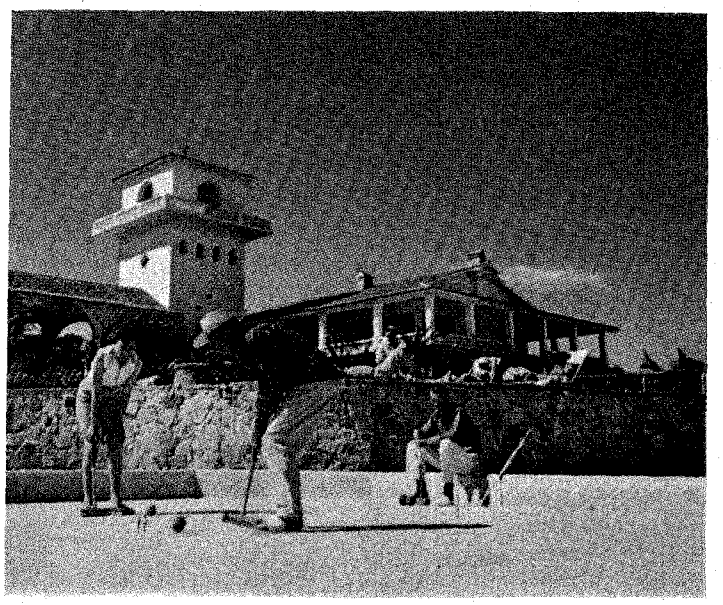


La Paz is about four hours by air from California, or over 900 hazardous miles by auto.

Mexico's Peninsula Paradise

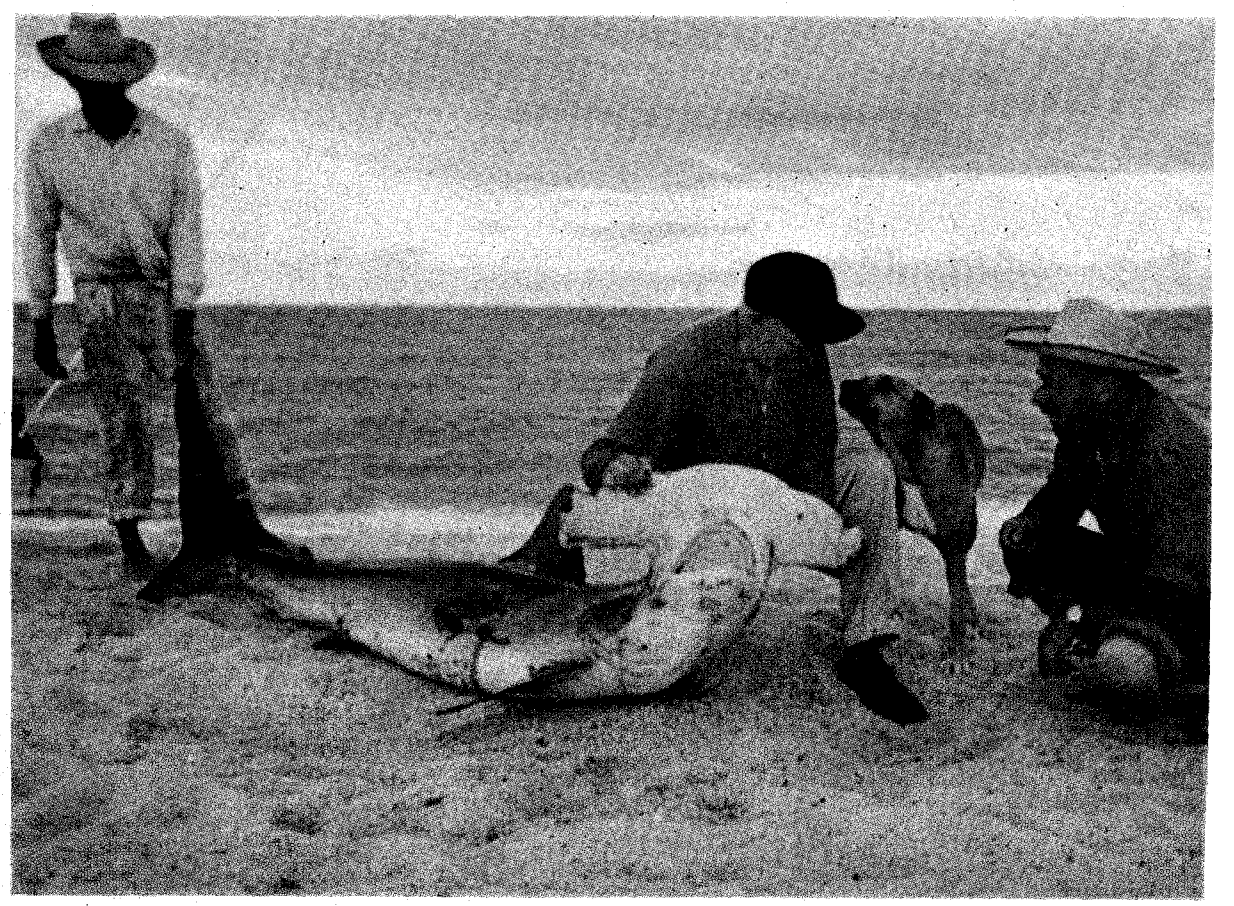
Because of an envoy's scorn, the story goes,
Baja California belongs to Mexico instead of to the U.S.
Now, a little over a hundred years later,
tourists from the States are discovering what he overlooked.

By Corey Ford and Frank Dufresne



Above is Las Cruces Palmilla, a winter resort in southern Baja. Such swank tourist spots are mushrooming in this once-isolated country.

Photographs by John Bickel



A fisherman from Colorado (in red shirt) displays a hammerhead shark he caught here at Las Palmas Bay in the Gulf.

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To keep this green sea turtle alive until they are ready to eat it, Baja natives refresh their catch with occasional salt-water drenchings.

In case the United States Treasury is still wondering why it can't balance its ledger after the First World War, we may have the answer. It is Señor Pancho Mauricio, of San José del Cabo in Baja California. Señor Mauricio's brother, Pedro, was killed in action with the 5th U. S. Marines in Belleau Wood, and since 1918 our Government has been waiting to pay Pancho, as his next of kin, an unclaimed bonus check. Not only waiting, but urging, pleading and importuning Señor Mauricio to sign his name here, please, so the Treasury Department can close its books. Pancho is not to be hurried.

"I have a few pesos," he explained in Spanish, inclining his fine old head, blue-eyed and fair-skinned, like so many residents of this part of Mexico. "I have a shirt for my back. I have a blanket if the nights are cold." He paused as a couple of Stateside sport fishermen, waving a bottle of tequila, shouted in pidgin English, "Hey, poppa, like-um little drink?", and declined the offer with a withering Old World courtesy. He resumed, "There is nothing the money could buy that I do not have now." His pale eyes winked at us. "Americanos work to make enough money so they can come down here and lie in the sun. In Baja we can lie in the sun without working."

You find a serene and sometimes infuriating indifference to prosperity in this contented siesta land, still (Continued on Page 44)

Below, a local *vaquero* (cowboy) offers his aid to vacationers staying at nearby Rancho Buena Vista. The guest ranch maintains this vintage jalopy for sight-seeing and exploring around the cactus-dotted countryside.

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Illustrated by Joe Bowler

Portrait of Love

Without her, he knew that all his talent would be meaningless.

By NORMAN GARBO

The lunch-hour rush was over and three moist-faced waiters were slowly clearing the tables. At the far end of the narrow restaurant, Tom Mattick sat on a board stretched across the tops of two ladders, pushing a brush at the half-finished mural in front of him. It was an underwater scene and showed a great many fish swimming. Then he half turned and stared down at the girl sitting alone at a corner table. She glanced up and saw him looking at her and smiled. She was small and very pale, but with a great brightness to her face. The artist flushed and smiled back, then quickly turned to the fish once more.

Today he would speak to her, he thought. Today it would be all right. Today was the sixth day he had seen her sitting there, and the second day she had smiled at him. Surely today it would not look too bad.

After a while he carefully placed the palette and brushes on the plank beside him and climbed down. He was very tall and thin, and sadly convinced that his head was not quite large enough for his body. This was not entirely true, but the thought was enough to make him slouch as he walked. He was young, and the thick dark hair drooping over his forehead made him appear even younger.

He went into the kitchen and a moment later came out carrying a large glass of milk and a heaping plate of food. He walked toward the table where the girl was sitting, frowning slightly because he thought it made him look older. She was studying her coffee and did not see him approach.

"Hello," he said with false brightness, slouching above her, breathing carefully because it suddenly sounded too loud.

"Hello," she replied, looking up, smiling and as easily as that changing everything. She did not appear surprised.

"May I sit with you?" he asked, noticing that her eyes were very green, her face shining and scrubbed looking. "I mean, would it be all right?"

She nodded, staring at his overflowing plate, then looking at the lean length of him, then looking once more at the plate.

He had followed her eyes. "I get my meals free while I'm working here," he explained, placing his food on the table, then sitting opposite her. "I've never eaten like this in my life. But I guess that's something you can tell just by looking at me."

"Yes," she said, studying the drawn, angular look of him. "I can tell."

He saw the toast and coffee in front of her. "You don't eat very much," he said gravely, having seen nothing but toast and coffee in front of her for the past six days.

She lifted her cup and drank delicately from it and did not say anything.

Then he felt very stupid and stood up so quickly that the table shook. "Wait," he said, and hurried into the kitchen, returning almost at once carrying another plate of food. He placed it reverently in front of her. "That's fillet of sole," he said, pointing. "The chef said it was very good today. I hope you like fillet of sole."

She started to protest, then looked at his face. "I love fillet of sole," she said.

They ate without speaking, but smiled each time their eyes met. When she bent her head he looked with great pleasure at the fine way in which her short blond hair grew back from her face.

"My name is Tom Mattick," he said abruptly, not having thought at all of such things as names, but thinking of it now, wanting something to keep afterward.

"I'm Jane Warren," she said. Then looking over his shoulder at the wall, "Your fish are very beautiful. They all look so sad, but they're very beautiful."

"Thank you," he said. "This is the first time I've ever painted fish."

"It is?"

He nodded. "Mr. Vittorio, the owner, wanted fish. This is a sea-food restaurant, so he wanted fish. I told him it wasn't absolutely necessary to paint fish on the wall just because it was a sea-food restaurant. But he was very set on fish, and I was very hungry." He shrugged. "So I'm painting fish."

"You don't like fish?" the girl asked, dabbing gently at her lips with a napkin.

The artist shrugged again. "I like people better. I mean, I'd sure rather be painting beautiful people than beautiful fish."

The girl smiled and, although it was not an especially happy smile, the brightness made it seem that way. "I guess we can't always do what we'd like most to do," she said, her green eyes still looking at the fish, but no longer seeing the fish, seeing something which Tom Mattick knew nothing about.

He brushed the hair back from his eyes. "And what is it you'd like most to do?" he asked, still not quite able to believe he was truly sitting here and talking to her.

She thought for a moment. "I suppose I'd like to be able to sing as well as I know I probably can never sing," she said, smiling as she said it, trying to make it appear not too serious a thing, but failing quite miserably.

"Are you sure? I mean, are you sure you never can?" he said, thinking that surely the word "never" was as final and complete and achingly terrible a word as had ever been conceived.

The girl looked directly at him and was no longer smiling. "After nearly two years of little more than toast and coffee, I'm afraid I'm becoming very sure."

Then neither of them said anything and ate that which was upon their plates with an air of great and intense absorption.

When she had quite finished, the girl sighed, "That was beautiful. That was truly beautiful."

And Tom Mattick looked at her and simply glowed.

The girl continued to come into the restaurant for lunch (Continued on Page 46)

had to tell you. I tried not to.
swear I tried not to," he said.

DON'T MISS THE NOVELETTE ON PAGE 58

An unusual extra-length story, The Nine Days of Night, appears in a special illustrated section of this holiday issue.

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How Words Change Our Lives

By S. I. HAYAKAWA

The end product of education, yours and mine and everybody's, is the total pattern of reactions and possible reactions we have inside ourselves. If you did not have within you at this moment the pattern of reactions which we call "the ability to read English," you would see here only meaningless black marks on paper. Because of the trained patterns of response, you are (or are not) stirred to patriotism by martial music, your feelings of reverence are aroused by the symbols of your religion, you listen more respectfully to the health advice of someone who has "M.D." after his name than to that of someone who hasn't. What I call here a "pattern of reactions," then, is the sum total of the ways we act in response to events, to words and to symbols.

Our reaction patterns—our semantic habits, as we may call them—are the internal and most important residue of whatever years of education or miseducation we may have received from our parents' conduct toward us in childhood as well as their teachings, from the formal education we may have had, from all the sermons and lectures we have listened to, from the radio programs and the movies and television shows we have experienced, from all the books and newspapers and comic strips we have read, from the conversations we have had with friends and associates, and from all our experiences. If, as the result of all these influences that make us what we are, our semantic habits are reasonably similar to those of most people around us, we are regarded as "well-adjusted," or "normal," and perhaps "dull." If our semantic habits are noticeably different from those of others, we are regarded as "individualistic" or "original," or, if the differences are disapproved of or viewed with alarm, as "screwball" or "crazy."

Semantics is sometimes defined in dictionaries as "the science of the meaning *CONTINUED ON PAGE 72*

About the Author

S. I. (Samuel Ichiye) Hayakawa was born in Vancouver and was graduated from the University of Manitoba, McGill University and the University of Wisconsin. Doctor Hayakawa has taught and lectured at a number of American universities and since 1955 has been professor of Language Arts at San Francisco State College. Founder and editor of ETC.: A Review of General Semantics, Doctor Hayakawa is author of several books on language. His Language in Action was written as a textbook and chosen as a Book-of-the-Month Club selection in 1941. Doctor Hayakawa is married to the former Margedant Peters; they have three children. His extracurricular interests are art, fishing and jazz. Photograph by Joern Gerdts

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"Do you like it? Is it right for our bed?" Ruthie asked him anxiously.

People have strange notions of what makes a home. In this case,

it depended on

A Very Special Bed

By NORA H. CAPLAN

"Ain't it elegant, though?" she whispered to the boy beside her.

He considered it. The bed was large enough. Maybe solid oak, he guessed. But it wasn't the right one yet, he decided. It didn't have—the word was "character," but it wasn't in his vocabulary. He shook his head.

The city salesman turned to the girl again. Her cotton dress was already tight across her abdomen. "The latest thing, ma'am." He played upon the hunger in her soft blue eyes. "It's called palomino beige. Think how it'd look with a dark red rug." She nodded eagerly.

Lon patted her arm. "It's not what we're looking for, honey."

She looked up at him. Seeing his decision, she turned slowly to the salesman, who had already prepared his dismissal smile. He knew these people when their minds were made up. "Thanks, mister, for showing us around." She looked back once at the bed before they left.

Springfield's public square was alive with people in for Saturday night. Lon and Ruth Mary took their time walking around to the side street where they'd parked the pickup truck. They breathed the popcorn and gum smell as they passed the movie theater. They caught a mixed odor from the dime store—banana candy, chili and cheap perfume. It was all kind of exciting, like a carnival or a revival meeting, but it was only Saturday night on the square.

"How about some soda pop before we start back?" Lon stopped in front of a café.

"Fine." They sat down at the counter. Lon looked at the reflection of themselves in the mirror behind the stacked glasses and menus. Ruth Mary seemed like a little girl with her short brown hair. (Continued on Page 56)

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They Don't Scare McGill

His supporters call him the Conscience of the South. His enemies threaten his family. As the colorful and courageous editor of The Atlanta Constitution, Ralph McGill tackles the issues head on.

By CELESTINE SIBLEY

Not long ago, editorial writers and columnists on The Atlanta Constitution were astonished to get a memo from their chief, Editor Ralph McGill, suggesting that they clean off their desks. "An orderly desk," concluded this amazing document, "bespeaks an orderly mind."

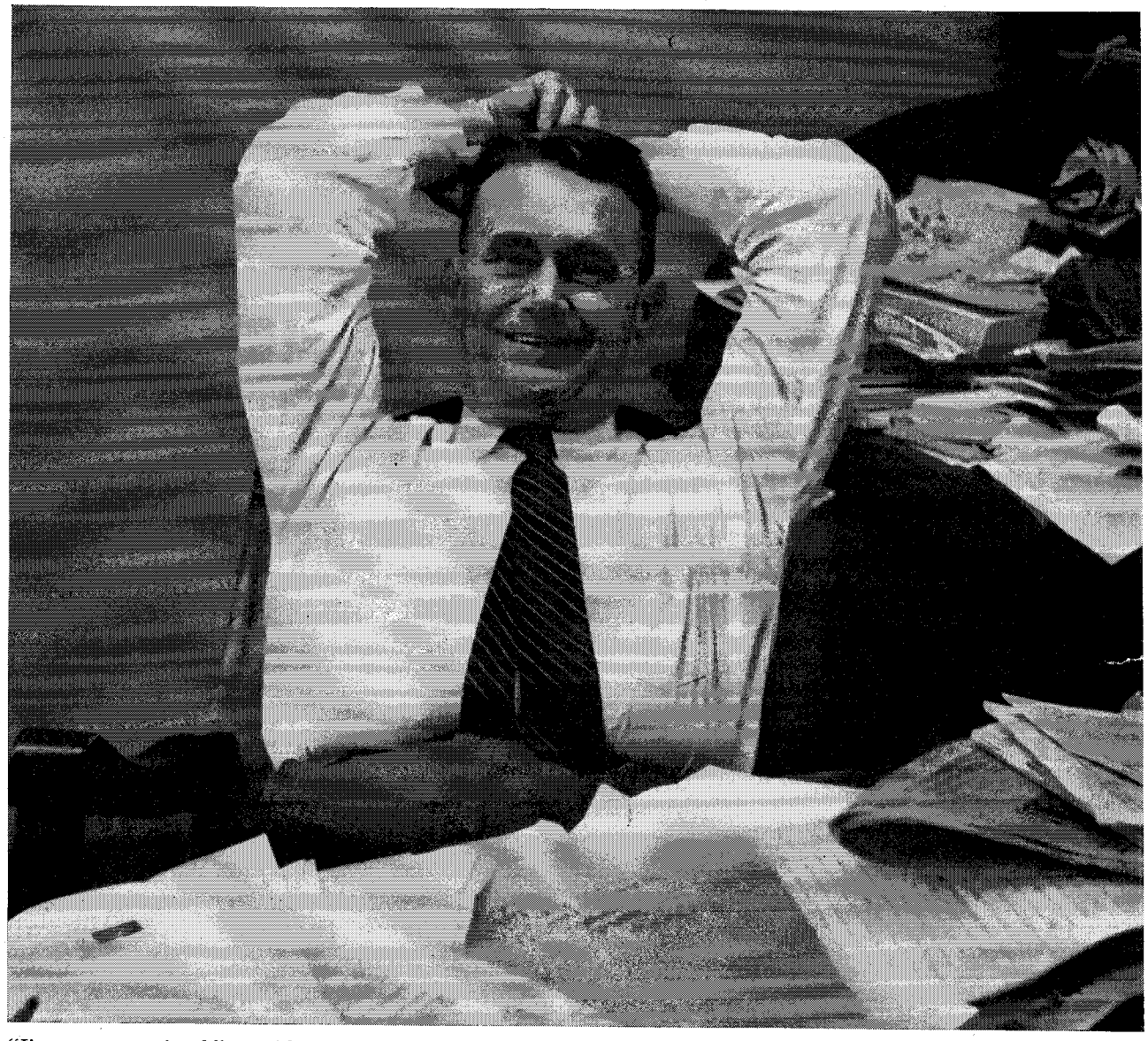
The unbelieving staff members took a firmer grip on the memo, read it again and with one accord dashed into the hall, tore around the corner and burst into the editor's office, breathless and outraged. There, back of a shining expanse of cleared and polished walnut, sat McGill, his hands clasped Buddha-wise before him, a look of intolerable smugness on his round and boyish face.

Surprised but limp with relief, his staff members helped themselves to black coffee and sagged weakly in the worn leather chairs about the room, glowering at the grinning McGill. It was all right, he had not gone crazy. He had merely done the unprecedented and cleaned off his own desk. Within two or three days his desks—both the denuded walnut slab before him and the old rolltop in the corner which was used until 1889 by his most famous predecessor, the great Henry Grady—would be in their customary state of chaos.

Stacks of letters, magazines, newspapers, new books in slick and gleaming jackets and dog-eared old volumes of history and poetry would be pleasantly intermingled with clippings, coffee cups and maybe an apple or two, or a jar of sorghum brought to him by some country subscriber. Mahatma Gandhi in a loincloth and Carl Sandburg in a rustic porch chair would continue to look down from their frames behind his desk on a room that, if it does not bespeak an orderly mind, at least bespeaks a mind richly brimming with ideas, knowledge, ebullient curiosity and love.

A giant hornet's nest, trophy of some woodland junket, graces a corner. An old wooden hay rake hangs from the wall, not far from a framed letter from Dwight D. Eisenhower congratulating him on his latest book. (He editorially supported Stevenson.) An awkward little statue of a jitterbugging teen-ager, presented to him by an admiring high-school girl, holds a place of honor next to photographs of his wife, his beloved only son and some dark-eyed ballerina whose dancing enchanted him long ago.

Here between the goings and comings of reporters wanting to borrow a book or tell him their troubles, between the visits of tawny-skinned editors (Continued on Page 51)



"I'm a conservative fellow with a mortgage and a Presbyterian conscience," says McGill, an Episcopalian.

Numbered among McGill's enemies is the Ku Klux Klan, here holding a demonstration in front of The Atlanta Constitution building. "McGill had guts when it wasn't easy to have guts," said one Southern supporter.

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Mary and Peter do ten shows a week—five on radio and five on TV. The radio show is taped at home in New Rochelle, N.Y., with kids and dog joining in.

I CALL ON PETER LIND HAYES AND MARY HEALY

BY PETE MARTIN

TV's versatile couple disclose the story behind their eighteen-year partnership on stage and off. And they reveal why they very nearly didn't get married in the first place.

When I dropped in to see Peter Lind Hayes and his blond and beautiful wife, Mary Healy, I was lugging a wedding-anniversary present for my wife. I felt a little smug about my possible high rating as a thoughtful husband, although it doesn't take much thoughtfulness when the proper hints are dropped, such as, "Remember what a hot day it was when we were married?" Such a hint had been dropped only that morning.

I told Peter and Mary what I had under my arm, and Peter said, "When I buy presents for my wife, I don't do it on schedule. I think it's more fun if my timing is a little off, except on my jokes."

"It may be on those too," Mary said. "But he's right about the first part. Instead of giving me a Valentine present on Valentine's Day, he ignores it, and in the middle of June, for no earthly reason, he'll bring home a heart-shaped box of bonbons."

I asked, "Do you ever wonder what he's been up to; what he's covering up?"

"That's a conditioned reflex with women," Mary said. "I ask myself, 'Why is he bringing this to me *now*—the dog!"

"There you are," Peter Hayes said to me sadly. "Suspicions, always suspicions. You'd

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The Fine I-tralian Singer. Oriental Gentleman. Punchy Callahan. Blabby Hayes.

1948: At the Copacabana Club in New York, they did an early Hayes-and-Healy act, "The Texans."

think after eighteen years she'd quit suspecting me."

"A few more bags under those eyes and a little more grizzle in that hair and you can go out on the town with never a worry or a care on my part," she said.

Peter looked at her broodingly, then said to me, "You can see why my mother still refers to Mary as 'that girl.' "

I have known Peter and Mary for ten years. I met them first in 1948 when Peter was playing in the puckish film, The Senator Was Indiscreet. I had found him engaging, possessed of a gentle voice and a sharp wit. To me, his wife Mary had always seemed his equal in all of these departments. I had run into them occasionally over the years, and each time they had been unfailingly stimulating, amusing and attractive. That was my first reason for calling on them.

My second reason had to do with their past show-business records. They had been co-starred in a five-million-dollar Stanley Kramer bit of filmed japery called The 5000 Fingers of Dr. T., a picture so wildly conceived and so zanily executed that it made The Wizard of Oz seem as conservative as The Late George Apley.

On January 6, 1958, they began appearing five times a week on radio, in The Peter and Mary Show, which ran for a year on CBS, and switches to ABC next week. During the past year they had both starred in the Broadway comedy hit, Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?, which had run a presentable twenty-six weeks.

In addition to these achievements, Peter and Mary had been regular substitutes on the Arthur Godfrey Time morning program for four and a half years, ending with the last three weeks of August this year.

Then six weeks later on October thirteenth, they began regular five-mornings-a-week appearances at eleven-thirty on ABC-TV, in an hour labeled The Peter Lind Hayes Show.

Remembering this mélange of activities, I was groping for a place to start when Peter said helpfully, "Maybe I can get you rolling. Ask us to name ten things which have made our hearts beat faster. O.K.?"

I said O.K.

"Well," Peter told me, "two of them are the smell of a sawmill and the smell of a first baseman's mitt after it's been oiled the first time."

"I'm not going to be of much help to you two in your little game," Mary told us. "I don't remember many things which made my heart beat a little faster."

"I'll handle this, Mary," Peter told her. "There's the first log fire after a long, hot summer, and the first day you take a new car out and drive it. Then there's the smell of grandmother's mince pies floating across the back yard. Those are mine. And there's the Mardi Gras parade in New Orleans (that's Mary's home town), the song, Remembering, sung by the Duncan Sisters, which has been our special song for fifteen years, and a small party with our intimate friends. Those are Mary's. Oh, yes, and an unsolicited hug or kiss from our two children. That is Miss Healy's too," he said.

I asked Peter, "Where did you come from?"

"I was born in San Francisco," he said, "but the first fifteen years of my life I lived in Cairo, Illinois."

"Jack Benny came from your state, didn't he?" I asked.

"A number of people are from Illinois," Mary told me, "in addition to the disheveled comedian you are now talking to. There is, for instance, Marlon Brando."

"Abe Lincoln too," Peter said defensively. He thought of something else and brightened. "Would you like to hear my favorite story about a show-business opening?" he asked. I nodded. "It includes me," he said. "My father died in 1917 and after that my mother, Grace Hayes, took care of me. She is one of vaudeville's greats. I rank her beside Nora Bayes, Fanny Brice, Gracie Allen and Sophie Tucker. Since she's my mother, you may think I'm upgrading her out of loyalty. I'm not. In her heyday she was terrific.

"When I was fifteen, going on sixteen, she sent me to the Iona Irish Christian Brothers School in New Rochelle, New York. I'm afraid I was more stage-struck than school-struck and I was busy stealing jokes from a magazine named Ballyhoo, which was enormously popular at the time. I was even busier weaving those jokes into a vaudeville skit kidding radio. I hoped my mother would use that skit and me with it. Those were trying times for us. Iona was expensive, and we were stony. Not to put too fine a point on it, I didn't know whether I was going to be able to finish out the school year because Miss Hayes' stocking was empty. My vaudeville debut came at a very lucky time for us. It was in 1932," he said. "Do you remember 1932?" (Continued on Page 54)

Peter's mother, Grace Hayes, as she appeared in the 1930 Broadway hit, Ballyhoo. When Mary and Peter decided to marry, she became hysterical.

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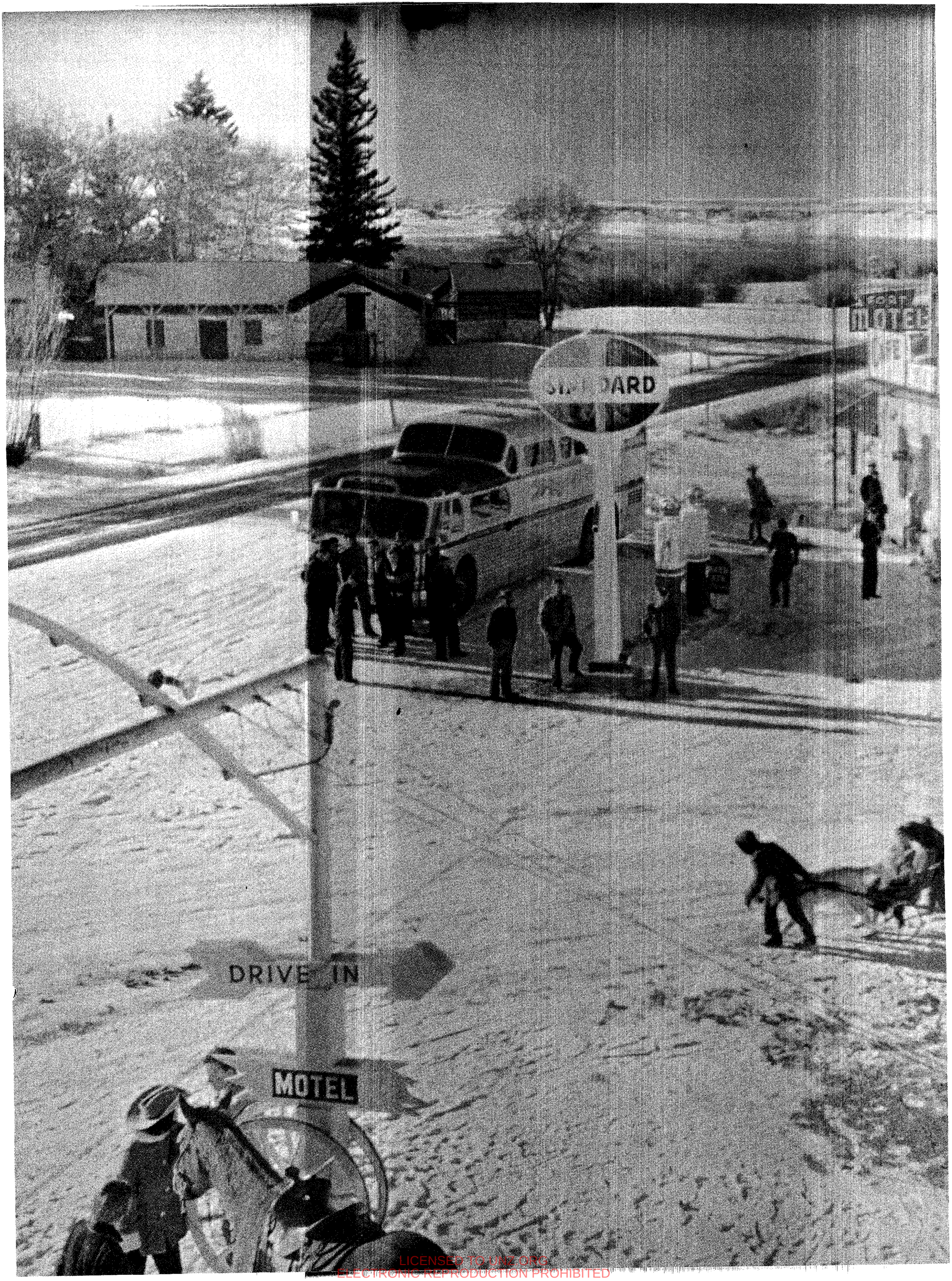

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The Face of AMERICA

On the Oregon Trail

Across the highlands of Wyoming travelers ride nowadays on singing tires. They flash through tiny Fort Bridger almost before anyone realizes that a town has flickered by—unless, as in this case, the bus is flagged to pick up a fare. Things were different here back in 1843, when Mountain Man Jim Bridger built his trading post in what was then Mexican territory. In those days, this was a welcome oasis on the hard old Oregon Trail. For many a creaking, California-bound Conestoga wagon braving the harsh wilderness, through roaring blizzards, suffocating dust storms and hostile Indians, Fort Bridger spelled the difference between life and death. Most of the old buildings still stand, but the trail has improved a good deal in a century. Fort Bridger now is little more than a hamlet of some historical interest—that and a bus stop. ● Photograph by Joern Gerdts

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"Their primary interest in life is to play." Here are two of the flying squirrels engaging in one of their endless games of tag.

The Gentlest Pets I Ever Had

Flying squirrels are rarely seen and seldom tamed. But even in captivity they love a good time—and their ways of coping with domestic problems seem astonishingly human.

By ERA ZISTEL

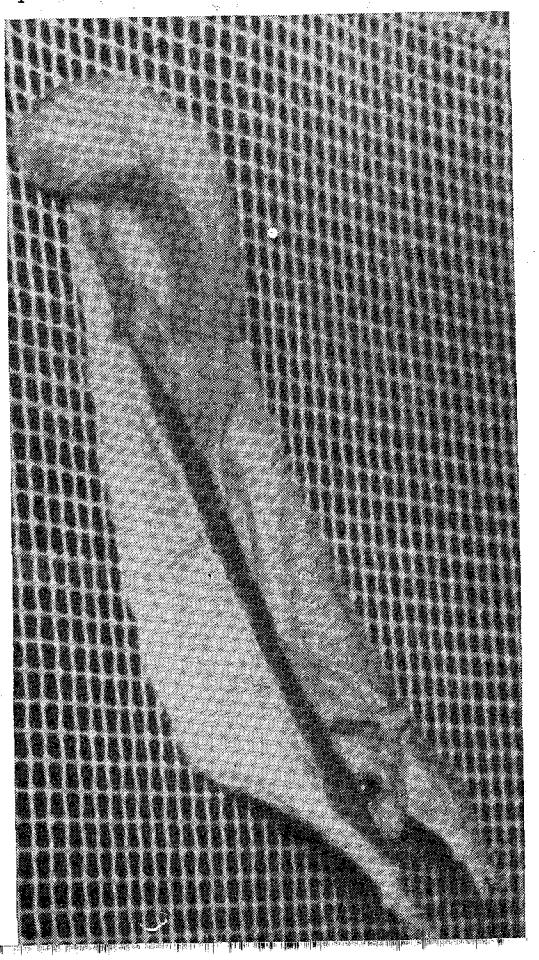
The author and the "patriarch," the largest male.

The first night I saw no more than a flicker of movement near the box in the hemlock tree where we put food for the birds. The next night there was again this hint of movement, and color. Was it light gray or buff?

The following night I kept watch, and was at last rewarded by the sight of one of the loveliest creatures of the forest. It had a round pixy head with small ears and great dark eyes, a lithe body clothed in tawny silk velvet, a broad flat tail as delicate as a feather and, from wrist to ankle, a membrane edged with black, lying in soft folds against its sides. The little night visitor was a flying squirrel.

The term "flying squirrel" is a misnomer. Actually it does not fly but glides. It can twist and turn and bank, the flat tail possibly acting as both rudder and brake, but its course is always diagonally downward, except for an upward thrust at the very end, enabling it to "light" on the (Continued on Page 77)

A black-edged membrane that stretches from wrist to ankle and a rudderlike tail enable flying squirrels to glide for distances as great as 100 feet.



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Trouble on the China Sea

By
JACLAND
MARMUR

When the munitions-laden junk exploded, a U.S. Navy boarding party was trapped on its decks.

Inside Ape Hill and Saracen Head, the fleet destroyer U.S.S. Horatio Potter lay quietly at her mooring in Takao harbor after independent duty in Formosa Strait. The splinter shield of her bridge was pitted and riddled. She was wearing her ensign at half mast.

On her main deck, by the after house, a cluster of her people lounged with that indolent air seen often in destroyer men. It is deceptive. The tin-can people simply know their worth.

"Well, how you figure, Gig?" a slow voice drawled. "Tough old chief like Gus. Gets his neck in a sling for a character like Jode. What for? He didn't even belong to the ship. How you figure, Gig?"

"Don't figure, Bert." Gigli, coxs'n of the whaleboat, didn't turn. He kept leaning on the guardrail. "Man just does what he's got to."

"But they'll fry him! I know Mr. Buckley. I'm in that jaygee's division too. Gus has got his twenty years in. Goin' for thirty. Hash marks an' rate crow all in gold on his shoreside blues. Now the squadron commodore's aboard. Inquiry? Dry run for a general court. They'll fry him, Gig. They'll ——"

Just then the bulkhead squawk box crackled. A voice said, "Jacobsen!" through the sputtering. "Chief bo'sun's mate! Lay for'ard to the wardroom."

The voice and the sputtering ended abruptly together. The Potter's people kept on murmuring, as if they hadn't heard. Bert was the only one who threw a quick glance aft. That's where he was. On the fantail by the depth-charge rack. Big man. Rawboned. Dressed in dungarees and a working jumper, chief's cap pushed back on unruly, graying hair. Hadn't he heard either? He remained there, staring across burnished water. Till at last he reached down for a square, bulky package wrapped in oilskin at his feet. With that bundle in one hairy paw, he came lumbering along the deck, passing through the shadow of the after five-inch mount, twin rifles trained amidships. He had heard the summons, after all.

"How many times I got to tell you, Gigli?" His deep voice

(Continued on Page 38)

In preference to surrender or capture, the crew of the junk chose self-destruction.

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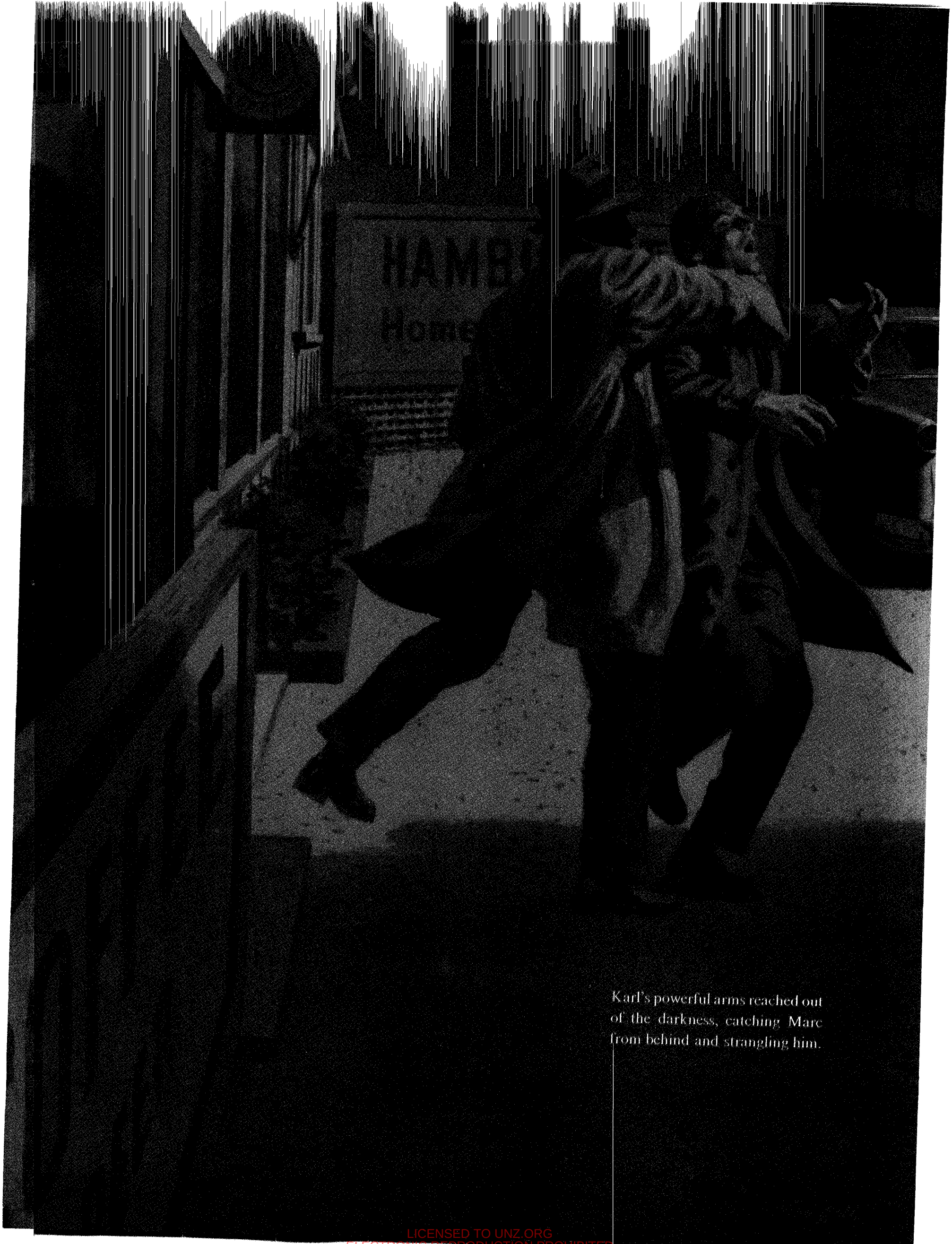

Karl's powerful arms reached out of the darkness, catching Marc from behind and strangling him.

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ESCAPE INTO DANGER

The fugitive was trapped by the men who wanted to destroy him...

By NANCY RUTLEDGE

"We must get that microfilm," counterspy chief John Dayn told Marc Hollis. Marc, a young physicist, was serving a prison sentence because his fiancée had, strangely, accused him of Communist sympathies. Dayn, half convinced of Marc's innocence, was nevertheless hopeful that he could lead Government agents to the missing microfilm on the top-secret Project M. So the counterspy gave Marc the bitter news that the Communists were holding his blinded brother Jamie as a hostage. For ransom, the abductors demanded the microfilm. Marc also learned that the Communist spies forced Boyd Rafferty, his friend and coworker, to take the film. But Boyd died a brutal death rather than disclose its location to the enemy. Then Dayn took his calculated risk: he let Marc overpower him and escape. Marc thus believed himself a fugitive, not only from the law but from Dayn's sleuths as well.

At the start of his desperate drive to San Francisco to search for Jamie and the film, Marc was accosted by two suspicious-looking men, Akim and Karl. It was then that he reluctantly offered to take with him a young girl who said she was Tresa Welar, a Hungarian refugee. Later, at an isolated roadside stop, Akim mysteriously appeared again. Now Marc knew that he had fallen into a trap set by Jamie's ruthless kidnapers.

II

It was strange, Marc thought. Danger was usually associated with darkness and something clandestine. Not with four ordinary people sitting facing one another in a brightly lighted roadside lunchroom. And yet he was more frightened than he had ever been under the exploding bombs and shells in Korea, his heart more cold and hopeless.

Perhaps there had never been any hope, not really, but for a few hours at least Marc had had the illusion of it, of moving to help his blind brother, to circumvent his captors.

But not now. There can't be any doubt that these are the people who have Jamie. They must have been following me from the time I left prison. Not closely or I would have seen them, but once they knew the route, they wouldn't have to follow closely.

The thin, tired-looking woman behind the counter pushed back her straggling white hair. She said in a weary voice, "What's yours?"

Akim waved a careless hand, indicating he would look at the menu. Akim leaned forward. Marc was conscious of his ugliness, but only momentarily. For then the deep blackness of his eyes held him, and the incredibly persuasive voice, and the sheer animal magnetism of the man.

"Cigarette?" asked Akim again.

Marc made what he hoped was a casual gesture in the direction of the vending machine in the corner. The girl with the short-cropped hair—a style which was not unbecoming to her—went toward the machine, in obedience to a nod from Akim. Under her severe, ill-fitting gray suit, her tall body moved with an unexpected grace and sureness; even that suit could not altogether conceal that she was young and attractive. When she brought Akim the cigarettes, she sat down beside him and with a practiced gesture lighted her cigarette and his.

The thin, middle-aged woman stood still, waiting patiently for their order.

"Would you like coffee, Uncle Akim?" the girl asked in a high, anxious voice.

Akim nodded shortly, accepting her attentions without glancing at her. His dark eyes were still on Marc—Marc and Tresa.

"I will try the coffee, Ellamae," he said graciously. "Perhaps our friends will have a cup with us?"

Marc felt Tresa looking at him; he knew the silence had been too long. He said, "No, thanks," and his voice was steady, but too loud.

Akim smiled again, charmingly, at the loudness, and his smile sent small cold sensations down Marc's back. "I have not met the charming young lady," Akim said. "Allow me to introduce myself. I am Akim Papadopolous. By profession, consulting psychologist. I am just returning from a women's-club lecture tour in the Northwest. They pay such fantastic fees, women's clubs. My card."

Marc took it numbly.

"It is quite correct," Akim assured him, still smiling. "There is an office at that address in San Francisco. A legitimate office conducting a legitimate business. We even have our own photographic studio; we do studies of abnormal-behavior patterns."

"And microfilms?"

Akim laughed. "Everything is microfilmed now, quite legitimately—bank and corporation records. You may check on my lecture tour. You or anybody else."

Spies look just like other people, John Dayn had said. Akim might not look like them, with his misshapen back and huge shoulders, but he had a profession, a legitimate profession, a legitimate reason for a photographic studio, to hide his clandestine activities. What more perfect cover for a spy?

The woman behind the counter slid two thick white mugs of coffee in front of Akim and Ellamae. She sighed tiredly and turned toward the kitchen at the back, shutting the door behind her. Marc tried desperately to catch her eye, but nothing broke through her indifference and weariness. OPEN 7 A.M. TO MIDNIGHT, a sign on the wall said, and this woman looked as if she handled the work alone, with the white-haired man outside tending the gas pump. Akim had chosen his spot well; from these weary, aging people, Marc could expect no aid.

Tresa looked at Akim's card, frowning. "This I do not know. A psychologist?"

Akim leaned close to her, his voice soft and intimate. "You space your words and feel for them. You are new in our country?"

Tresa said, "Is it that it is a secret, this psychologist?"

Akim's eyes were surprised and watchful. "In simple words, psychology is the science of minds. How people think, and why. I consult with various business firms as to what men they should hire for what jobs. Including, of course," Akim smiled, "many defense plants."

An ideal way for a spy to make contacts.

The red-haired girl removed her thick glasses to wipe the rain spots from them. She broke in

(Continued on Page 66)

"We've got to search your car," the officer said. "Will you get out, please?"

Illustrated by Stan Galli

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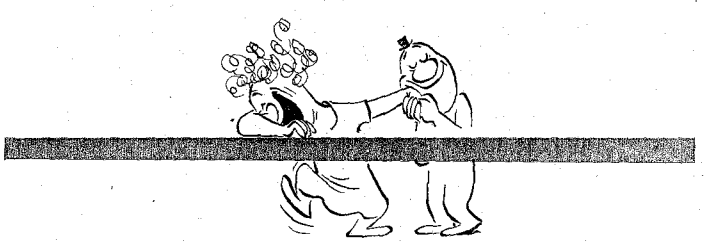
Post Scripts



I'll Never Praise Your Hollandaise

Though gourmet foods are all the rage,
I'm not the gentleman to page
If you are serving plover eggs in sherry;
I sit there in the gloom and pout
When hosts turn all the house lights out
And try to set afire a brandied cherry.

Though I don't mind a bit of wine
And having people in to dine,
Nor even using napkins with a ruffle,
I crave no fancy French *pâté*,
For, frankly, at the end of day
I do not care to trifle with a truffle.

If you've presumed from the above
That just plain steak is what I love,
Prospective hostesses, you're growing hepper,
For I have found no flavor yet,
Which I desire, that I can't get
By simply alternating salt and pepper.

LOYD ROSENFIELD

Anyone Can Become President

Three years ago I was, politically speaking, a Mr. Nobody. Today, as I write these words, I am Your Most Excellency, president of the Sunnyside Acres P.T.A. for the *1958–59* school year.

You may ask, "How could a rank outsider, a man with no high-placed friends in the inner web of teachers, the principal and influential parents—how could such a man have a chance, let alone sweep the election by a complete majority?"

My campaign began quietly in *1956*. I made a point of arriving early at each meeting, taking a seat on the aisle. The same seat, the same aisle. I quickly established myself as a regular, which by rule of thumb is any member who comes when his children are not on the program.

Then, early in '57, I began to move in. Nothing bombastic, but effective, well-timed maneuvers. Things like seconding motions, especially adjournment motions, thus getting my name on the secretary's blotter. By the year's end I automatically seconded any motion that had been firsted.

People were beginning to notice me. The accidental way I was always first in the chow line became sort of a standard joke, and at the May meeting the Refreshment Committee had a mammoth tray of cookies and a gallon jug of coffee ready for me.

Later, while I was helping the janitor clean up the mess, I felt a hand on my shoulder and a voice in my ear. "Swinnerton," said the chairman of the nominating committee, "you're our boy. Pour us some of your coffee and we'll line up a team for you."

That's how I did it. Next year I'm aiming at an unprecedented Second Term, and if I make it I'll tell you how.

A. R. SWINNERTON

By Their Secretaries You Shall Know Them

Presidents and chairmen of the board:
"Mr. Latcham regrets that he is not free to hold a telephone conversation at this time."

Executive vice presidents:
"I'm sorry, but Mr. Thorpe is in conference."

Vice presidents:
"Sorry—Mr. Goodrich is tied up on long-distance."

Assistant vice presidents:
"Mr. Barlow's away from his desk right now."

Junior executives:
"Mr. Barnhart? Wait a minute; he's hanging around over by the water cooler. Hey, Barney—telephone!"

KAY NELSON

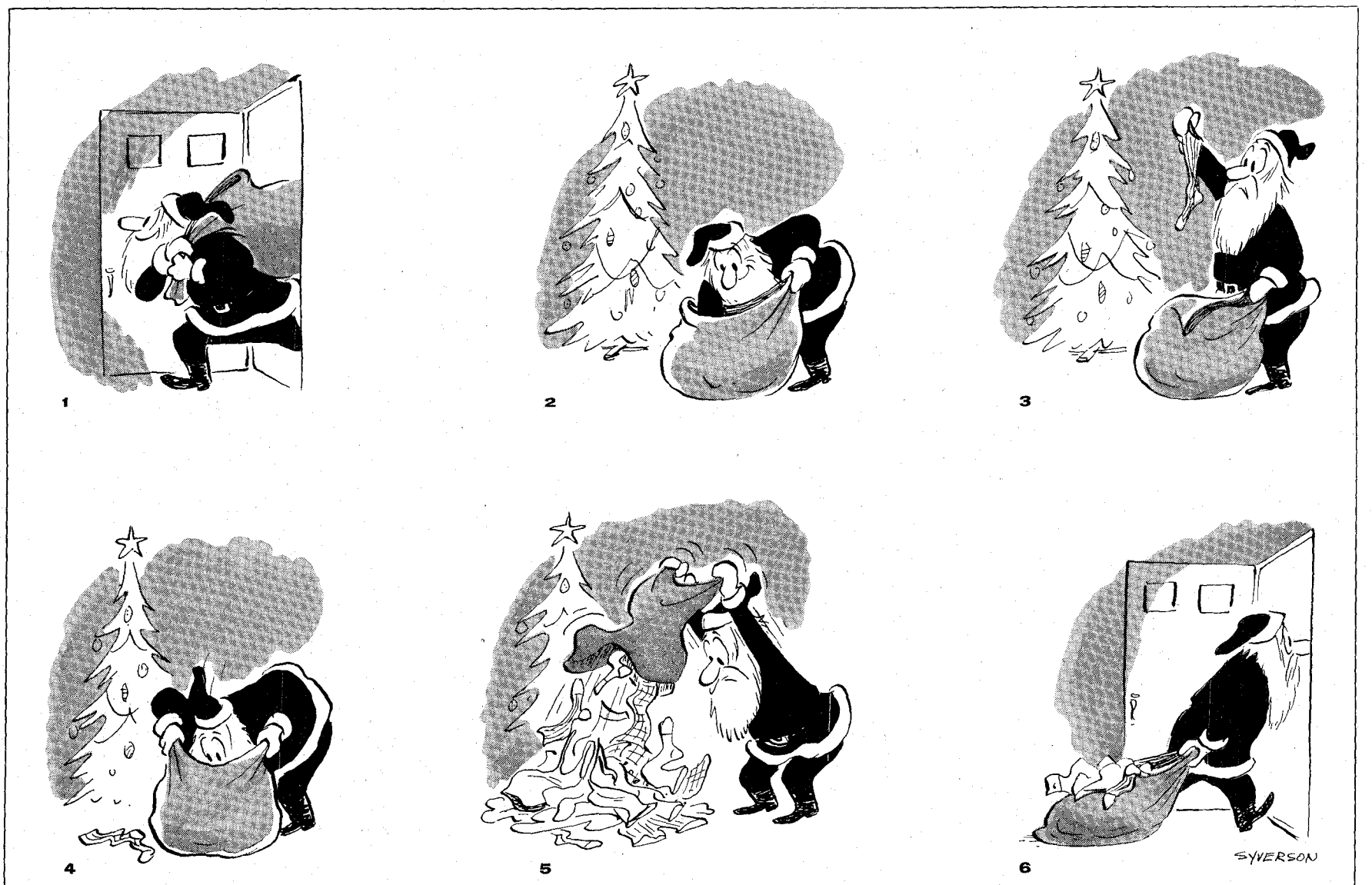
Guess Who's Always Next?

"Thank you, Member Harv, for letting the club hear your prize-winning speech. We know now why you've received national acclaim for this moving account of your experiences in deepest Africa. Our next speaker. . . ."

"Wow, what a drive! I've been playing out here for years, Bill, and I've never seen anyone hit a ball that hard. I'll bet you got at least two hundred and seventy yards. O.K., Paul. . . ."

"Edwards—glad you called. Nothing personal, but I've just gone over the budget and there's no chance I could get a raise for you at this time. Check me tomorrow and I'll fill you in. Good-by. Yes, Law?"

PAUL C. LAW



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Campbell's Tomato Soup gives you Vitamins, Proteins, Minerals, too!

Have you had your soup today?

Make it a bowlful glowing with the goodness of the famous Campbell Tomato—picked red-ripe, juicy-fresh. Tenderly simmered to velvety smoothness. Gently seasoned to flavor perfection. Everybody loves Campbell's Tomato Soup. Ready in 4 minutes, less than 7¢ a serving . . . it's one of 21 Campbell's Soups that make a pleasure of the happy habit—once a day . . . every day—SOUP!

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HIS *business is*

YOUR *pleasure!*

His business is magazines, the best entertainment and information value in America today. As a representative of Keystone Readers' Service he will give you expert advice in helping you choose your pleasure package from among *The Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal, American Home, Holiday, Coronet, Esquire, McCall's, Redbook*, and many others.

He will also explain Keystone's pay-as-you-read plan, whereby you enjoy your favorite magazines at an average cost of only pennies a day, payable monthly, instead of paying for your subscriptions all at once.

In all likelihood this young man or his counterpart will be calling on you in the near future since Keystone serves the nation's homes from more than 77 local offices. If you'd like him to call tomorrow, you can phone the Keystone office in your locality. And if you know a bright, energetic young man who would like to earn money and learn salesmanship, tell him to get in touch with his local Keystone office or with the nearest regional office listed here.

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The Midtown Bomber

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

Strand was face to face with the bomber. But Strand didn't recognize him.

"I promised you a bomb," the voice on the other end of the telephone said to Barney, "and a bomb you shall have. It will explode one day soon in one of the busiest sections of Gale's."

As head of security police at Gale's Department Store, Barney Strand narrowly missed being killed by the first bomb. His fiancée, Lacey Evans, was blinded and maimed. Now he felt a stab of guilt. For the bomber—in reality an innocuous-looking man named Roy Clark—had warned earlier that unless one hundred thousand dollars were delivered to him, he would blast Gale's again. But instead of handing over the money Barney, against orders, tried to make an arrest. In doing so he accidentally caused the death of the woman Clark loved, who was acting as the receiver. Thus the bomber had a new motive for making good on his fiendish threat. And Barney, called to account by Gale's president, Cramer, and the police, would have to take the brunt of the blame.

IV

The meeting was held in the penthouse office of John Paul Cramer. Chief Brandon, Lieutenant Jeffers, Summers and Captain Gabrino were there. They heard what Barney had to say, and then the room became quiet. Barney stood before them, waiting, his lean face dark with fatigue and discouragement, trying to show them no weakness. It was difficult. There was animosity close to malevolence in their eyes, a malevolence close to hate.

Ford Summers, the district attorney, cleared his throat. There was worry in his face; his eyes held a mixture of anger and grave concern. He glanced at Barney, then looked at the others.

"Gentlemen, I think we all feel the same," he said. "But let's do without recriminations, shall we? They would serve no useful purpose. Strand is suffering enough."

"Not for me!" Brandon said. "I'd like to nail his hide to the courthouse door!"

Quietly, Summers said, "We have neither the time to skin him nor the time to tan his hide. I think we have very little time at all. What do you think, Mr. Cramer?"

Cramer was sitting behind his huge desk, staring at Barney with glittering eyes. "I agree," he said, not taking his eyes from Barney.

"Let's proceed in an orderly fashion," Summers said. "First of all, we must satisfy ourselves that there was a phone call from the extortionist and that he did, in fact, promise to explode a second bomb."

"Would I lie myself onto this cross?" Barney asked.

"Not likely," Summers said, not bothering to look at him. . . . "Gentlemen," he said to the others, "all we have is an unsupported statement. An unsupported statement can be doubted."

Gabrino, from the back of the room, said, "We'd darned well better accept it!" He came forward, big and shambling, his eyes angry. "We'll be up to here in it if we don't. Say what you want about Barney, the guy's straight!"

"Mr. Cramer?" Summers asked.

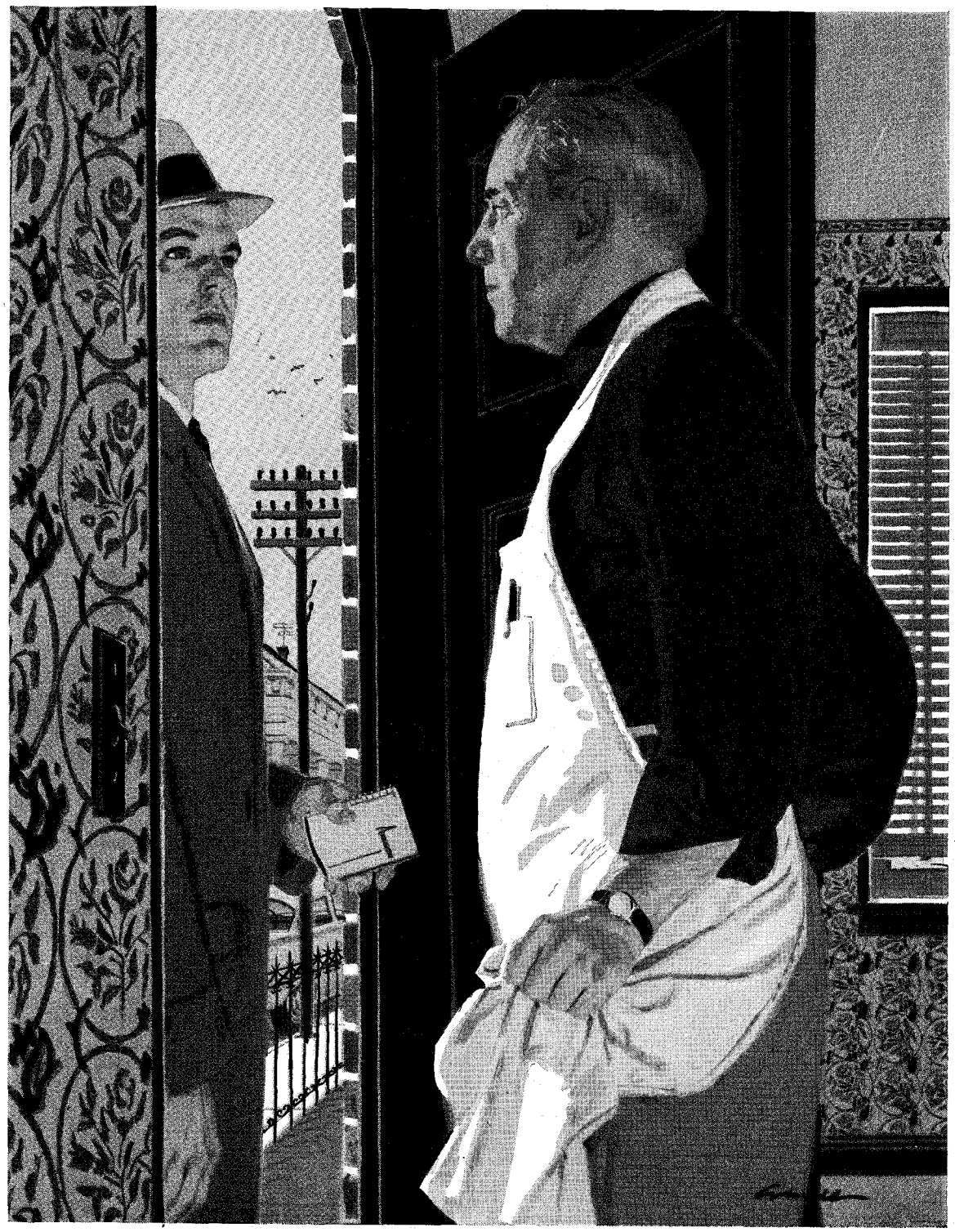
"I accept it," Cramer said. "I've got to act against even a suggestion, a faint threat, of danger to the public."

"Chief Brandon?"

"I go along for the same reason."

"Lieutenant Jeffers?" Summers asked.

(Continued on Page 48)



"Your name is Roy Clark?"

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Trouble on the China Sea

(Continued from Page 31)

rasped severely. "That life rail ain't for leaning. You too tired to stand up—lay down!"

"Yeah, chief. Sure."

He gave instruction to his people in the instinct of his trade, and without pausing he went on to the wardroom. Cap in one hand, bulky package in the other, he waited with the stolid air of long-enlisted patience till the officers who sat there gave him recognition.

"Jacobsen, sir," he said then, "chief bosun's mate." He was reporting to Lieutenant Commander Thomas, the ship's exec, because the skipper wasn't there. Lieutenant (jg) Buckley, an ensign just a month ago, sat next to the exec, bright-eyed and young, still under the stern romantic cloud of Academy dignity. Captain Bronsford, commander of destroyer squadron six, was sitting in the skipper's chair. The chief took one step forward, put that bulky package on the green cloth of the wardroom table, and stepped back. "These are Mr. Jode's pictures, sir. He asked me to make sure they were delivered in Frisco to ——"

"We will speak about it later, chief." The exec had a slow, an almost gentle drawl. "You seem pretty anxious about them."

"Yes, sir. I owe it to him."

"Jacobsen, you're in serious trouble! Don't you realize it?"

That was the jaygee's voice, cutting across the middle space. The chief's head slowly turned. The square face, weather-creased and scarred by conflict, by the brawls and the delights of untold liberties in all the ports of earth, showed no emotion. "Trouble, sir?" said Jacobsen in that voice that always rasped deep in his throat. "Trouble, sir?" The steel-gray eyes remained as steady as before. "I've had my share."

"No doubt!" Mr. Buckley snapped the words out flatly. "The ship took one dead, four men and the commanding officer injured. I am not here considering your Barney Jode. He was a passenger." Mr. Buckley rustled the papers before him. "As officer of the deck at the time, I am concerned about my report. I have it that it was you who put the ship astern. I had the conn. I gave no such order. That's bad enough. Then you left the ship during what can only be called an action in Formosa Strait! You know how serious that is?"

The big chief said quietly, "Mr. Buckley, they were my people over there in that junk. I went. I owed it to them."

"You seem to have a lot of debts."

Mr. Buckley's voice was taut. He could see no reason for calling an enlisted man in to discuss such things. Not even a CPO. It was a notion of the commodore's. The exec beside him cleared his throat, peering at the overhead, wondering how you could instruct a fresh-promoted ensign on a good chief's worth. Captain Bronsford put his forearms on the table, looking quietly across at Mr. Buckley from under shaggy gray brows.

"I understand your feeling, Mr. Buckley," he was saying gently, "and I'm sure your specifications are correct. But I thought perhaps we might like to hear from Jacobsen. I've always believed it possible to learn a lot from chiefs."

Mr. Buckley nodded quickly. He had to. But his bright young face betrayed his secret disapproval. The exec, eyes still intent on the overhead, smiled inwardly. He remembered when he himself was a fresh-promoted ensign full of Academy zeal. He lowered his head in time to see that broad-shouldered four-striper lean back in the skipper's chair.

"Chief," Captain Bronsford said, "your commanding officer isn't badly hurt. Commander Branum will be out of hospital and return to duty soon."

"Thank you, sir. I'm glad to know."

Mr. Buckley thought he saw something flash between them. It made him frown.

"You were with me in the eight-inch-gun cruiser Bandon," he heard the commodore saying. "Weren't you, Jacobsen?"

"Yes, sir. I was."

"Lord! That was back in forty-two. I was a jaygee myself then. You were in my damage-control party the night we met the Japanese and that Kongo-class battlewagon off Guadalcanal between Savo Island and Cape Esperance. We took some bad hits, Jacobsen."

"Yes, sir. We did."

"There were six men trapped in that sealed-off burning compartment and we couldn't get them out. I had to order it flooded anyhow. It saved the ship. It was you who opened the valves. All six of them died."

"Yes, sir," said Jacobsen, steel-gray eyes unwinking on the commodore, hoarse voice low. "I remember."

"One of those men in there was your own kid brother."

"Yes, sir." The chief just blinked. Jacobsen had dignity. "Yes, sir," he said.

"We owe him a lot. We owe all of those men a lot."

The chief said nothing. Mr. Buckley thought he saw again that lightning flash between them. Like a recognition signal or a kinship. Showing for an instant only. Was it also meant for him? He frowned again. The commodore was telling Jacobsen, "I always thought this Barney Jode was just a windy China Sea yarn."

"Well, I thought so too. But he wasn't, sir. He was real enough."

"I wish you'd tell us about it. Why don't you sit down. Coffee, chief?"

Mr. Buckley was astonished. Things like this just couldn't happen in the carriers where he'd come from. What was the matter with tin-can people? They lived too close in the little ships. There was too much brotherhood.

The commodore was right. No one really believed in Barney Jode. Not in the fleet. Certainly not in U.S.S. Horatio Potter, steaming an independent patrol. Mostly, you heard about him from the merchant sailors, and everyone knows those deepwater people are full of cock-eyed yarns. Some tough old mate of a China tramp, three sheets in the wind at Minato's place, would swear he'd seen him down Brunei way or maybe on Bangka in Liat Bay. He'd be the thin silhouette on a seaward-pointing jetty's edge, rucksack on his back, drill pants flapping against his legs in a morning breeze and the sunrise bursting out of the jungle behind him. The island schooner crackers spun the tallest tales. No one with common sense took stock in any of it. There are too many broken-down beachcombers washed to the shores of the China Seas. No one ever expects to meet a fable face to face. In the fleet destroyer, U.S.S. Horatio Potter—they did.

He came aboard at sea, by a rope ladder over the side, which is fitting for fabled characters. He was a dark speck, upright and alone, waving from the stern-sheets of a coasting sampan half awash in the deep blue ocean when the lookout first spotted him. Under a patched mat sail, that sampan was waterlogged and Comdr. John Branum, the skipper, seeing it through binoculars, put the rudder twenty degrees left, laying the ship alongside skillfully. Jacobsen's detail had the ladder over. Gigli reached down to help him. And that's how he climbed aboard.

"I'm sorry to cause you trouble." He had the gentlest voice. And the bluest eyes you ever saw. He had the rucksack on his back, all right, and an oilskin-wrapped, flat bundle by a bight of marline hanging from one shoulder. "I collided with a submerged log last night," he said with a gay little chuckle. "I kept afloat by bailing. Couldn't have lasted much longer. My name is Jode."

They were staring at him. They were stunned. They didn't believe it. Till Jacobsen's rasping voice growled, "What? Your name is—what!"

"I am Barney Jode. I guess I better see your captain."

"Yeah," said Jacobsen. "Sure."

On the bridge, the chief heard him tell the skipper the very same thing. His name was Barney Jode, and he seemed to think that explained it all. He'd been over on the coast near Swatow, up around Challum Bay and he'd started out to sketch the Maka people fishing Formosa bank. He was sure he had some marvelous faces. He patted his bundle. He was on his way to Taiwan when his sampan began to sink beneath him. That's how he told it. Just like that.

"You mean," Commander Branum said in disbelief, "that you wander through the islands and along the Communist mainland, and whenever you please they just let you sail away alive?"

"My goodness, yes." He was guileless as a child, snowy-headed in the wind. "They never bother me." His seraphic eyes smiled brightly. "They think I'm crazy, you see. It helps a lot."

The skipper's eyes were twinkling. "I see your point."

"I'm a painter. Faces, mostly. Primitives. I paint in oil." He patted his bundle again. "Ever since I was a kid in the Mission District, south of the Slot in Frisco, that's all I really wanted to do. I studied with Rusak for a while. He said my impasto was terrible. He taught me a lot. My goodness," the little fellow chuckled, "that was a long time ago."

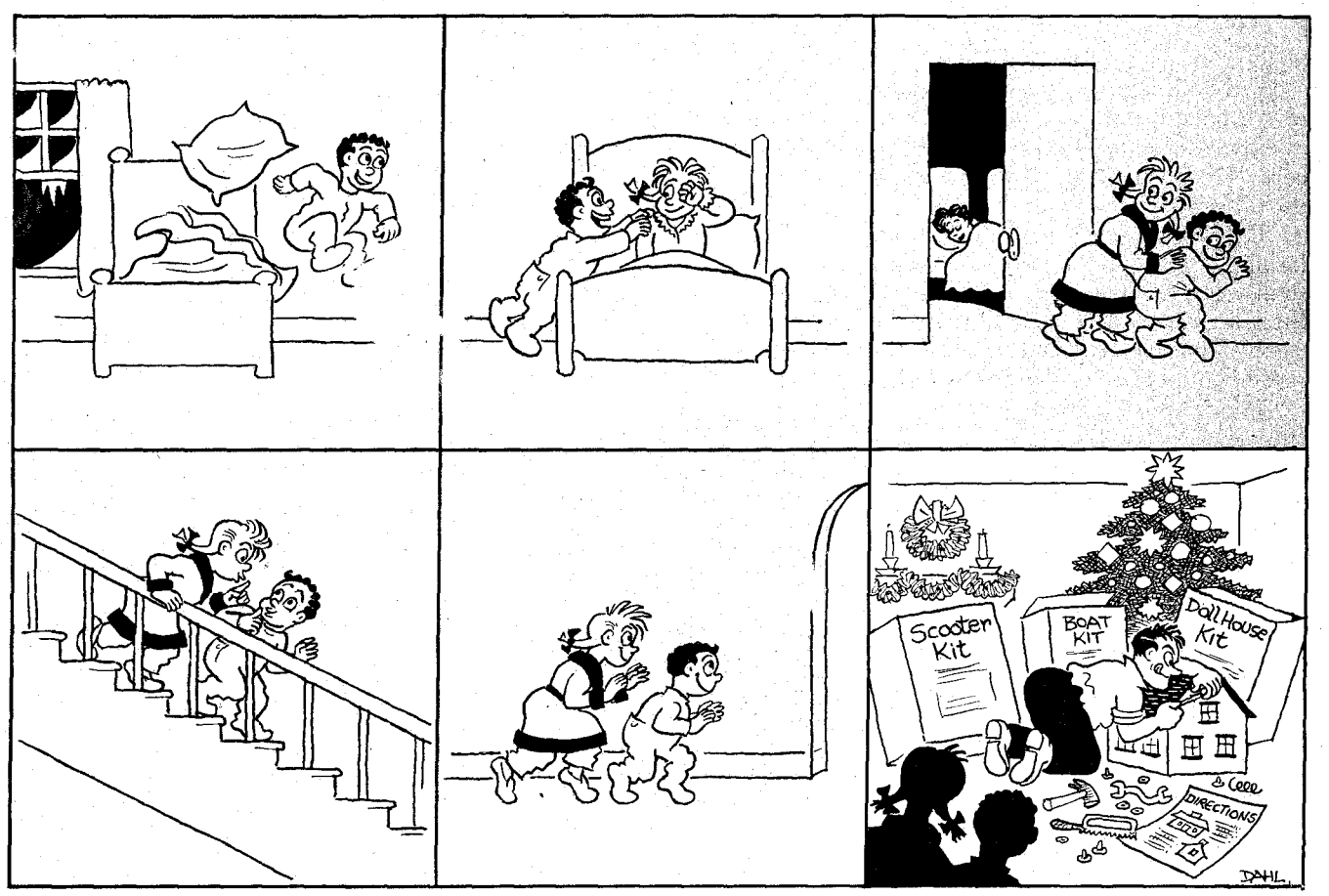
The whole bridge watch was listening. It was just too good to miss. Who ever expects to hear a yarn like that in a tin can on patrol far south of the Pescadores?

"Of course," he was saying, "after I got married, I quit the sea. I was a sailor, you know. My goodness, yes. I was second mate of the old China before I was twenty-three. I guess you wouldn't remember ships like her. I didn't want to quit, but married and all, you know how it is. A reasonable man understands he

THE GREENWOODS

By Dahl

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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has to pay for one fine thing in life by giving up a lesser. I got to be an expert accountant ashore in Frisco. We lost our only son in the war. He was in destroyers too. They gave Joseph the Navy Cross. Sarah never recovered. A few years later she died."

The skipper murmured something he didn't seem to hear.

"The doctors told me I had a bad heart," he said. "Wanted me to just lay around doing nothing or I wouldn't live long myself." He chuckled. "I just sold everything except my brushes, some canvas board and my paints. I came out here to do what I always wanted to. It's over eight years now."

"At your age?" The skipper was looking at him, completely incredulous. "With a doctor's verdict like that you ——"

"My goodness, yes! What else would you have a man do?" And there on the bridge of a fleet destroyer, radars circling aloft, wind pouring past her gray, gun-studded hull, he began to quote poetry. "'It little profits that an idle king, by this still hearth, among these barren crags . . .' Would you by any chance know what I mean, captain?"

"Yes," said Commander Branum firmly and at once. He was a bookish man. He knew Tennyson. He remembered Ulysses. "Yes," he said, "I know what you mean."

He turned away. Binoculars at his chest, he paced to the forward splinter shield. Jacobsen watched him. So did all the rest. He came back.

"This ship is on a patrol of Formosa Strait," he told Barney Jode. "You will have to remain on board until we return to Takao."

"Oh, that will be fine." Jode looked aft past the signal bags. There was brown haze at the funnel lips. He saw the 40-mm. gun tubs, the in-trained torpedo mounts, the rise and fall of the fantail and the depth-charge racks, the turbulent water streaming away astern. "My goodness," he said, "how these ships have changed!"

"Changed? You were in destroyers before?"

"Oh, yes. In World War I. I had a reserve commission. Lieutenant, junior grade. I knew the four pipers. They were cranky ships."

Over by the signal bags, the striker offered a short guffaw. The wheelsman in the pilothouse was grinning broadly. They didn't believe a word of it. Maybe Commander Branum didn't either. But he sent Barney Jode below, telling Jacobsen to see that Absalom took care of him in the captain's cabin. The skipper always used his topside searoom anyhow. And after they left the bridge, he lifted his spare frame into the pilot chair. Mr. Buckley, officer of the deck and fresh from a carrier's sky-gun division, was thoroughly outraged, wanting to say so. The skipper understood that. He wore the ring himself.

"I'm sure you disapprove," he drawled. "Don't you, Mr. Buckley?"

"Well, sir," the jaygee said at his elbow, his murmur in tight control, "surely you can't believe his nonsense? Those characters all spin wild-eyed yarns."

"No doubt. But we fished him out of the drink. We can't very well just toss him back again."

"But the captain's cabin, sir! It ——"

"I imagine," the skipper cut in dryly, "you'd be in favor of sending an immediate dispatch to the commodore, asking for orders and dearly hoping to get rid of the fellow. But you forget the mission, Mr. Buckley. Arms and explosives are being s. uggled across to Taiwan for terrorist use. Probably by Communist junks. We are on this patrol to prevent it, and it's reasonable to suppose they are guarding our frequency. I have no intention of breaking radio silence to inform them where we are. So he's got to remain on board. He is therefore the captain's guest and the captain's guest deserves the captain's cabin." The skipper slid off his chair. "You can't always go by the book, Mr. Buckley. I'll be in my searoom," he said.

And that's how the Potter's people got to be shipmates with fabulous Barney Jode. They had a lot of fun with him. Whenever there wasn't an officer in earshot, they called him the lieutenant. He didn't seem to mind. Gigli, who had read about painters somewhere, called him Gauguin or van Gogh. He didn't mind that either. They needled him without mercy on the fantail, and he spun them a lot of yarns. You could hear loud gusts of ironic laughter clear to the signal bridge. Jode's smile remained indulgent and serene.

"You boys are young," he told them once while the ship ran north toward the Pescadores, "and when you're young you're immortal. That's the most dreadful thing about a war. It always kills the immortals. It isn't any wonder that after wars old gods just shrivel away and die. Where will better gods come from?"

They watched him, puzzled. This hadn't the sound of a deepwater yarn. He kept staring off across the ocean, his amazingly blue eyes grave.

"That's how it was with Joseph, our son. He thought himself as immortal as all of you do right now when he joined the Navy and went to war. But he got killed. He was in a destroyer at Okinawa when the Japanese bombed her to death. Some people were still on the main deck, pinned beneath wreckage when they abandoned. Joseph saw them from the water. He swam back and climbed aboard. He got them off. Three men and a CPO. Before he could get away himself, the magazine exploded. They gave him a posthumous Navy Cross. I've got it in my rucksack now, and the citation."

That time they were silent. There wasn't any laughter. There was just the familiar sound of the pouring wind and sea noise all around. Till a gravel-throated voice spoke among them. No one had seen the chief come up. His steel-gray eyes were on Barney Jode. Maybe he'd been there all the time.

"Things like that," said Jacobsen, "happened more than once in the war."

"I suppose," said Barney Jode in his gentle voice. "Everyone seems to owe an awful lot to someone else. My goodness, yes."

The big chief towered there, sunlight striking his wind-scarred cheek each time the ship rolled down. He swayed in balance to the movement, dominant on the fantail, certain of his worth. Was he stirred by memory, by the cruel combat years? The past reposed in him, its victories, its triumphs and defeats, whatever wisdom yesterday might hold for other men's tomorrow. Then he heard the banter rising again. He saw Jode's blue-eyed smile. The big chief turned.

"O.K.!" he growled, "let's knock it off. Why don't you one-hitch sailors leave him be?" He started forward, stopped suddenly, turned back. "How many times I got to tell you, Gigli? That life rail ain't for leaning. You too tired to stand up—lay down!"

"Yeah, chief. Sure."

So the Potter knifed her bow wave northward through blue water. There wasn't any warning when it happened. Radar contact first. Then visual. She looked like any other fish-and-peanut junk bound eastward for Potei or Tainan. The Potter closed her slowly, the skipper's glasses on her.

"They seem to be hustling a lot of cases underdecks," he murmured to Mr. Buckley at his side. "Odd, for a trading junk. We better have a small look-see."

"Surely, you don't intend to board her, sir? By laws of search and ——"

"Board her?" The skipper's glasses dropped against his chest. "Certainly not! She flies the Nationalist flag. We will make a friendly courtesy call." He was grinning. "If, by any chance, she's Communist and loaded with contraband, the capture will simply be ignored. Officially, to them, it never will have happened. You don't always go by the book, Mr. Buckley." He turned to his talker. "Call away the whaler! Ensign Yancey will take her, with the usual party. I intend to unmask the forty-mm. battery. All ahead one third. Left ten degrees rudder."

The ship's head slowly swung. The slap of the sea grew louder. Jacobsen's gravel-throated voice rose up from the whaleboat davits. Then Gigli, upright in the sternsheets low down there on the water, rang full ahead and put the tiller over. On the bridge they watched the whaler surge against the swell toward that square-hulled junk, her mat sails towering, her creaking gear noisy and close aboard, glowering, painted eye on her bow to frighten devils away.

"Rudder amidships!"

Jacobsen, coming up the ladder to the bridge wing, heard that order and the wheelsman's quick response. He saw white-headed Jode against the starboard splinter shield. Across a narrow space of water, Ensign Yancey and his party showed up clearly on the junk's deck over there. In between, the whaler backed off, Gigli in the sternsheets. The chief saw a huge Chinese in front of Mr. Yancey lift his head back, mouth wide open on a burst of unheard laughter. Then a sudden gush of flame leaped from the junk. Deafening explosion roared, lifting her from the water, hurling debris heavenward. Concussion rocked the Potter. Jacobsen went down.

That was the way it happened. In an instant. Flung against the wheelhouse bulkhead, Jacobsen fought sternly to retain some consciousness. The junk was Communist! Red smuggler. Full of arms and high explosive destined for the Taiwan coast. People like that consider demolition, self-destruction, preferable to capture or surrender. The junk, still close aboard, was rocking with explosion underneath a pillar of tall smoke. Jacobsen kept struggling for his footing, expecting any instant to hear the order that would back the Potter away from the deadly rain. He heard instead the voice of Barney Jode.

"Like that!" One arm outflung, unharmed on the bridge wing, he cried it in a loud, clear voice of awe. "Maybe it was just like that!" He was pointing toward the mass of wreckage on the splintered deck of the settling junk, some people of the Potter's boarding party pinned beneath it. "Maybe it was just like that at Okinawa," he was crying, "when Jojo left his raft to swim back through the water!"

"Who?" Jacobsen was on his feet, staggering, spinning Jode around, savagely demanding, "Who!"

"Joey. They gave him the Navy Cross. My son, Joseph. Joey Jode. Everyone called him Jojo."

He tore away at once. The big chief shook his head. Fiercely. Fighting for balance and reason. That's when he heard the voice of authority cry out. Through the welter of half consciousness he heard the voice of the quarter deck. It didn't sound like the skipper's voice or the voice (*Continued on Page 42*)

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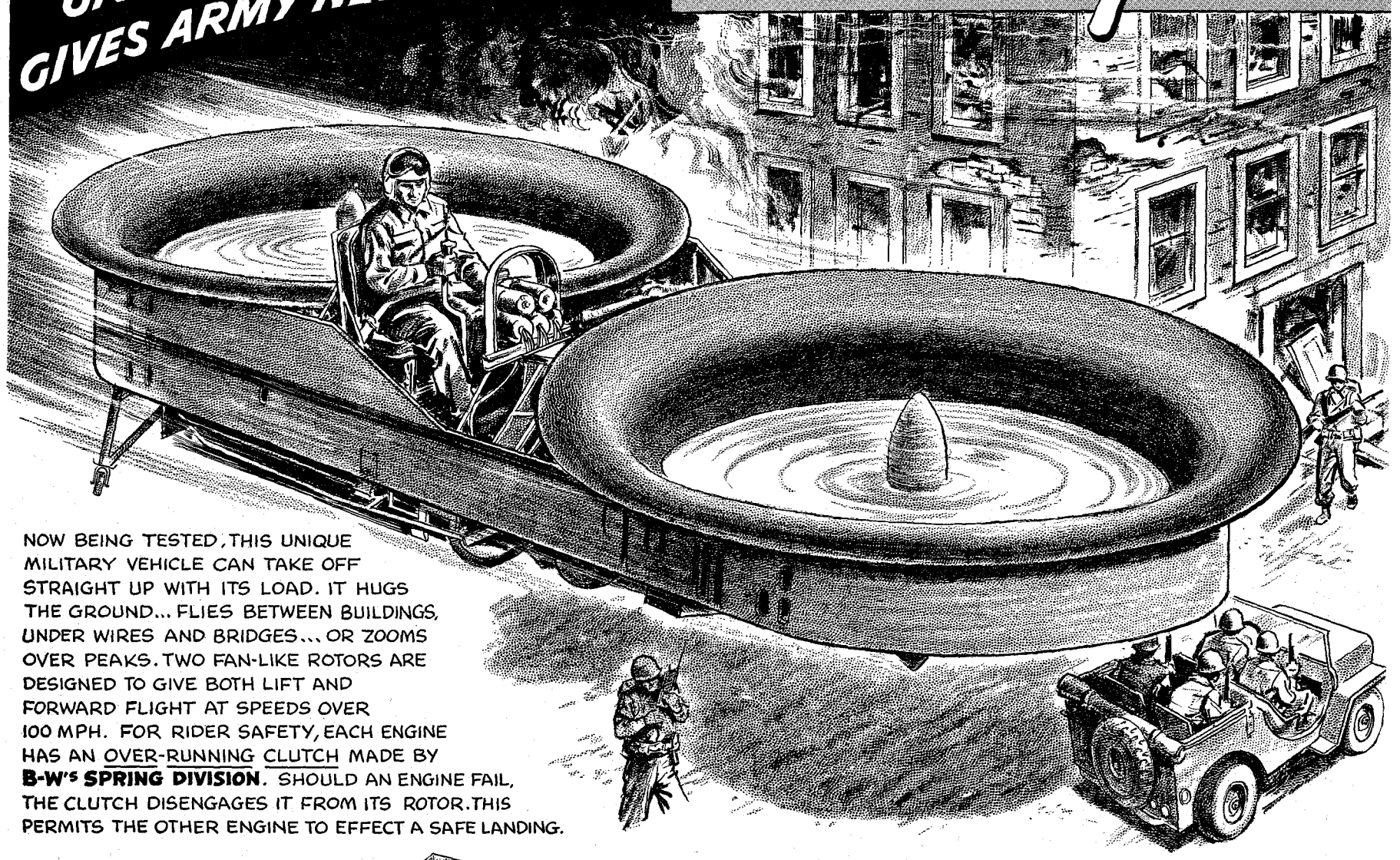

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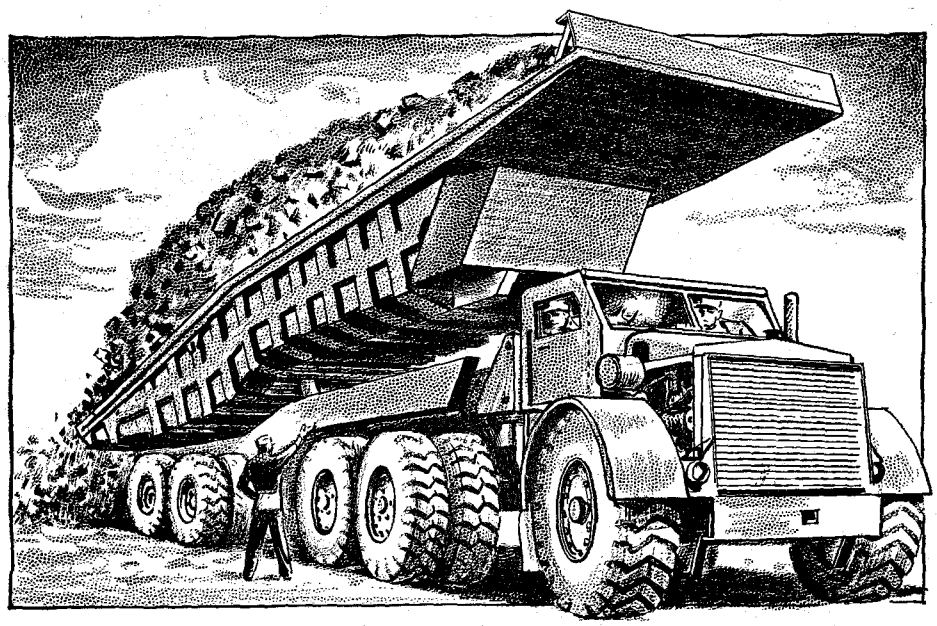

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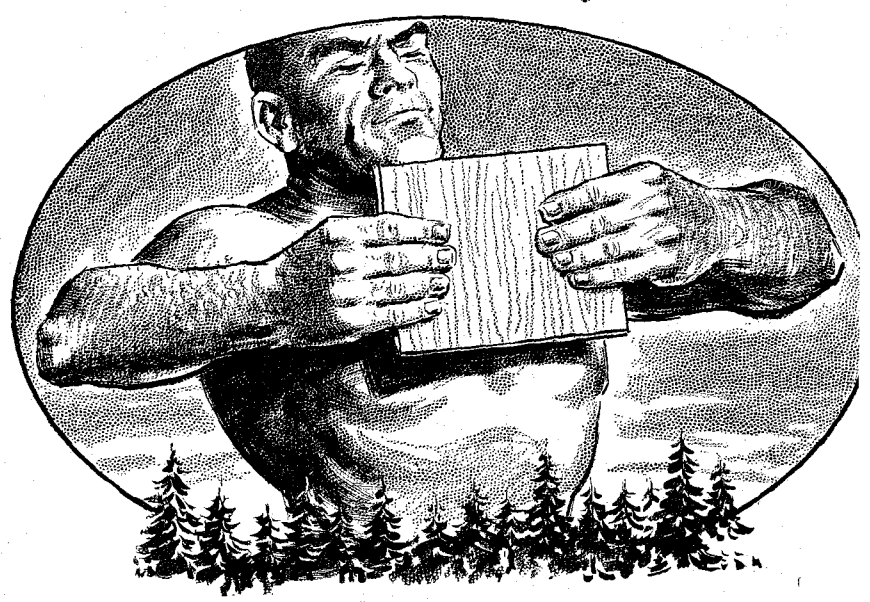

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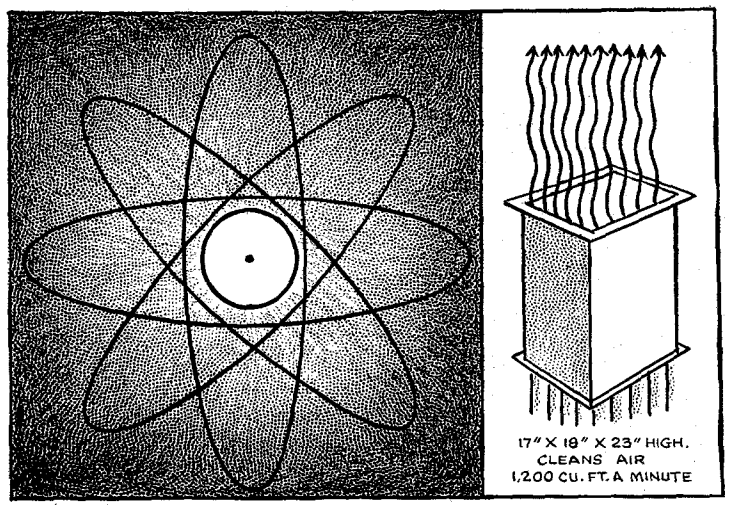

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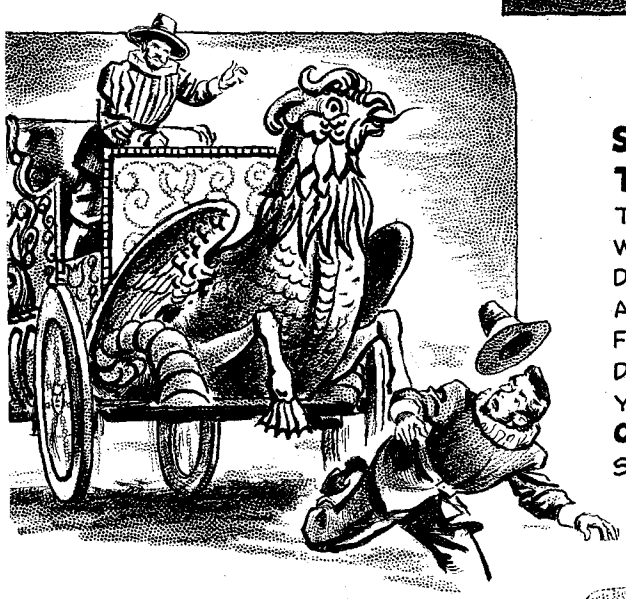

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(*Continued from Page 39*) of Mr. Buckley. But it held the ring, the pride of authentic naval command. He could recognize it instantly. It spoke from across the years, from an unforgotten skill, from the deck of an old four-pipe tin can, from the days of a war long since forgotten.

"Left full rudder!" the voice of the scorned lieutenant cried. It spat back to Jacobsen from the forward bridge. "All engines back emergency full!"

Jacobsen's response was automatic. He went staggering into the wheelhouse, astonished to find that place unmanned. The watch lay sprawled in grotesque postures, stunned where they'd been hurled. The big chief reached the telegraphs. He snapped the handles down, jangling them. Then he spun the wheel.

"Rudder is hard left, sir!" his gravel-throated voice barked. And an instant later, "Engine room answers all back emergency full!"

The chief had heard an order. There was no one else on his feet. He obeyed it himself. Then he was snarling at the watch till they staggered to their feet. The wheel in other hands, he plunged out to the open bridge. He saw the skipper stretched on the gratings, a trickle of blood along his cheek, the talker dead beside him. Mr. Buckley, struggling to his knees, was coming groggily upright. The ship was backing quickly away from the deadly hail, saving the Potter more cruel topside casualties.

Jacobsen knew for sure then who had given the order. He was in time to see white-headed Jode in the water. He was swimming strongly toward the sinking junk. That's what his son, the one they all called Jojo, had done at Okinawa. He felt he could do no less for his brothers. Men of the Potter were pinned beneath wreckage over there on a flaming hulk. The big chief saw them.

"Corpsman to the bridge!" he bawled. "On the double!" Then he spun toward Mr. Buckley. "Permission to leave the ship, sir!"

He never stopped. He raced down the ladders to the main deck. He went overside in a shallow dive. He surfaced quickly, stroking a powerful crawl for the Potter's whaler. Across a space of flotsam-littered sea, Jode was clambering by a rope's end to the deck of the junk where the wreckage and the people were. Jacobsen saw them with a vivid clarity beneath a tall, black pillar of flame-shot smoke when he seized the whaleboat's gunwale, heaving himself aboard. His voice was a panting bellow.

"Lay me alongside, Gigli!"

That was how it happened in the U.S.S. Horatio Potter on an independent patrol of Formosa Strait. That's what Jacobsen was remembering in the wardroom now.

"I climbed aboard," he said. "Jode was badly hurt. But together we managed to get the men free. We lowered them down to Gigli in the whaler. There was just the two of us left when he told me about his paintings. He had to be sure they got to this expert fella in Frisco, name of Edwin Rusak, if he didn't make it himself. I promised I'd see to it. I was trying to get a bight of line around him. The burning stump of the junk's mast was tottering. I knew there wasn't much time. Gigli was hollering for us to jump. I remember Jode was smiling at me with them happy blue eyes. Then he caught me off balance from behind and shoved me over the side. Gigli must have hauled me into the whaler. When I looked back, the junk's black hulk was hissing and going under. I never saw Jode again."

Jacobsen blinked in silence.

"I will personally see to it, chief," Captain Bronsford murmured, "that these pictures get to Mr. Rusak in San Francisco. I know him. He is with the art museum."

"Thank you, sir." Jacobsen's head came down. Those two were looking at each other, four-striper who would soon be an admiral and the chief with the beat-up Navy face. Mr. Buckley was sure he saw again the kinship, the unspoken respect, flash suddenly between them. "I was in the tin can Bixby at Okinawa, sir." Mr. Buckley heard the gravel-throated voice. "We had picket station Roger Peter Three when the kamikazes blew the ship apart. We had to abandon. Me and three others couldn't. We were pinned on deck under wreckage. No one saw us except a first-hitch kid from a float raft in the water. He swam back. He got us off. He never got away himself, though. The magazine blew up too soon. Later, in hospital, I heard they gave him a posthumous Navy Cross. I never knew his name. He wasn't in my division. But everyone called him Jojo."

There was silence in the wardroom now. The stillness was intense. Jacobsen looked at Mr. Buckley.

"They were my people over there, sir," he said flatly and without emotion. "I went. I figure I owed it to them. I figure I owed it to Barney too."

He acknowledged the debt that all men owe their brothers. Now he was waiting to be dismissed. The jaygee cleared his throat again. He rustled the papers in front of him, making a loud and startling sound.

"If you would allow it, commodore," he said, "I'd like to submit a different report. I'd like to record that Jacobsen, chief bo'sun's mate, by exceptional initiative, prevented serious casualties. And that he left the ship strictly in the line of duty."

The youthful voice was strained. The exec, still peering at the overhead, smiled inwardly. The ensigns learned! The fresh-promoted ensigns learned! The commodore nodded gravely.

"I am sure your commanding officer will approve it," he said quietly. "So will I, Mr. Buckley."

Gus Jacobsen shifted his cap from one paw to the other. He blurted no gratitude. He simply accepted decision. He always had. Now he was frowning, watching the commodore unwrap Jode's package.

"Before we sent the skipper to hospital, sir," he said, "I told him how Barne died. The commander said a funny thin I remember the words. 'It may be I shall touch the Happy Isles,' the skipp said, 'and see the great Achilles, who we knew.'" Jacobsen shook his head. ' dunno what he meant, sir."

The commodore looked up quickl That's exactly what you might expect of bookish man like Comdr. John Branur Quoting from the end of Tennyson Ulysses to honor Jode who had quote to him from its beginning! He made r comment. He had the bundle open no propping up some of the canvases. H was staring at them, eyes touched wi awe.

They were faces. Primitives. A Mal face. Fierce. Eyes burning with sava pride. The face of a Tagalog woma wrinkled and old and wise. A Chine face, ancient and burdened with pai only the limpid eyes defying hopelessnes Passionate color blazed from all of ther Jode's pictures. No one had ever real believed they were there. Jode was fable. Who took any stock in a beac comber's yarn about beating around th edges of the China seas just to be daubi paint on canvas after they warned hi back home about a fatal heart? No Jode was dead. But here were his pi tures. The commodore stared at ther So did the others. They were all aflan with life.

"What do they mean, sir?" Jacobse frowning heavily, growled the quer "What do they mean?" he asked.

"Mean?" The commodore spoke qu etly, without looking up. "Perhaps th are symbols of man's fragile contact wi divinity," he murmured. "Though he mortal and must die, he will insist fo ever that he need not perish."

Jacobsen said nothing. He turn away. But before he went through t curtained doorway he stopped, lookii back.

"I dunno about stuff like that, sir," h harsh voice growled. "But there wasn't damn thing wrong with Barney's heart

A Boy in Bethlehem (Continued from Page 17)

crowded us out before he arrived. What has the census to do with him, a Nazarene? The census is of Judaea."

"His family is of this house."

"And Saturninus will seek him out if he does not come? You must admit it isn't likely."

"The census is ordered by Quirinius, the commissioner; it has nothing to do with the proconsul," my father said.

"And if it was the census that brought him, why should he bring his wife, and she right at her time?" she asked.

"Would it be safe for her to stay behind—in Nazareth?" my father asked. He nearly sneered; he would have, if sneering were possible to him. Nazareth had no very good reputation in Judaea. We of Judaea had very little time for any part of Galilee.

"Is the highway so much safer than Nazareth?" my mother asked. My father put his hand on her arm.

"Don't be worried," he said. "Don't be resentful. And don't question what Joseph chose to do. He says the census brings him; I am like you; I doubt it. The Lord being good, Joseph hopes for a new son for the House of David; he would like to see it born in Bethlehem, which was the city of David. There is nothing more than that."

"We, too, are of the House of David," my mother said. "For my part, I'd as soon see the new son born in an inn in the city. He came through Jerusalem two hours from here; there must have been room."

"This is the House of Bread," my father said, "and we are not poor. We will have room for them; only I am sorry that they must use the stable. We will turn no one away."

By the House of Bread he meant the village; this was a name that Bethlehem was sometimes given.

A tall man was coming from the stable. I had never seen him before, but I guessed this was my Uncle Joseph. He was tall and straight and bearded; and though he was a Nazarene he had the face of a man of the open air, as though he were a shepherd, or a worker in stone. I learned later that he was a carpenter.

"It's a poor room I have for you," my father said, but Joseph grinned cheerfully.

"We've slept in worse places, Jacob," he said. "I learnt long ago to stretch my legs according to my bed."

"Mary is near her time?" my mother asked, and Joseph nodded.

"Thanks be to God my son was not born on the road," he said.

"You're sure it will be a boy?" asked father, lightly. Joseph gave him a strange look.

"I'm sure," he said.

My sisters had ground the meal and now had gone away, taking the mill with them. I didn't see Joseph's wife, except briefly, before we went for our meal. She looked very young, not as old as Leah; and she was more quietly dressed. She was not tall, nor was she small; her face was still, not smiling; yet it carried the brand of happiness. She walked slowly, with a great dignity.

"She is very beautiful," my mother said, and I was startled. I had not thought of her as being beautiful.

"I am a very lucky man," said Joseph. "I am favored of God."

Our meal was late, very late, and when it was over I was sent straight to a bed in the courtyard, under a little dome that supported the rooms near the outer wall. My sister Leah brought me blankets from their storage in the wall; thick woolen blankets and more than I was used to, against the chill of the night. I lay and watched the stars and I listened to the sounds: the talk from the house, the movements of cattle in the stable, and once, the tramping of a squad of Romans in the road outside. I thought I would never get to sleep; then suddenly I was wide awake, and knew that I had been sleeping for hours.

It was a cry that had wakened me, I thought, and I waited a long time as though I expected another, but none came. I was wide awake, as though I had never been asleep, and I thought I had never seen a night so lovely, so crystal clear, so serene in spite of a confusion of sounds from the stable. There was mov ment there; I could see a flickering lamps from deep inside, and there was little bustle of people. I puzzled and pu zled; and then I guessed: my new cous had been born; and I wondered wheth my Uncle Joseph had been right; wheth it had been a son, for that was importa to him.

The men were in the house and I cou hear their voices. Leah came past me the store. She hesitated as she went pa and looked down at me. I pretended to asleep and she went on into the store a took a measure of oil from the b earthen jar; then she picked up a di and went back to the stable. She car out again, almost straight away, and to salt from the box where we kept it; then I knew that the baby had been bo and that it was healthy; because th were ready to rub it with oil and sa There were not many babies in Bethlehe for the town was only small; but I h heard the women talking; they were fo ever talking of babies, so that I kn what the oil and the salt were for.

After a while I couldn't lie there a longer, and when there had been no o moving for a while I got up and straigh ened the blankets behind me and hurri over to the entrance to the stable. Just i side was a place where, long before, m grandfather, or perhaps his father, h begun to widen the cave. The wall h

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been cut deeper here; and then later masons had left a little stack of squared limestone blocks in the cutting, where they would be in no one's way. It was a play-place of mine and I knew it well, so I watched my chance and when no one was looking. I slipped into the shadows amongst the stones where it would be hard to see me.

With all the crowd in the stable it was just as hard for me to see. The women of our family were all there; they were tending Mary, my uncle's wife, away at the end of the cave, and between them and my little alcove the cattle were stabled: our two draft oxen and our donkey; and the two strange donkeys—the big strong one my Uncle Manasses had brought, and the little footsore beast that belonged to my Uncle Joseph.

The oxen were lying down, chewing the cud. They knew me; it was my regular chore to take them out to graze, and I could walk all over them without them stirring. The yokes and the harness hung on the wall nearby and threw a shadow; so when I was sure that no one would see me I went up and stood there and watched.

I saw the baby. Leah was holding it. It was such a tiny little red and runty thing I felt sorry for my uncle; it was small and it had a little face and screwed-up eyes, and it was red and blotched, and I was sad.

My sister said, "He's a beautiful baby," and I jumped. I looked behind me; it was as though she had heard my thought, but no one had moved. Leah was not looking near me; she was holding this little baby in her arms and swaying her shoulders back and forth, twisting at the waist.

"He's beautiful, he's beautiful," she crooned, and I knew it was a boy.

She held it while my mother dressed it; they put on a tiny shirt, a little cloth coat. They took a strip of woolen cloth and bound it round and round and round; round his body and round his arms and legs so tight and firm I wondered how ever he could move; they wrapped him round in another square patterned cloth and tied this on with a tape. He was like a little woolen doll.

"Oh, he's beautiful," Leah said; and I tried to believe her.

Anna meantime had brought blankets and folded them small, and with them she had made a little nest in the feedbox cut into the limestone at the head of the end stall, where they were all gathered. It was a woolen nest in a bed of stone.

I was still looking when I heard the men coming across the courtyard, and I dropped down in the darkness, into the straw. My father and my uncles walked past me to the end stall. I lay beside Speckles, our lead ox, up near his head.

My family left after a while so that Joseph could talk to his wife. I would have gone, but there was too much risk they would see me, so I stayed; but Joseph talked quietly and I could not hear what he said. When Joseph, too, came out he saw me. He stopped, and I think he smiled. I could not see his expression in the dark of the cave, and I thought perhaps he was telling me to leave, and I got up. But he patted me on the crown of my head and turned me round, and sent me back to where I had come from, by Speckles' head. I think he knew I would not have cared to have my father find out I had stolen in.

All this I can remember as clearly as though it were yesterday; but from then, from the commotion at the gate that followed, it all seems like a dream, so rich and dreamlike I sometimes think I must have slept again. Yet I know I didn't; the things happened; they happened according to the prophecies, as my father has often told me; and my thinking could not change them.

And first were the travelers at the gate; three simple men dressed as travelers, but in fine cloth and armed with good blades, well jeweled. What company they had I do not know; the three men came to the stable and there was a traffic of restless beasts beyond the gates, but I do not know how big an escort came with the camels, or what kind of people they were. But the three men came, walking like kings; and in the moonlit courtyard they looked like kings, and I have since heard it said that in those far countries from which they came they ruled as kings.

They spoke to my father and his brothers; and they came into the dim-lit stable where the two draft oxen were, and the three donkeys, and Joseph's wife lying in the empty stall beyond, and the babe in the rock at its head. They stood a long time near the manger, and I knelt up in the straw to watch them; and I think I shall see it always: the great head of Speckles with his horns black against the flickering yellow light of the oil lamps, and the glorious men beyond in the light; and they knelt to the new baby, so that he seemed to take to himself the glory that the men brought with them.

I did not see, but it was true, that others had followed them into the stable. They brought gifts, and departed, quietly, the way that they had come. And the three men opened the gifts and left them on the ledge at the head of the stall; and when at last they went, the little bound figure of the babe was surrounded with frankincense and myrrh, and gifts of gold.

I came forward as they were going, I don't know why; and stood by Speckles, near his tail. The first two men saw me and passed without saying anything; though they smiled, I think, as well as I was able to tell in the dark. But the third paused, and put his hand on my shoulder, and said something to me; but he spoke in Greek, I think. I could not understand it.

They spoke in Greek to my father and his brothers, but only Joseph understood them; the others had not more than a word or two; but in Nazareth it was necessary to know the Greek tongue, for Nazareth was on the highway to Asia Minor. They spoke for a long while; then they paid their respects to my father and left.

"What did they seek?" my father asked. "What were the gifts for? How did they come here?"

"They followed a star," said Joseph. "They have followed it a long time from a strange land."

"A star?" asked Manasses. "What star?" He looked up at the heavens and all the stars were very bright.

"A star stood in the east, and they followed it," Joseph said.

"They followed it here?" my father asked. From his voice he must have been as I was; he must have felt it to be a dream.

"They followed it to Herod," Joseph said. "The star was the star of the King of the Jews; and so they followed it to Herod; and when they found Herod, they lost the star. And Herod asked the scribes; he asked what birthplace the prophets had foretold for the King of the Jews, and the scribes said 'Bethlehem' and the wise men came here."

"Without the star?" Manasses asked.

"They found it again, in a well. They found it on the road to Bethlehem. They had forgotten, they said, to watch the skies, and so it was shown to them, reflected in a well. And the star rose up and settled against the edge of the mountain, above this town of Bethlehem, and above this house."

"You take this steadily, that your child should be called King of the Jews," my father said; and Joseph answered, "I have known it a long time."

They were silent then, till Manasses, looking up, said, "I see no star; no star I have not always known."

I came out of the cave then and looked up. The sky was a glory of stars; but to me it was the familiar sky. My father said, "Not every man can see the same star, always. The star the wise men saw has brought them here."

Eliud said, "It has brought some danger, too, if Herod believes this 'King of the Jews.' A man that can kill his own sons to keep them from the throne will soon have an army on the road to Bethlehem."

"We are safe a little while," said Joseph. "For Herod believes the three will return, and tell him the whereabouts of the child."

"And will they?"

"They have seen the danger. Instead, they travel south to Egypt. We have some days."

I felt proud I had an uncle so calm and so strong. The men didn't see me, but went into the house. I thought I might follow them; but I stayed, instead, looking at the sky, looking above me to see the star that stood above the house; but in that night every star was glorious. It was near morning by that time; there was a glow above the valleys to the east.

... ...

The Aim's the Same

Milady's looks change every season,
Yet never does she change her reason
For shifting styles with fashion's whim—
She wants the same old look from him.

Gladys B. Cutler

... ...

And suddenly the street outside was filled again with traffic, the pattering hooves of sheep and goats; and while I listened the shepherds came through the open gate; all the shepherds that I knew, all those who kept the flocks on the lower slopes of the mountains below the town. I knew them well; sometimes they let me help them. I held shepherds in the kind of regard that boys will sometimes keep for soldiers; I had no reason to admire soldiers, for the men of my house chafed under the Romans. They paid their taxes grudgingly; and when they saw the Roman squadrons, armed and armored as expensively as only Romans could afford, they muttered complaints into their beards. I had no time for soldiers; but shepherds were my heroes.

They came in now, leaving their sheep and goats milling in the roadway outside the walls; the tall, tough swaggering men of the hills, agile and nimble, willing and able to fight a bear or a pack of dogs, hardy as the goats they tended.

Eli was my favorite; he came now in the lead of them, and stood for a moment inside the gate, leaning on his staff. He was excited, wild-eyed. He had a club thrust through the goat-hair rope he wore for a girdle, a heavy strong wooden club, edged on four corners beyond the hand piece, a club polished with much handling. The girdle also carried his dagger and his sling, and his scrip, made from the skin of a black-and-white kid, stripped whole from the animal, and worn with the hair outside. There was the head of a flute protruding from the mouth of it; and its body was bulging, so that I knew that, besides his flint and steel, it carried the olives, the figs and the barley loaves that ordinarily, on any other night, he would have finished by midnight.

The others crowded in behind him.

"The angel sent us all," Eli told my father. "The angel said, 'Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, joy for all people.' And the congregation of heaven was there in the sky above the hill, praising the Lord."

And the others said, "Glory to God," and sayings of that sort.

The shepherds pressed into the stable, and the two oxen lurched to their feet and moved in against the wall, as though to give them room. But the donkeys in the stalls took no notice. They stood placidly, facing the corner where the light from the lamps lit the child.

And it was daylight when we all came out of the stable. In the sky above there was one star shining bright; and I wondered whether it could be the star the kings had followed, because it stood high above the house, but I could not decide. I thought it might have been a star I had seen before, a star with which I was familiar, but I never saw it so glorious.

I watched the shepherds, but they paid it no particular attention. Their flocks had straggled along the road and now, unused to being driven in the night, were lying down here and there and bleating, the goats calling on a higher note than the sheep.

The shepherds separated, going to different parts of the road, and from their stands called out, naming their flocks: "Ho, White-ears; come, Bandy." And from the confusion in the road, sheep and goats went each to its own guardian; and in a few minutes the men all moved off, each with his own band counted and safe.

The sun was coming up. I was glad and pressed against the stone wall, for I was freezing in my shirt.

When I went back into the yard my mother was talking to my father and wringing her hands. Leah was there, and my sister Anna in the background.

"Imagine," mother said. "To have put them in the stable! A king of the Jews, the three men said!"

"Hush, woman," said my father.

"But ——" she said.

"It is done." He turned away and went into the house.

My Uncle Joseph did not stay long with us; he left one night soon after this in great secrecy; and it was a long time before I heard that he had gone to Egypt away from the threat of Herod. And then came a sad time for Bethlehem. Yet Bethlehem is a small place, and like many of its sons I had to seek my fate away from there, and I was many years gone, so that I did not see my cousin again.

But I have the memory of that night in the stable; and some of it is very vivid, so that I can smell the fragrance of the royal gift as it overcame the sweet grass-tainted breath of the oxen, the smell of the beasts, and the stable floor impregnated with manure. I can hear the rustling of mice, and see the peculiar brilliance of the moonlit yard outside, and I can hear the talk, some of the talk.

Yet much of it is a confusion. Of a night that changed the world, my memory should be clear, and it is not. I cannot tell for certain how it was that this happened, or that; and sometimes what I say of that night is not believed, for there is overmuch argument over simple things. Sometimes I'm not sure that the boy, nestled against the neck of the lead ox, saw all the things that I remember. But the wonder and the glory of the night in the stable have never dimmed.

THE END

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Mexico's Peninsula Paradise

(Continued from Page 19)

sleeping in the past. Nobody is particularly anxious to get rich. Visitors with cash are not resented, but they are not fawned over either. The natives have not bothered to learn English, and tipping, like begging, is not the custom here. There are no tourist hot spots, no trinkets for sale—if there is a single pennant labeled "Souvenir of Baja California," we didn't see it—no modern accommodations once you leave the coast, and the only roads are cattle trails in the sand. Progress? They tilt a sombrero over their eyes and shrug. No hurry, *señor*. Never put off till tomorrow what you can put off until the day after, because maybe you won't have to do it then.

Prosperity is coming, though, whether old Pancho likes it or not. Already the tourist boom has started. Word is getting around that here in the lower California Gulf is the world's greatest year-round sport fishing, and vacationists are pouring down from the States in ever-increasing numbers. Hotels are mushrooming. Trans Mar de Cortés, the busy commercial airline, is talking of modern turboprops and bigger landing fields, and the proposed paved highway south from California would bring an invasion of station wagons and trailers to shake the reluctant country awake. The climate is a perpetual 70 to 80 degrees, with almost unbroken sunshine, and the turquoise water and trackless white beaches offer what Col. Lucino M. Rebolledo, governor of the territory, believes must inevitably become America's newest winter playground. "Within another few years," he told us confidently, "this will be the Florida of the West."

The simile is geographically apt. Baja California—it's pronounced Ba-ha—is the other tail of the American continent, dangling like Florida into the tropical waters of the Torrid Zone. Think of an iguana, hanging by its teeth from the U.S.-Mexico border near San Diego. Tijuana and Ensenada are its slightly bloodshot eyes. Its serrated spine is a well-nigh impassable range of sawtoothed mountains, rising to 10,000 feet, which extends for more than 600 miles down the backbone of the narrow peninsula to La Paz, the capital. Here the iguana's dry and scaly tail begins, curling another hundred miles south to a pointed tip at Cape San Lucas, approximately the same latitude as Havana. On one side lies the Pacific; on the other, between the peninsula itself and the Mexican mainland, is one of the world's most beautiful bodies of water, called by Americans the Gulf of Lower California, and by the people of Baja, more romantically, the Sea of Cortés. But for a half hour at sunset, when the red dust particles floating in the air tint the whole ocean carmine, everyone calls it by its third and loveliest name, the Vermilion Sea.

It is one of the most isolated and least-known corners of the continent—so little known, in fact, that many Americans think Lower California is part of the United States. Actually it was, back in 1848, when our Navy occupied it after the Mexican War. The story goes that a United States envoy, arriving in Mexico City to arrange the armistice terms, decided to settle instead for some strips of land along the New Mexico and Texas borders, and drew an arbitrary line across California just below San Diego. "Let the Mexicans have everything south of there," he advised Washington. "It's nothing but cactus and sand and sun."

At first glance, indeed, it seems to be only a desert. On all sides the giant cardon cactus grows house-high, standing in monolithic silhouette against the horizon, a living Stonehenge. South of La Paz we traveled for fifty miles through an unbroken spiny forest, as impressive as Sequoia National Park, dotted here and there with the yellow bloom of the *palo de arco* and bright blue blossoms called jack rabbit's eyes, and a scarlet-flowered vine, the *san miguelito*, which perversely dies if it ever touches water. The parched sand is crusted as though seared by fire—in some places no drop of rain has fallen in three or four years—and the trees are well apart from one another, so that each root system may claim its own supply of precious moisture. The even spaces between them and the lack of any underbrush give the unreal effect of a well-tended New England orchard. Domestic cattle browse freely over the open range, their lips and cheeks bristling with cactus burs, and occasionally a side road leads off to a hidden rancho. Otherwise there is no sign of human life.

But the eyes are everywhere. Ten miles from nowhere we had a flat tire, and our driver climbed out and addressed himself casually to the nearest cactus. The cactus answered, a sombrero emerged, a small Mexican boy came forward silently to help. You think you are alone, but they are always watching you, shy, wary of strangers. When we stopped at a native village the children scattered like quail at the sight of our camera; we could not bribe them with American candy bars, but our exploded blue flash bulbs disappeared as soon as we turned our backs, to reappear later on a string around a scrawny neck. The huts were woven of *palo de arco* twigs, and the barnyard was the dining room, with chickens and pigs and peacocks wandering underfoot as the family ate. Every yard was immaculate, the dirt swept clean with brush brooms. Bread was still being baked in outdoor ovens, and a mule trudged in endless circles to turn a homemade windlass and haul water from a deep well. We might have stepped back a hundred years.

The native youngsters ranged from dark-haired Indian types to towheads and even freckled redheads, and bore improbable names like Pepita Simpson or Juanita O'Reilly. Heritage of the English pirates, perhaps, who used to lurk in these rocky coves. Baja's natural isolation made it a favorite hide-out for such early freebooters as Cromwell and Cavendish and Drake, who waited to spring out with grappling irons and drawn cutlasses whenever a trade ship from the Orient put in at San Lucas for fresh water. When the tide is low, you can look down into the clear blue water near the Chileno tide pools and see the ribs of gutted Spanish galleons; and to this day the evening wind from the southwest is called the *coromuel*, because that was when Cromwell would make ready to seize an unsuspecting trader drifting into his lair.

You hear tales of buried treasure wherever you go. There's the one of the buccaneer's leg bone, for instance. A Mexican boy, strolling down a deserted beach, saw something glittering in the sand. A teakwood chest had been exposed by the tide, spilling out gold coins and jewels, and on it lay a human shinbone. As he picked it up to get at the riches, a figure materialized out of the sunlight, complete with earrings and cutlass, and hobbled toward him on one leg, grumpily demanding the other one back. The terrified native surrendered the bone, and the figure disappeared. So did the native, and all the pirate's gold in Baja California couldn't lure him back to the spot. *Si, señor*, the treasure is still there, covered again by the sand, but nobody will say where.

They tell the stories in whispers, with lowered eyes and uneasy glances over their shoulders. A strange ship that anchored offshore one night, an oblong rust-stained hole observed in the sand next morning. A cross on a hill, maybe, or a handful of square doubloons. No, the speaker had not exactly seen the coins himself, but his wife's uncle knew a man who knew a man. Rumors, legends—never anything more. The natives are reluctant to talk of pirate treasure. Their ancestors had been forced to tote the heavy chests to hidden spots behind the ocean bluffs, and then their naked bodies had been flung into the holes and buried alive with the loot. Today their descendants still guard the fearful secret. Gold, *señor?* Maybe it is somewhere. We do not know.

The whole early history of Baja, in fact, is a frustrating search for rumored riches. Hernán Cortés first came here in 1535, in quest of the fabulous black pearls of La Paz. He had heard from Montezuma that the Pericu Indians were wont to feed on raw oysters and spit out the round hard pits in windrows on the beach. Later it was believed that the Jesuit priests, the original missionaries, had amassed great stores of gold and silver, and the King of Spain sent an expedition to seize the treasure; the Jesuits smuggled it north to a mission in the hills called Santa Isabel, the legend goes, and then started a landslide that buried the site forever. Evidently these early missionaries found things tough all over. The primitive Pericus, like the present-day inhabitants of the country, displayed a marked indifference to the benefits of progress. There is a graphic mosaic on the church at Del Cabo which depicts a luckless padre, Father Tamaral, being clubbed to death while a band of howling savages devour his oxen. Another Jesuit missionary sought to chasten his flock with a rousing sermon on hell, stressing the fire and brimstone. It happened to be a chilly night, and the shivering Indians demanded to be taken at once to such a nice warm place. When the priest failed to deliver, they dismembered him on the spot.

But it is not in lost missions or buried teakwood chests that the real wealth of the country lies. There are vast mineral outcroppings yet untouched, and we flew over salt deposits that seemed to be big enough to supply all the world. The soil is incredibly rich, and when government irrigation projects are completed, Baja could grow winter vegetables for all the great markets to the north. That is, if the people ever get around to it. We talked to a *ranchero* who refused stubbornly to install any modern power-driven pumps to irrigate more of his land. "If the engine breaks down, my garden withers," he argued, "but if anything happens to my burro, *señor*, I have only to harness another."

The biggest bonanza, of course, is the equable climate which attracts vacationers from the north. At present the only way down here is to fly, unless you relish 900 miles of hazardous dirt roads and goat trails, most of which are like driving around the Empire State Building with one wheel over the edge. From California or Texas to La Paz is about four air hours, and Trans Mar boasts not a single fatal accident in eight years of operation. La Paz itself is a charming old Mexican city, with up-to-date hotels, a native bazaar that siestas for three hours every afternoon, and a curving tree-shaded water front as yet unmarred by commercial

The Perfect Squelch

Alex, who had made a fast fortune through a series of shady deals, was back in his home town showing off his prosperity. In his uncle's small shoe-repair shop, he waved an expensive cigar while describing his elaborate summer home, his new motor cruiser, his frequent trips to Europe and his many important friends.

As his uncle quietly went on working, Alex gestured to the new limousine outside the shop. "I have another one like it at home," he said, and went on to mention his wife's convertible and his son's sports car.

Impatient because his uncle seemed totally unimpressed, Alex raised his voice. "Money talks," he said, pounding his fist on the counter, "and mine says I'm a success."

His uncle paused just long enough to say mildly, "Who asked?"

Claire Rankin

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structures. Cowboys drive cattle down the main street and into the water, to be swum out to a waiting freighter and hoisted aboard. Automobiles are still few and far between, though Señor Guillermo Escudero, our host, is already beginning to look back nostalgically on the old days. "Cars used to be so scarce here," he recalled, "that you had to make an appointment to have an accident."

Another thing strikes you at once, and that is the unusual preponderance of women. "For many years," Señor Bill explained sadly, "the main export of this country was men." Today the proportion of females to males in La Paz is something like five to one, and the result, nature being what it is, is a large number of offspring who are tactfully referred to as *naturals*. Needless to say, competition for the few remaining males in town waxes intense. Every Sunday evening, in La Paz, as in most other towns in Baja, there is an accepted ceremony called The Promenade, in which the lasses stroll along the sidewalk, singly or in pairs, before the appraising eyes of the local swains.

In front of the Hotel Los Arcos a fleet of fishing launches rock in the gentle swells, ready to whisk the sportsman in a matter of minutes to a rendezvous with a sailfish or marlin. Billfishing is seasonal at La Paz, but down in the tropical waters at the cape it goes on summer and winter, the only place on the continent where marlin may be taken all twelve months of the year. You can cross swords with the big trophies or you can head over where a flock of pelicans are hovering and diving, and cast among them toward a strange-looking fin that is slashing the water, trailing long fronds like a palm tree in a gale. This is the rooster fish, a rare species found almost exclusively in these Mexican waters, and for our money the fightingest gamecock in all the seven seas. Did you ever hook into a guided missile?

Or, if you prefer, you can hit the surf fishing. Seventy miles south of La Paz at Buena Vista is a lodge run by a former airlines pilot from the States, Herb Tansey, who came to Baja for the simple reason that he likes it here, and who takes in guests for the equally simple reason that he likes company. Here, we aver, is the last word in luxury angling. You lie in a hammock, sipping tequila and lime, and scan the combing surf in front of the lodge until a seething school of mullet riffles the surface, driven by some voracious monster. Then you grab your casting rod and high-tail it down the sand, and a moment later you are tied fast to a bonito, or a single-minded corbina, or a ladyfish that ain't no lady, or any one of several hundred other varieties of game fish that inhabit this exotic sea. When your arms are numb, you rest your rod and take a shotgun instead, and walk back from the surf a hundred yards to a hidden fresh-water lagoon, where a flock of ducks spring into the air and speed away like bullets, only faster. Another hundred yards, and you can be shooting quail or white-wing doves exploding out of the mangoes and date palms overhead. You never can tell what you'll be into next.

Which may be the fascination of Baja, the fact that nobody really knows what's here. You feel like Cortés, discovering it for the first time. Maybe you are: there are endless miles of white beaches that have never been fished, and most of the hinterland is still unexplored. A mysterious mound beside the road which could be the site of a seventeenth-century mission; no one has ever dug there. A line of massive stones, like the Great Wall of China, down the side of one mountain and up the next and out of sight; no one remembers who built it or what it was for. The ruins of an ancient hacienda, crumbling into decay; even the present aged occupants cannot recall how long ago it flourished. You can travel safely anywhere—only five recorded crimes last year in a population of 80,000—and you do not need to lock your door at night. Steal, *señor?* What would we want that we do not have?

At the moment, Baja California hovers between yesterday and tomorrow. Prosperity is about to overtake it, maybe in Señor Pancho Mauricio's own lifetime, and change this backward land that has not changed in three hundred years. The impending tourist boom, Baja leaders predict, will deposit more gold on these shores than the early pirates ever buried here. Old Pancho views the future philosophically. After all, it is good to have others come and enjoy this beloved land of his. There is plenty of room in the sun.

"One thing we've always wondered," we asked him once. "Why didn't those pirates take their gold along with them when they sailed away? Why did they bury it in such a remote place as Baja?"

His blue eyes widened a little. "Why, this is where they planned to live when they retired," he said with pride.

THE END

A bachelor is a man who thinks a love nest is for the birds.

USHER F. NEWLIN

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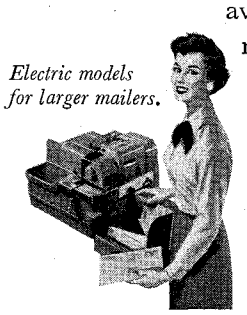

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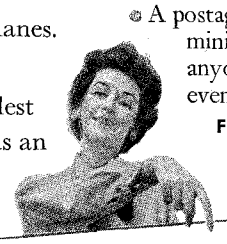

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Portrait of Love (Continued from Page 21)

each day, and each day the artist happily shared his bounty. He found himself stalling on the mural as long as he could, but by the second week it was about finished.

On the morning when he was sadly and reluctantly putting the final touches to it, he heard a polite voice behind him say, "This is truly fine painting of fish," and, turning, recognized Mr. Ling, proprietor of a nearby Chinese restaurant.

Tom Mattick shook back his hair, breathed very deeply and climbed quickly down the ladder.

He waited until she was having her dessert that afternoon before he said quietly, "The painting will be finished today."

She nodded without looking at him. "I knew it had to be soon."

"Do you like Chinese food?" he asked.

She looked at him, not understanding.

"I'm going to paint pagodas in Ling's Chinese Restaurant," he grinned. "For fifty dollars cash, plus meals for artist and friend."

But she did not smile as he had expected her to smile. "That's wonderful," she said. "That's really wonderful. But I couldn't accept anything more from you. I feel badly enough about the way it's been so far. I couldn't any more."

"But that's crazy," he protested excitedly. "That's completely crazy. You're not taking anything from me. It's part of the deal. Ling agreed it's part of the deal. He said fifty dollars cash, plus meals for artist and friend." He looked at her solemnly. "You're the friend, Jane," he said, wanting to tell her that among all of the city's eight million people there was no other to whom he might possibly say this.

"I couldn't," she said again, her eyes on the sad, motionless and beautifully painted fish. "I appreciate it, but I couldn't."

"Look," he said, "I've been alone in this town for nearly five years. All I've cared about was staying alive and keeping a paintbrush in my hand. And that's about all I've managed to do.

"So now if I'm able to do even this little bit to—to ——" He broke off, suddenly afraid he was making it sound too important.

But then she said, "It just so happens I'm crazy about Chinese food," and he knew he had not made it too important at all.

The following day Jane sipped her tea slowly, staring at the three pagodas he had sketched on the wall that morning. "I have an idea," she said. "Since you prefer painting people, why don't you let me pose for you? At least you would have a model to work from."

"Would you really pose for me?"

"I want to," she replied. "I want to very much."

Then he thought of the place where he lived and where she would come to pose, and some of the joy was gone.

That evening he walked beside her as they climbed the four gloomy flights of stairs, hoping she did not see too clearly the flaking ceilings, or hear too well the scurrying between the walls, or breathe too deeply the stale cooking odors.

She seemed to notice nothing but the paintings. They were everywhere, hanging from the peeling walls, standing on the window ledges. Walking slowly about the room, she studied them.

"You're wonderful," she said at last. "You're truly wonderful."

Then, because no one had ever before told Tom Mattick that he was wonderful, he did not know exactly how he was expected to act. He was able only to stand tall and thin and slightly stooped beneath the bare light bulb, not feeling wonderful at all, feeling only slightly sick at having to bring her to a place no better than this.

He posed her as he had first seen her in the restaurant, her head half turned, her face slightly tilted, her mouth just beginning to smile. The brightness was not part of the pose, but it was there.

When she had finished posing for the night, he walked home with her through the empty streets. She had a room in a faded, high-stooped brownstone. She held out her hand on the top step.

"Did I pose all right?" she asked anxiously, standing two steps above him, her face level with his.

"Yes," he said, releasing her hand very quickly. "You posed very well. You posed as well as any model I've ever seen."

Then she smiled and looked very pleased. But when he had left, she bit at her lower lip and did not smile at all.

She posed nearly every evening during the next two weeks, and each time it was the same—the working and the walking and the saying of good night on the steps. Except that after a while he did not take her hand. Just taking her hand had become too much. He told himself it had become absolutely too much. So that when she offered it he would become very detached and pretend not to see it. After a while she no longer offered her hand.

It was easier during the day, Tom Mattick thought. During the day they met only in the restaurant with other people about, and he did not need to look only at her, and she talked brightly and safely of her auditions.

"I sang for John Hyden this morning," she told him one day.

"You did?"

"Don't you know who he is?"

The artist shrugged. "Should I?"

"He's a producer. He's a very important producer."

"Oh," he said, carefully looking someplace else. "What did he say?"

"He said I had a very nice voice," she said flatly. "He said I was a very nice-looking girl and had a very nice voice."

"That's wonderful."

"No," she said. "It's not wonderful at all. John Hyden is a very kind man. What he didn't say was that there are ten thousand other nice-looking girls in New York, who also have very nice voices. This town is filled with girls like me."

He shook his head. "No," he said, looking at her now. "Not like you. Not at all like you."

There was no clear and dramatic sign that the portrait was finished. It did not end the way a song or play might end. There were no notes drifting off into final stillness, or the fall of a curtain to the sound of applause. Paintings do not end in this way. They end somewhere deep inside the artist, with the sudden awareness that here perhaps is something that should be touched and tormented no more. Tom Mattick put down his brushes and stepped away from the easel.

"Is it finished?" the girl asked, watching him, still not moving.

"Yes," he said. "It's finished."

She came around to the front of the easel and stood beside him. After a while she said, "You've made me beautiful."

"I haven't made you anything," he said. "I've painted you as you are."

She shook her head. "But in the painting I'm beautiful. I've never felt beautiful. No one has ever told me I'm beautiful."

He turned to look at her. "I'm telling you," he said solemnly.

Then she did not say anything, but her eyes were wide and bright and filled with something that was there only for him to see. And looking at her he saw it, so that the tightness in his chest became a very real and physical thing.

"Would you like to keep it?" he asked. "Would you like to take it home with you?"

"But don't you want it?"

"I asked you if you'd like to keep it," he repeated harshly, not wanting to look at it again, not wanting to be alone with it.

"Yes," she said. "I'd like very much to keep it."

He carried the still-wet painting home for her that night.

She came into the restaurant early the next morning. She did not usually come in until the afternoon. He climbed quickly down from the ladder.

"I forgot to tell you last night," she said. "I have to go home for a few days. I wanted you to know."

"Home?" he repeated, frowning.

"I come from a small town near Albany. You probably never heard of it."

"Oh," he said distantly.

"I'll see you in a few days."

"Sure," he said, pushing back his hair, then studying the scuffed tips of his shoes. "You'll be coming back?" he asked flatly.

She laughed. "Of course I'll be coming back. Why shouldn't I be coming back?"

He did not say anything, but remembered what she had said after seeing the producer.

"Well," she said. "Good-by." She did not offer her hand.

"Good-by."

Quietly standing and watching her walk from the restaurant, he was quite certain that the world had come to a sudden and complete end.

She returned exactly one week after she had left. She walked into the restaurant while he was having his dinner, and he knocked over a glass of water when he saw her. The water was all over the tablecloth and down the front of him, but he did not seem to notice.

"Hello," she said, sitting down, facing him across the narrow table.

"Listen," he said urgently, leaning toward her, his elbows planted in the wetness. "I love you. Do you have any idea at all of how much I love you?"

She nodded happily, her eyes suddenly moist and warm and quite filled with it.

He swallowed twice. "I had to tell you. I tried not to. I swear I tried not to. But I had to tell you. I don't care about any of it without you. I mean, just painting isn't that important. If I can't take decent care of you as an artist, then I'll do it some other way as something else. I'm only a man. Being an artist isn't that important. Nothing is that important without you."

"I was afraid," she said. "I was afraid you would never tell me. I didn't know what to do. Then I thought maybe if you didn't see me for a few days ——"

He stared at her. "You didn't really go home? You were here all the time?"

She nodded.

When they were walking home, he said, "I'm going to look for some kind of job tomorrow. I should be able to get at least some kind of job."

"No," she said quickly. "You mustn't. I don't want you to. Not with all you've

"I thought you were safely tucked away in bed."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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got. Not when you can paint such portraits."

"Sure," he said. "People are breaking down my door."

"They will be," she promised. "Just wait."

"I've waited," he said. "I've waited five years."

"Then you can certainly wait one more day."

"One more day," he said. "What can one more day do?"

"You'll see," she said, smiling mysteriously. "You'll see tomorrow. Just promise to put on your best suit and call for me at five o'clock."

"Tomorrow?" He frowned.

"Tomorrow," she said. "Promise?"

Still frowning, he slowly nodded. He stared gravely for a moment at the way the light caught the pale tips of her hair, then he kissed her. He kissed her awkwardly, needing to bend too far down, his hair tumbling over his eyes. But this took nothing from it.

He called for her the next afternoon at exactly five o'clock, obediently wearing his best and only suit.

Still refusing to say where they were going, she led him onto the Fifth Avenue bus at 10th Street and half an hour later led him off at 64th. Near the corner of Madison Avenue she stopped and rang the bell of a gray sandstone house. A uniformed maid opened the door and showed them into a long entrance hall. The sound of laughter and a great many voices came from behind a pair of closed doors off to the left.

Tom Mattick turned to the girl beside him, but before he could speak the doors opened, letting in a great surge of sound and a tall, deeply tanned man. He hurried toward them.

"Well," he said, taking Jane's hand, "you're here." Then turning pale gray eyes to the artist's face, "The young man looks confused. Haven't you told him anything?"

The girl smiled. "Not yet. I wanted it to be a surprise. I didn't want to spoil it." Then she said happily, "Tom, this is John Hyden."

The sunburned man held out his hand, and the artist took it, recognizing the producer's name, but now looking more confused than before. Hyden stared at him. "I hadn't expected you to be quite so young," he said. "You don't paint young. You don't paint young at all."

Listening apprehensively to the sounds coming from the next room, Tom Mattick automatically frowned to add years.

"No need to scowl," Hyden said. "You'll look old soon enough."

He took each of them by an arm. "Well then," he said, leading them toward the sound-filled room, "let's take the artist in to his surprise."

Tom Mattick saw the portrait as soon as he stepped through the wide doors. It was hanging in an antique gold frame over the fireplace, the background dark against the pale hair, the full lips still just beginning to smile. He saw it, and it was the same painting it had been a week before, but he did not quite believe it. Then he glanced down at the girl watching his face expectantly, and believed it.

"This is the surprise," she said happily, then said something more which he could not hear because there were suddenly a great many people about him, all chattering brightly, all holding glasses, all looking extremely elegant yet casual. He had sometimes seen such people in newspapers and magazines, but never like this, never so that he could breathe their fine and expensive perfume, or hear the cultured certainty of their voices, or touch the creamed smoothness of their hands.

He glanced briefly at the worn flannel of his sleeve, then carefully avoided looking there again.

John Hyden held fast to his arm, skillfully steering him from one group to the next, pointing out people he did not see, making introductions he was unable to hear. He heard only what they said of the portrait.

"You haven't quite captured the dominant spirit of her youth," a large blond woman expounded grandly.

"I'm not too sure of what it says to me," a man in a narrow, dark suit complained. "I like to be absolutely sure of what a painting says to me."

"It certainly looks much better from a distance," decided a tall, squinting brunet.

The opinions went on, each different, some directly conflicting, but all sharing the same frustrating vagueness, all confidently stated not as opinions, but as indisputable facts.

Then John Hyden had disappeared, and the artist found himself drifting alone through the flood of tearing, simpering sound. He caught several quick glimpses of Jane across the tightly packed room and started almost desperately toward her. But each time he was intercepted by someone else wanting only to tell him what he saw in the portrait. He felt his shirt wet against his back and clawed at the collar binding his throat. He looked over the fireplace, and the painting smiled serenely down at him, beautifully and supremely indifferent to what was happening. Retreating as far as he could, his hand brushed the handle of a door, and he backed out of the room.

He leaned for a moment against the quickly shut door, breathing very deeply, his eyes tightly closed, the sound soothingly dimmed behind him. *What do they know about it?* he thought bitterly. *What do any of them know about it?* How could they even begin to know what it meant and what had gone into it? Then he wanted to be sick.

When it had started to pass, he opened his eyes and saw that he was in a large study. There were many paintings on the walls, but he did not look at them. He walked over to a curtained window and stared out at nothing.

He heard the door open, then close softly behind him, but he did not turn around.

The girl touched his arm. "Tom?" she said, her voice worried. "Are you sick? What's wrong, Tom?"

He turned and saw that Hyden was with her. The tall man looked at him, but did not say anything.

"I don't understand," the artist said slowly, staring at the girl, his dark eyes shadowed and hurt. "I don't understand any of it."

"I just wanted to surprise you," she said helplessly. "I wanted it to be a big surprise."

He did not seem to have heard her. "I don't understand any of it," he said again, "this house, these people." He looked at Hyden. "This very important man, whom you supposedly met only once." Then looking at the girl once more, "I guess he thought you had something a little bit extra, after all."

"Please," she said, her face suddenly stricken. "It wasn't like that. It wasn't like that at all. You can't think it was like that."

"Or perhaps this very important man makes a habit of helping the hungry friends of every girl who walks into his office to sing," he said, meaning none of it, trying desperately for a cleansing swell of anger, but feeling only something cold and hollow.

The girl could only shake her head, seeming all at once quite unable to speak.

John Hyden had been standing to one side. Now he stepped forward and said quietly, "Perhaps if their hungry friends could paint like you, he might just make a habit of it." Then he studied the pale tenseness of the artist's face. "It hit you pretty hard in there, didn't it?" he said, nodding toward the doors.

Tom Mattick stared back at him for a moment, then slowly nodded. His throat felt oddly tight and dry.

"I should have prepared you," Hyden said regretfully. "Such things are too much for a person. I should have told you how it would be. But Jane didn't want to spoil the surprise. She didn't know a person must be prepared for such things. It was I who knew, so it was my fault for not saying anything."

He looked first at the girl, then at Tom Mattick. "But you don't truly doubt the way she meant it to be," he said very gently. "You couldn't doubt that."

Looking thoroughly miserable, the artist shook his head. "No," he said, his voice sounding very far away, "I don't doubt it at all. But I still can't say I

... ...

Winter's Laundry

By Ralph W. Seager

Winter lays its white clothes
out,
Pillowcases, sheets and
shirts;
Handkerchiefs upon the
fence,
Pine trees try on frosty skirts.

Collars on the spruce are
stiff,
Cuffs show glossy on the
larch,
Sprinkled with stars and
ironed by freeze,
Winter uses lots of starch.

... ...

understand it. You didn't even know me. Why should you be trying to do something like this for me?"

The girl put a hand on his arm. "Mr. Hyden often does these things. He often shows the work of unknown artists. His office walls are covered with paintings. I asked about them when I was there two weeks ago. Then I told him about you and how you were doing my portrait and how wonderful I thought it was."

A burst of laughter broke through the door, and she felt his arm tense beneath her fingers. "He said he would be glad to look at it when it was finished," she went on, "but couldn't promise anything. That's why I never mentioned it to you. I wanted to be sure. I didn't want you to be disappointed."

John Hyden started to say something, then changed his mind and sat down in a wide chair, his pale eyes watching them.

The girl smiled dimly. "I guess New York is as filled with artists who paint nice pictures as it is with singers who have nice voices. But Mr. Hyden thought the portrait was more than just a nice picture. He thought it showed fine feeling and understanding. Then he arranged everything. I mean the showing and all. He said a painting was worthless unless it was seen. He's been wonderful. He's been really wonderful."

Tom Mattick stared dismally at the dark gray carpeting. "I guess he has," he said. He looked at the girl. "And so have you. I'm just sorry it had to turn out the way it did. I'm sorry no one else thought the painting was any good."

The producer stood up and came toward him. "What are you talking about?" he said. "Who didn't think it was any good?"

"Why, everyone. They tore it apart. You were with me for a while. You must have heard."

Hyden looked at him closely. "Tell me exactly what they said."

Tom Mattick told him, not having any trouble remembering, wishing only that he did not remember quite so well.

When he had finished, Hyden said, "Is that all?"

"Yes," he said, wondering what else there might possibly have been.

The producer sighed. "I can see that your brush understands far more than you do about people. You paint with an understanding you don't as yet truly have. I suppose it's because you're young. But you'll catch up after a while. Talent is a wonderful thing. It jumps ahead purely by instinct, then drags its owner along after it."

Tom frowned. "What do you mean?"

"I mean you've yet to learn the difference between a person's disliking something and his being interested enough to argue about it. People see in a painting only what they want most to see, and no two people ever want to see the same thing. That's why you heard so many different reactions in there. If they'd said nothing at all, then it would have been bad. As long as they keep talking about it, you've no reason to worry."

The dark man tilted his head toward the door, listening for a moment to half a hundred voices going at once. "Do you hear that sound?" he asked.

Tom Mattick heard it.

"Well, as far as you and your work are concerned," he said, "that's the sound of applause."

"Sure," the artist said.

Hyden smiled. "You're not convinced?"

Tom stared at the gracefully curving door handles.

"Would three portrait commissions help to convince you?"

He looked at the producer.

"I know of three definitely," Hyden said. "But there'll probably be more later. Some people like to wait and follow the crowd."

"Do you mean it?" Tom said, staring at first one, then the other, not quite able to believe it. "Do you really mean it?"

Then both the girl and the man smiled and nodded their heads, and he was able to believe it, feeling at that moment something entirely new for him, feeling suddenly at home and accounted for among all of these eight million people.

When the producer had left them alone in the room, he stood tall beside the girl and stabbed at his hair and could think of nothing to say. Then he touched her hand and knew there was nothing that needed to be said.

After a while she glanced toward the doorway. "I suppose we'd better go back in," she said.

"Yes," he agreed. "I suppose we'd better."

He pulled open one of the tall double doors and the fullness of the sound rushed out to meet them. He stopped on the threshold, and she looked anxiously up at his face.

"It's true," he said thoughtfully, not moving at all. "I think it's really true."

"What's really true?" she asked, gripping his hand just a little bit tighter.

"If you listen real carefully," he said, smiling now, "it does kind of sound like applause."

THE END

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The Midtown Bomber

(Continued from Page 37)

Jeffers was sitting on the edge of his chair, back stiffly erect. "I'll go with Mr. Cramer and the chief," he said.

"I, too," Summers said. "We're in accord, then—the fact a threat has been made has been accepted. Now will the man carry out his threat? Think well on that, gentlemen. There can't be many men alive capable of such unmitigated savagery."

"This one is capable," Barney said.

Again Summers ignored him. He was looking at Chief Brandon. Barney understood then. They wanted no more to do with him; they were closing him out.

"How do I know?" Brandon said finally. "If the guy's a psychopath, he could do it. All we can do is play it as if he means business, and hope he doesn't."

The others nodded agreement.

"Which brings us," Summers said, "to the question of how we are to prevent the explosion. Is there any hope the police department can make an arrest within the next few hours?"

Gabrino shook his head.

"All right," Summers said. "Apparently we can't hope for an immediate capture. Our task, then, is to prevent an unknown man from exploding a bomb in the store. How do we do it?"

Silence. Then Chief Brandon said, "Close the store."

The others looked at Cramer, waiting. The small man's face was bleak. After another moment of taut silence, he said quietly, "For how long?"

A red flush darkened Brandon's face. "I can't promise you it would be a day, or two days, or three." His voice was thick. "I will say it shouldn't take longer than that. I've got a hundred men trying to find this guy now. I'll put the whole force to work on it. We'll find him!"

Cramer said, "If our information from Strand is correct, the man expects us to close the store. He has promised he will wait until we open it again. He has said he would wait a year if he has to."

"Let him wait!" Brandon said. "All the time he's waiting we're looking. We don't need to take him with the bomb in his hands. All we need is a lead to who he is and where he lives."

"I'm aware of that," Cramer said. "I'm also aware that it took the New York police more than six years to identify a bomber similar to this one. Like our man, he passed as an average citizen." He lifted his eyes. "To close the store at all may well mean it will be closed from now on."

"I don't think so," Brandon said. "We've made progress. We've eliminated dozens of suspects, narrowing down the field, and that's going ahead."

"Delude yourself, if you like," Cramer said, "but don't try to delude me. You don't have any idea who the man is. And unless he makes a move that will expose him, you'll never find out."

"That's not so!"

Cramer leaned forward across his desk. "I think it is. I think he's a man without a criminal record, with no motive but a desire for money. That's why you haven't found him before this."

"We can eliminate ——"

"We can eliminate no one!" Cramer snapped. "Go into any residential district and knock on any door. The man who answers the door will have a wife, a job, perhaps children. He is not suspect, but he can be the bomber. And if he is, he can laugh in your face. He can wait, Brandon. He can wait a year for the store to open again."

Brandon wiped his face with a handkerchief, shaking his head. "It could be like that," he said. "I can't promise you it isn't. But what the hell can I do? I can't take a chance on a lot of people getting hurt!"

Cramer stared at Brandon. Then slowly he said, "The man promised to wait—can't you accept that? A month from now, two months from now, we'd be faced with this same problem: Shall we risk lives or shall we go out of business?"

"Is it one or the other?"

"It is," Cramer said. "The cost of closing this store for a single day during the Christmas buying season would stagger you. Gale's could very well be bankrupt—destroyed—before this man's patience runs out. Then what would he do? Start this same thing again with one of my competitors? They're big and profitable concerns."

Helplessly Brandon said, "What do you suggest?"

"I don't see that we have a choice," Cramer said. "The man will wait; we'll be faced with this identical situation a month from now if we wait. It seems to me we must take our stand now!"

"And remain open?" Summers asked.

Cramer's angry eyes swung to the attorney. "What is my responsibility to my customers? That's what you're asking, isn't it? Have I a right to risk their lives? The answer is no! But what of my other responsibilities? I've got to take something like a courageous stand against a force that would destroy us. I think the thing to do is put the problem before the public. In a very real sense, this is their fight too. I can't risk their lives unknown to them. But I can let them join in the fight if they want to."

"How do you propose to do that?"

"Tomorrow's papers, all editions," Cramer said, "will carry a detailed account of all that has happened and all that may happen. Certainly it will be front-page news. More than that, the store will buy advertising space in which to give its own account. The possibility of death or injury to any person who enters the store will be clearly stated. Tear sheets from the papers will be posted at all entrances and in all window displays. There will be no possibility of anyone entering the store unwarned."

"Will anyone come?" Lieutenant Jeffers asked.

"I can't say," Cramer answered. "I'll make no appeal of any kind. I will only say the doors will be open. The people can come in or not, just as they like."

"A few might," Brandon said. "So what about police?"

"Short of making the store an armed camp," Cramer said, "you can do whatever you think is necessary. You can't search every customer to the skin, you can't open every package they may have at the doors. But police at every door to look for suspicious persons would be a good idea, and so would a number of officers in plain clothes on every floor. But your main effort is to find the man before he decides to bring his bomb to the store."

"Are you admitting we have a chance?" Brandon asked.

"Admitting it?" Cramer said. "I'm praying desperately that you have."

"It may not be so tough ——" Brandon began.

"Good heavens!" Cramer said. He held his head between his hands. "Will you please face the truth? The bomber could be Jeffers, here, or Strand. He could be my secretary's husband, a clerk, one of my drivers, an elevator operator. If he's smart enough not to give himself away—and I believe he is—you may never find him!"

There were extras on the street that night. Barney Strand heard men and boys crying the news shortly before midnight through the residential district in which he lived. This was something that hadn't happened in more years than he could remember. In a day of radio and television, extras were almost a thing of the past. But this night they came into their own again. The papers were giving the story the full treatment.

After a sleepless night, Barney drove downtown and put his car in Gale's parking lot. At this early hour, with the street crowds yet to come, the store had the look of an armed camp. There were men in uniform at every entrance. Inside the building, men and women in plain clothes had found places in the various departments. The clerks—present on a volunteer basis—spoke in whispers as they prepared for the business day.

Barney rode the elevator to the eighth floor, hiding his concern, his feeling of responsibility, behind a hard face, a dark scowl. He found that Captain Gabrino had commandeered his offices as a field headquarters. The big, shambling man was tired, angry and harassed. But he had an apology for Barney.

"I had to set up somewhere—why not among friends?"

"Why not?" Barney put away his topcoat and hat.

The streets filled swiftly and unbelievably. By nine o'clock, the traffic in the vicinity of the store was a serious police problem. The sidewalks were crowded beyond capacity, the danger of injury to the very old and the very young was quite real. Every available parking place within many blocks was taken, and still hundreds of cars inched through the streets in a fruitless search for space. It was a huge crowd, a strange crowd, men and women of all ages, faces bright with excitement, eager with curiosity, grave with concern.

The threat of the bomb had been news, as had the decision to open the store in spite of it. But the reaction of the public—unpredictable until now—was a news story dwarfing all that had gone before. On-the-spot television cameras appeared on two corners, a truck mounting newsreel cameras added confusion to the traffic snarl at a third. Radio commentators and newspaper reporters moved through the crowd, asking people why they'd come.

"It's a big deal, that's why," one man said. "There ain't been anything like it since V-J day. I want to be able to tell my kids I seen it with my own eyes. . . . Scared? Figure the odds, Mac. What's the chance of me gittin' hurt? Or any one guy in this mob gittin' hurt? One in a thousand. You don't get odds that good when you jaywalk."

"And you, miss? What's your reason?"

"Gee, I don't know. It makes me feel funny inside. I ——"

A hundred persons, a hundred different answers. And there were thousands. They wanted to be near the excitement, and each felt secure in the knowledge that disaster struck only in other places and that death came only to other people.

Barney waited inside one of the main entrances for the doors to open. He stared at the faces beyond the glass doors with disbelief and a kind of numb horror. The crowd was made up of thousands who had somehow become welded into a single personality, a sort of a faceless monster. Barney could not help but feel he was responsible.

The doors opened at nine-thirty. There was a moment in which the crowd held back, a moment in which to hope. But the moment was brief. When the few who wanted to show their bravery came in, they made cowards of those who didn't follow. And the pressure of the thousands on the walks, trying to get closer, pushed against the faint of heart and the undecided, forced them through the doors. Once inside, there was no turning back. The store began to fill quickly.

In the beginning the police, Barney and the store security officers tried their desperate best to look at every face and to question every package. They had to try—and for Barney, at least, every other task had to wait until the effort had been made—but it was beyond doing. Very soon there was scarcely room to move in any aisle on any floor.

Still, Barney went on trying for another hour. He moved through the crowd, seeking a man, an action, that might be worth a second look. There was no lack of either. He realized, finally, that almost every man and every action could be suspect, and that picking the right man would be a miracle. He climbed the stairs toward his offices, a man faced with the harshest of realities.

Roy Clark followed Barney as far as the fourth floor and turned off there to wedge himself through the crowd that filled the aisles. Clark's face wore an expression of satisfaction. He had brushed against Strand twice, rather firmly, in the crush on the street floor. The first time he'd been unnoticed. The second time, he'd looked Strand in the face and had apologized. Strand had not given him even a second glance.

To Strand, he must have seemed just another middle-aged idiot, providing himself with a cheap thrill by proximity to a possible danger. A man with an unremarkable face, wearing a gray topcoat and gray hat, carrying several packages, hurrying about aimlessly, eyes alight with a restrained sort of excitement—a man like a thousand others. There had been a thrill, but not a cheap one. The danger he faced was very real indeed, for he was the man responsible for all this, the man they were all looking for.

And what a commotion he'd caused! The feeling of importance and the sense of power were wonderful, almost intoxicating. He moved about the store for a long time before the heady enjoyment began to fade. Then, wanting to add to it, he began to search for a place where he could leave the bomb.

Some time before, he'd purchased a new electric drill at Gale's. The drill had come in a corrugated-cardboard box, a shipping carton, sealed with paper tape. The box had been just the right size to contain the bomb. An outer wrapping of Gale's own brightly striped holiday paper had been concealment enough to allow him to bring the box into the store. Now, in the home-workshop section, he found a stack of perhaps a dozen boxes containing the same drill awaiting sale. He spent some time near the boxes, as if considering the purchase of one of the drills for a Christmas present. No one noticed him. And no one saw him exchange the box he'd brought with him for one of the others in the pile.

It was so ridiculously easy! Now even he would have trouble picking out the box he'd left—it was identical with the others. And the section was crowded. He estimated that within a radius of twenty-five feet—the lethal, or near-lethal area—there were at least twenty persons. The bomb would be very effective. He paid for the drill he had selected and left.

He went down the moving stairs to street level and left the store. Outside he chuckled quietly at a new thought. A clerk would probably sell the box before the day was out, and some customer was going to be very unhappy to discover

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he'd purchased a secondhand drill. But the customer could be grateful that a dry run, a test of the police efficiency, had been necessary. Tomorrow, or whenever Roy Clark tired of the present commotion and decided to enlarge upon it, one of the boxes would contain a bomb.

Barney entered his office, face sober, mouth flat with determination. He went into his office, put his hands on his desk, bracing himself on stiff arms. "I'm pulling out," he said to Gabrino, who was sitting in his chair. "I'm taking my people with me. You've got more than enough to mind the store."

Instantly concerned, Gabrino said, "Hey, now! You can't quit! For the love of Mike, we need every ——"

"I'm not quitting," Barney said. "I'm facing a truth. We find the man before he brings the bomb to the store or we have an explosion. I'm going to take my people and go on a hunt."

Anger colored Gabrino's face. "You can do what the chief and the best men in the department can't do?"

"It's possible."

Staring at Barney, Gabrino said slowly, "You wouldn't hold out on me, Barney. By the gods, if you've held out one angle—just one—I'll break your back!"

"You know everything I know," Barney said.

"Then what can you do?"

"I can put it together in my own peculiar fashion." Barney turned. "If you want to find out how, sit in with us. I'm meeting some of my people in the auditorium in a few minutes."

Gabrino got up at once. "Sit in with you? You aren't getting out of my sight until I hear what you have to say!"

Four of Barney's staff were waiting in the auditorium. The men were Bob Lee, who seemed a teen-ager, bright-faced, crew-cut; and Jacob Farrar, bland and portly, who looked like a modestly successful businessman. The women were Helen Fuller, slim and cool and exquisitely dressed; and Sylvia Crowell, a lumpy, dowdy woman, who pretended a confused mind. They sat in the front row. Gabrino sat behind them, big shoulders hunched, heavy chin low. Barney faced them."It's tough—I'll give you that," he said. "But not hopeless. I found that out last night, after I'd thrown in the sponge a dozen times. By putting together bits and pieces, I found I knew quite a bit about this bomber. I can give you a pretty detailed description, one that won't fit too many other men."

"Have you seen him?" Gabrino asked.

"Not to my knowledge," Barney said, "and that's part of my description. I know he's been near me, but I haven't noticed him. More, I've spoken to him in years past, but his face won't come back to me. Therefore, he's ordinary—average size, weight and appearance. His voice tells me more. He's between forty and sixty. He's educated. And he's from New England." He paused. "What have we got now?"

"Odds are he's white," Bob Lee said. "If the averages hold, he's around five-eight, weighs one-seventy. Nothing on complexion, hair and eyes, except they're ordinary." Lee frowned. "Educated means he's not a laborer. But he's not a successful man, or he wouldn't try the extortion bit. I make him a white-collar type, physically soft."

"I can describe the clothes he wears," Helen Fuller said. "No overalls—he's not a laborer. He isn't the leather-jacket, blue-jeans type. He's not Ivy League, at his age. Loud sport clothes would have caught Barney's eye. I'll put him in a plain suit, topcoat and hat, gray or brown." She looked at Lee. "There is something about his eyes. At his age he wears glasses. For reading, at least."

"I'll go with you," Barney said. "And add this: A pair of tool-scarred hands. He has a lot of tools and knows how to use them because he built a fairly ingenious bomb. Any man who works with tools is sure to be marked. A white-collar man with tool-scarred hands—it sets him apart."

"You're right about the tools," Gabrino said. "The lab boys found the marks of a metal lathe, a drill press and an acetylene torch. Sounds like a machine shop and a pro, but the pros say no. The work's too rough for a pro."

Jacob Farrar turned to Gabrino. "Have the police checked the people who sell tools?"

"They have and still are," Gabrino said. "But without a mug shot to show the clerks, without even a description, what can you do?"

"But there's more," Barney said. "We've got the outside shape of the man. Let's take a look at the inside. He's a man who knows me—that pulls him out of the crowd. He knows me, he knows about store security, where the offices are and how we work. His knowledge is detailed. He knew Lacey took a coffee break at two-thirty each afternoon."

"Wouldn't he case the job?" Gabrino asked.

"I'm sure he would," Barney agreed. "But there's still more. The store is named Gale's, but he knew John Paul Cramer was the man in charge, knew that Cramer could authorize payment of a hundred thousand dollars to an extortionist on a moment's notice. Not too many people know Cramer's that powerful. Put it with the rest and it looks significant."

"You think he worked here?" Gabrino asked.

"And may still work here. I can't prove it, but I feel it's better than a hunch. Tell me what you feel."

Sylvia Crowell said, "It's an educated guess, Barney."

"Paul?"

"The idea's been in my head," Gabrino growled. "I've been calling it a hunch. But it feels right and it figures right and I can't shake it. I've done more work on this angle than any other. But how're you going to find him? Thousands have been on Gale's payroll over the past five or ten years."

"We'll narrow it down," Barney said. "Hang onto that description. Add to it that the man's got a hobby, a home workshop. He had to buy tools. Gale's sells every brand you can name, and Cramer's not kidding when he says nobody undersells Gale's. And an employee gets a discount. If he worked at Gale's, he bought his tools at Gale's."

"I've talked to the clerks," Gabrino said.

"You didn't have our description," Barney said. "You didn't specify employee or ex-employee. And there are other things that will work for us. Sales receipts, delivery records, drivers of delivery trucks. A complete shop means expensive tools. Expensive tools, on a Gale's salary, means time payments. He'll be in the files of the Credit Department."

Gabrino was on his feet. "I'll talk to the clerks."

"One minute," Barney said. "Farrar, Home Workshop and Hardware are your fields. Go with the captain and check with the clerks now. Bring me any lead you may get."

"What're you going to do?" Gabrino asked.

"Lee," Barney said, "You take Delivery—drivers and dispatch. Sylvia, Records. Put the whole department to work. Gabrino will get us a green light from Cramer. The extortionist would buy at sales, certainly—hunt for him in the records of the first day of the big sales of home-workshop tools. Helen, you take the Credit Department. Put them all to work. You want an employee, or ex-employee, who bought tools on time payment. I'll get Employment busy. If he's still working, he's been an absentee most of the past week. If he quit or was fired, his record will show a New England birthplace." Barney lifted his hands. "You've got the description. Bring the name of anyone even close to a fit to my office as fast as you can!"

"To you?" Gabrino said. "You're going to check them all out, all by yourself?"

"Paul, I know his voice—that's our last and best piece of identification," Barney said. "I can make him the minute he opens his mouth. Anyone else will need a half hour of interrogation even to clear a suspect. Give me a car and a driver and the name of one suspect, and let me start. You make a list of the names as they come into my office, the best prospects first, and feed them to me over the police radio—all right?"

"You've got a deal," Gabrino said. "Let's go."

Patrolman Ed Delaney was twenty-five, large, redheaded and freckled. His considerable ability at the wheel of a police car was nevertheless frightening. Barney braced himself as the car whipped around a truck. "Cut the siren," he said. "Left at the next corner."

Delaney took the corner, tires screeching. In one block he was down to normal speed. He came to a normal stop before a small white house in the third block.

Barney said, "I'll be as quick as I can."

He went up the walk to ring the doorbell. It was a long time before there was any response, and then the door was opened cautiously, to the limit of a chain, by a small girl. She was perhaps eleven. She wore a flannel cloth around her neck and smelled strongly of medicine.

"Is this where Morris Brewer lives?"

"He's my father," the girl said.

"Is he home? Or is your mother home?"

The little girl stared at Barney, wide-eyed, silent. The moments ran on. Impatience and anger surged inside Barney. He knelt to bring his eyes level with hers.

"It's all right, honey," he said. "I'm a police officer. I came in a police car. You can see it there at the curb; you can see the policeman in it. I won't hurt you. I just want to talk to your father or mother."

The girl stared at him a moment longer. Then hesitantly she said, "They aren't here. They're working. I'm home from school today. I got a sore throat."

"I'm sorry to hear that." Barney hesitated a moment. "Tell me, does your father have a workshop at home here?"

"He used to have."

"He doesn't any more?"

"When he was sick and got in the hospital, he didn't have any money and he had to sell everything."

"When did that happen?"

"A long time ago, when I was in the third grade. He promised me a doll house, but he didn't make it. He's going to make it when he gets clear well."

"I'm sure of it," Barney said. He stood erect. "Good-by, honey. Take good care of your throat."

He went back to the car. "Scratch one and try the next," he said to Delaney. He consulted his list. "Fourteen thirty-five North Handley."

The siren was screaming within half a block. "The captain called," Delaney said. "Two more names—they're on the board. Says he's got a radio setup in your office. You can check with him direct."

"When I've got something to check," Barney said.

A man named Turnbull lived at the Handley Street address. He was home and he answered the door, a man of sixty who fitted the description in all save one respect. His speech was strongly Western. In addition, he had suffered a crippling stroke and moved with great difficulty on two canes.

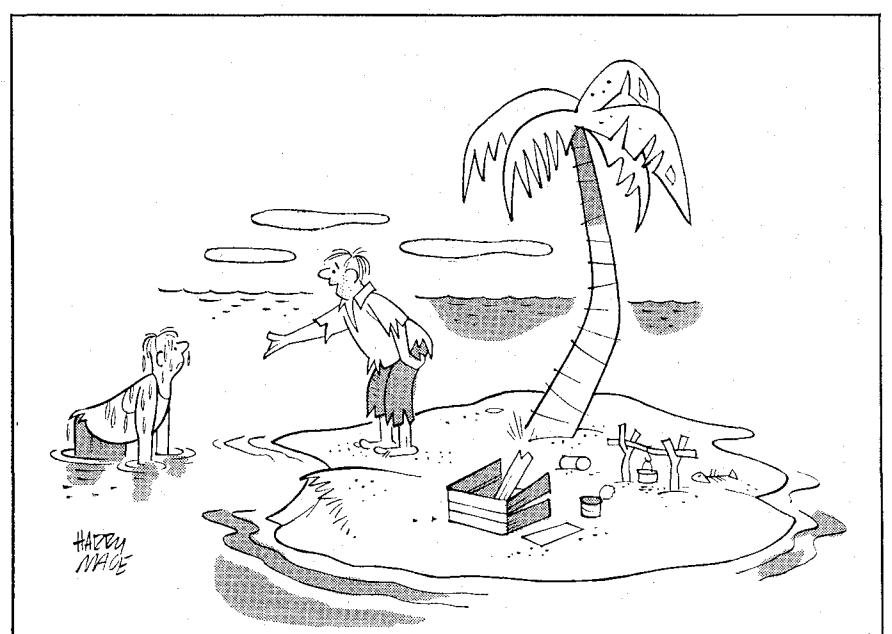
"I'm sorry I bothered you, sir," Barney said.

"The bother is no trouble, son," Turnbull said. "The trouble is being alone."

The wife of a man named William Collins answered the door at Barney's next stop. She was a frail and timid woman. Barney could not imagine her telling a convincing lie. She said her husband had been at work every day and home every night. She showed Barney her husband's workshop. There was no metal lathe. She let Barney talk to her husband, an insurance broker, at his office, on the telephone. The man's voice was wrong.

"Sam Ulrich is next," Barney said to Delaney. And when they were on the way he said, "And if you're pulling for me, pull a little harder, for Pete's sake."

"Pullin' with both hands," Delaney said.



"Welcome to Wesley J. Peindle, Junior, Island!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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At first sight, the next address had the right feel and look about it. The house, in a neighborhood of good houses, needed paint and a new roof. The mailbox, Barney saw as he rang the bell, contained a half-dozen newly delivered letters that were plainly bills. The woman who answered the door was young. She was good-looking in a brittle way. Her eyes were resentful, her voice was high and angry.

"What do you want?"

"I'd like to see Sam Ulrich," Barney said.

"He ain't here."

"Are you Mrs. Ulrich?"

"That's right. And who're you?"

"A police officer," Barney said. He showed her his identification. "I'd like to come in and talk to you."

"Got a warrant?"

"Did you expect an officer with a warrant?"

"You cops give me a pain."

She turned abruptly, leaving the door open. Barney went inside, into a room cluttered with ash trays full to overflowing, newspapers, highball glasses. The woman lighted a cigarette.

"Where is your husband?" Barney asked.

"I don't know—out somewhere."

"He isn't at work?"

"Not him. He ain't got a job."

"Can you guess where I might find him?"

"How?" the woman said angrily. "He was gone when I got up. I hope he's out getting some money. He better. I've had enough of rags and crusts; I told him so last night. Him and his promises and big deals! 'Be patient, wait a couple of weeks'—that's all I ever hear!"

"What kind of a big deal?"

"I'm going to be up to here in mink—that's all he'll tell me." She tossed her head. "But I'm not going to hold my breath while I'm waiting, believe me!"

A trembling started in Barney's legs. It was an effort to keep the excitement out of his voice. "Where was your husband born, Mrs. Ulrich?"

"Back East. I don't know just where."

"He has a workshop, doesn't he? Here at home."

"How'd you know that?"

"May I see it, Mrs. Ulrich?"

"Help yourself. It's out in the garage."

Barney went through the house to the garage. Sam Ulrich's shop seemed complete. There were a small metal lathe, a drill press and other good tools. Barney returned to the house and Mrs. Ulrich.

"Ain't that something?" she asked. "I ain't had a new dress in six months, but he can buy tools! Spends all his time out there when he's home. I can watch television till my eyes fall out, for all he cares!"

"Do you have a picture of him, Mrs. Ulrich?"

She had a picture, taken two years before, when they were first married. Ulrich was a man of fifty-odd, average height, average weight. "What's he done, anyway?" Mrs. Ulrich asked.

Barney said, "I'll return the picture."

He went back to the car and told Delaney to drive a block or two and park again. "This one is red hot," he said. He called Gabrino and told him what he'd found. The captain agreed Ulrich looked like the man they wanted.

"We'll get right on it," he said. "The whole department." He paused for a moment. "But you keep going, Barney. Find a couple more good suspects."

"Paul," Barney protested. "Don't cut me out! Ulrich figures all the way—a real witch for a wife, needs money, no job, and he's promised her mink in a week or two. He's got the workshop, he was born in the East, he fits the description. That's everything but a confession. Let me go with you."

"We don't need you to find Ulrich," Gabrino said. "We do need a place to go if Ulrich turns out to be a dog. You've been a cop long enough to know it can happen. Barney, if there was time for a mistake, I'd say yes. But there isn't time."

Barney and Delaney got moving again. They cleared two more names in a half hour, but neither man could shake the feeling they were being left out of the main chase. "I got a month's pay that says it's Ulrich," Delaney said.

"You won't bet with me," Barney told him. They had stopped before a neat brick house in a hilly district. The blinds on the front windows were closed. Barney hesitated.

"Looks like nobody's home," Delaney said.

"Yeah, it does." Barney consulted his list of names, searching for one at an address close by that would seem a better prospect. They were all the same. Impatience and anger pushed at him. "I shouldn't even be here," he said. "I should be at the store combing the crowd for Ulrich."

"What's this one's name?"

"Roy Clark," Barney said.

"Doesn't mean a thing to me."

"Or me," Barney said. He stared at the blinds, the silent house. Then suddenly he said, "Oh, hell, as long as I'm doing a job, I might as well do it right."

He got out of the car and went up the walk. The man who answered the bell, after the third ring, was timid and frightened. He looked past Barney and saw the police car and began to shake. He looked to be about sixty, mild as milk, a little confused and certainly surprised at a visit from the police.

"What can I do for you, sir?" He fumbled in the pockets of a heavy apron he was wearing. "Won't you come in? I'm all alone here, but I ——"

"This is just a routine check," Barney said. "If you'll answer a couple of questions. Your name is Roy Clark? You worked for Gale's?"

"Until two years ago. I've retired."

"You have a home workshop?"

"Yes. Would you like to see it?"

"Not at the moment," Barney said. "Where were you born, Mr. Clark?"

"In Oregon," Clark said. "My grandfather settled there in 'Sixty-eight. My father ——"

"Have you been in this city long?"

"Fifteen years."

"I see," Barney said. "Well, thank you, Mr. Clark. Sorry I disturbed you." Barney was frowning as he turned away.

"What—what's happened?" Clark asked.

"Nothing to worry you," Barney said.

He went down the walk and got into the car. Delaney looked at him. "Why the scowl?" And Barney thought for a moment, then shook his head as if to clear it. "Slipping my gears, I guess. The little guy's voice . . . but it's all wrong. As Western as a ten-gallon hat. Besides, he's a mouse." He scratched Roy Clark's name off the list and read the next one. "George Keller. Lives at 3530 North Williams. Let's go talk to him."

Roy Clark had watched Barney get into the car. Then, after closing the door, he had hurried to a window to tip the blind a fraction and watch Barney read from what seemed to be a list and mark the list with a pencil. Now the police car drove away, and Roy Clark guided his shaking legs to a chair and collapsed there, shaking violently.

Frightened? He had been frightened almost out of his mind. The doorbell was connected so that it rang in his basement workshop. At the moment it had rung, he had been making a small adjustment in the trigger spring of the second bomb. He had gone to the door, expecting to find a salesman—and then to find, of all people, Barney Strand!

What a moment that had been! His mind had gone blank; fear had leaped inside him; his legs had almost given way. How Strand had failed to see guilt written all over him, he'd never know. He'd felt caught in the act. As a matter of fact, he'd had the bomb trigger spring in his hand, and he'd had to hide it away, fumbling like a child, in his apron pocket. If Strand had said, "You're under arrest!" he would have gone quietly. But it seemed that Strand had been making a routine check and had come upon the right doorstep by sheer chance.

Roy Clark began to smile a little foolishly. Pride and excitement and vast relief were mixed together in an odd combination. And there was wonder too. He had not realized that danger could be so exhilarating, and that fear could stimulate the body like a powerful drug.

After a moment's consideration, he decided he was less afraid of being arrested than he was of being unable to complete his appointed task. Roy Clark was consistent. His promises were inviolate. Furthermore, uncompleted work was the hallmark of a sloppy craftsman. Roy Clark had never failed to complete a task he had once begun.

If he was to be sure of completing this task, it became clear that he would have to act soon. Time worked for Barney Strand and against Roy Clark. It would be a shame to put an end to all the excitement so soon, but there seemed to be no choice. The bomb was ready, save for a few minutes' work. He could wrap it, dress himself and reach the store today, while the afternoon crowd was still at its peak.

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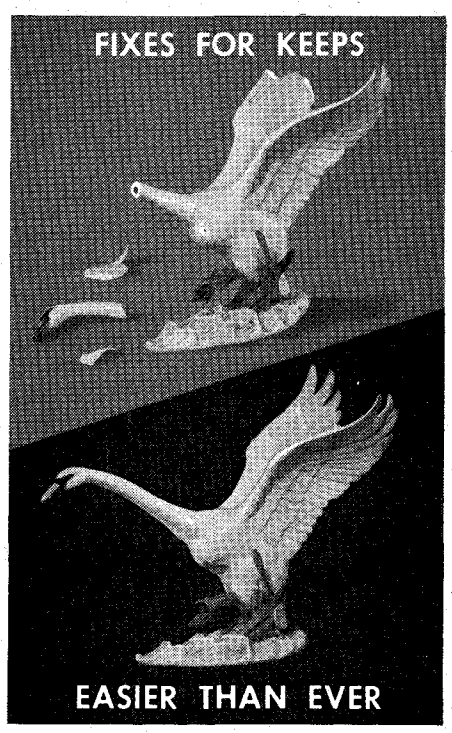

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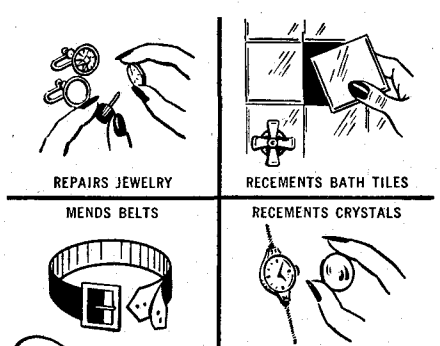

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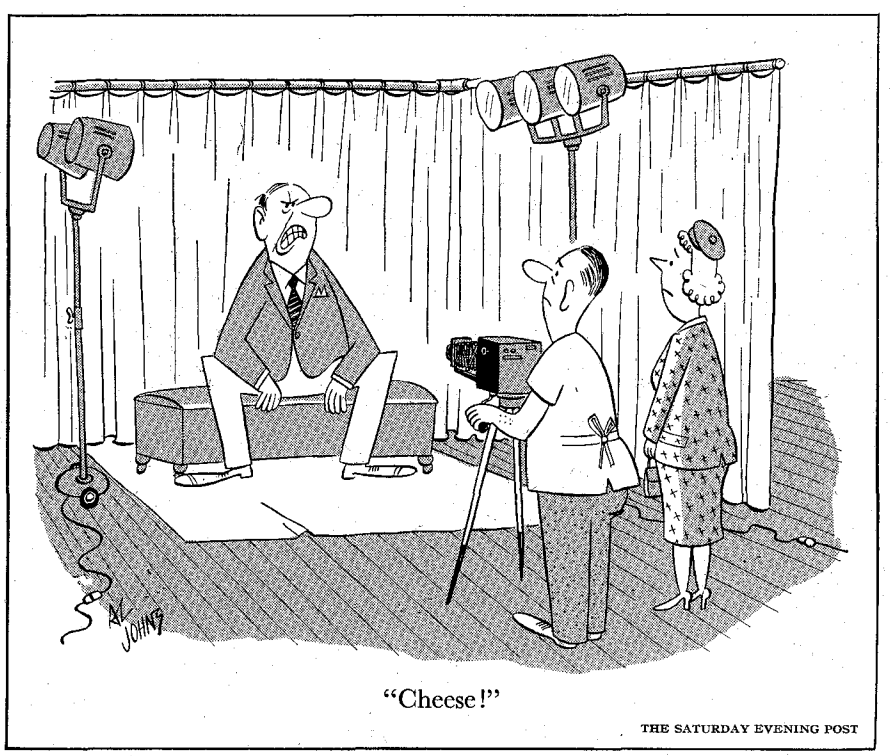

"Cheese!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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They Don't Scare McGill

(Continued from Page 25)

from Asia and the Orient, farmers from South Georgia and students from North Georgia, Ralph Emerson McGill writes the daily front-page column and most of those editorials which are among Atlanta's principal claims to fame.

Here he edits The Atlanta Constitution, the colorful old morning paper which, born in crisis and named in optimism, has celebrated its ninetieth birthday this year. The Constitution was founded in 1868, when carpetbag rule harassed Georgia, and its name was suggested by President Andrew Johnson as appropriate for a newspaper seeking to restore constitutional government to the South.

Although he has been with it not quite a third of its life and only seventeen years as editor, the name of Ralph McGill has become synonymous with that of The Constitution. There are places in the world, mostly those accessible only by camelback, where Atlanta, even America, is known chiefly because it is the home of The Constitution's Ralph McGill. Sometimes he is referred to as the conscience of the South, and in Atlanta his function is frequently summed up in the words of one subscriber who said simply: "He does my thinking for me." If his staff treats him irreverently, it is because he treats himself the same way.

He not only permits disagreement from his aides, he encourages it. An ardent Democrat and a wholehearted and enthusiastic supporter of Franklin D. Roosevelt, both personally and editorially, he hired some years ago a young man from Savannah who was known to have Republican leanings and was suspected of being, in the McGill phrase, "a mossback reactionary." The young man, William H. Fields, advanced rapidly from the post of editorial assistant to associate editor and managing editor, not because he tactfully suppressed views counter to those of his boss but because he advanced them boldly and argued them with a sharp and caustic intelligence which delighted McGill. In times of great editorial crusades The Constitution staff has always had members who were in marked disagreement with the announced policy of the paper, and it never occurred to the editor that they might be sinister borers from within. He felt they stood the same chance, as readers of the paper, of seeing the pure light of reason and of being converted as any outside subscriber. Therefore he welcomed them as sort of friendly whetstones on which to sharpen the edge of his own arguments and persuasions.

The fact is that Editor McGill (seldom called Mr. McGill or even Ralph by his subordinates, but usually Mac or just McGill) does not hesitate to change his mind if he can be persuaded he is wrong. But on issues which enlist his most passionate conviction he is neither swayed by the arguments of co-workers nor intimidated by demonstrations of masked mobs or threats to himself, his home or his family.

McGill fought the Ku Klux Klan in the years when it still retained so much power that most Southern politicians gave it acceptance through their silence—if they were not actually members of it. He championed the case of Negro rights before "integration" was more than a crossword-puzzle-type word. He saw the sending of Federal troops to Little Rock as justifiable, even inescapable.

He loves Atlanta and Georgia and all his native South. (He was born February 5, 1898, in East Tennessee on a river-bottom farm ten miles equidistant from the small towns of Soddy and Daisy, each of which, he now says, "claims I was born in the other one.") But his love for his region hasn't blinded him to any of its faults. Nor has it kept him silent. He goes along with the late "Marse" Henry Watterson, of Louisville, who contended in a bit of poesy:

Things have come to a hell of a pass
When a man can't flog his own jackass.

Time Magazine said on the subject of racial affairs McGill has "steered an enlightened but discreet course." The choice of the word "discreet" might be questioned by some of those who have watched him through the years brave crank calls, threats to his family, scorn and ridicule of politicians and, worst of all, the outraged hurt of well-intentioned people who felt he had betrayed them when he continued to castigate Southerners for deluding themselves about their treatment of the Negro.

In 1947 he took out after the city of Atlanta for spending $50,000 on a saddle-horse ring for white citizens at Chastain Park when there was no park at all for Negroes. (There are four now.) He called it "the height of poor judgment, not to say the height of folly and injustice and also un-American."

McGill has never run for cover. In fact when a widely selling collection of his columns called Fleas Come with the Dog was published a few years ago, Harold Martin, of The Saturday Evening Post, his close friend as well as a Constitution columnist, wrote of him: "Ralph McGill has been a big dog baying on the trail of truth in this part of the country for a quarter-century and there have been times when the fleas gnawed savagely."

Martin mentioned the "fleas" of the Ku Klux Klan and other hatemongers. The book, with a typical McGill change of pace, did not. Those columns were the ones that keep thousands of people who disagree with him on politics, on racial questions, and even perhaps on national issues, reading column one, page one of The Constitution.

They showed the tender McGill, the funny McGill, the boisterous ex-sports writer who was kicked out of Vanderbilt University because of a comic broadside he fired at the college board of trustees and faculty club in a campus humor magazine, newly founded by him and some friend.

The columns reveal the farm boy who is alive to the beauty of his land, writing of "the acrid, nostalgic smell of wood burning beneath the weekly washday pots; the pine-and-oak smoke from chimneys of farmhouses fighting with the smell of wet plowed earth."

There are other published collections of McGill columns—Israel Revisited, covering two trips there, one in 1946 and one in 1950, and India, put out in pamphlet form by the newspaper after his trip there in 1951. But these are slim, aesthetic collections compared with some you can find in Georgia—yellowed clippings pasted with flour and water to the ironed wrapping-paper pages of home-made scrapbooks or enshrined, fly-in-amber fashion, in the plastic embrace of store-bought scrapbooks. Now and then McGill is astonished and naïvely pleased to have some old lady show up with scrapbooks containing his columns going back to 1938, the year he moved up from the post of sports editor to executive editor. He frequently comes across columns he long ago has forgotten he wrote. Fortunately, in more recent years his secretary, Miss Grace Lundy, has carefully clipped and dated McGill's daily output. She knows that when she least expects it there will be a run on a column—dozens of calls from people wanting copies.

Such a column was a light and random one written in December, 1953, in answer to a lady who wrote in to ask him what to do about her left-handed child.

"Madam, encourage your son in left-handedness!" the editor replied promptly. "Glory in your southpaw! The leprechauns will watch over him and he will win fame and money."

In support of this cheery counsel McGill didn't bother going to the child psychologists. He had on the tip of his typewriter two authorities in which he is particularly well-versed, the Old Testament and sports history.

"If you will get down the family Bible and turn to Judges 3: 15-22," he wrote, "you will find how a left-hander was selected to free the children of Israel from bondage. In Judges 20, one may read about a terrific battle between Israel and the Benjamites. A lot of persons got killed in it. But not the left-handers! The Benjamites assembled an army of 26,000 men and 'Among this people were 700 chosen men, left-handed; and every one could sling stones at a hairbreadth and not miss.'" Then, just in case the lady wasn't ambitious to have a crack stone slinger in the family, he reminded her that Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb were southpaws and added, "In football, of course, a left-handed passer is a gift from the gods."

> Some motorists drive as though their latest accessory is a landing gear.
>
> STEVE STILL

So popular was this column and so long has it lived in the memory of McGill readers that as recently as 1958 Miss Lundy had copies made to distribute to people who inundate her with letters beginning, "This friend of mine has a left-handed child ——"

Many of McGill's columns quote the Scriptures and from time to time somebody detects in his own style the measured music of the Old Testament. One visitor's comments on the subject were quoted by McGill in a column:

"An old fellow whose clothes smelled of wood smoke and mothballs came in and said, 'You must read the Bible a right smart.' 'Well,' I said, 'I do.'"

But he confessed to the old man that he flees in terror from a cover-to-cover study of Holy Writ but keeps "the Book handy to read for relaxation and pleasant roaming about in it." As a newspaper man he likes its "good reporting" and marvels that there were "no bad war correspondents" at the battles described in the Old Testament. His idea of a flawless lead on a news story is the one beginning: "There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job."

The columns which show up in old scrapbooks nearly always mirror McGill, sometimes with crystal precision, sometimes in another dimension—the way McGill looks to McGill. One day, caught in the cross fire between a South Georgia politician who called him an "ultra liberal" and a Northern Negro newspaper which said he was a "Jim Crow liberal," McGill disclaimed the first and said whimsically of the second, "I don't think I deserve that—I'm a conservative fellow with a mortgage and an old-fashioned Presbyterian conscience."

He was reared a Presbyterian, but in recent years with his wife and son, Ralph, Jr., he has become a communicant at St. Philip's Episcopal church.

When the poet Edna St. Vincent Millay died in 1950, McGill, grieving over her going, revealed a poignant picture of himself as a young reporter meeting her and her husband in Nashville, where he worked on The Banner, in the '20's.

"It was spring and it was warm and at their hotel they wanted Orange Blossoms to drink. It was in the days of the Noble Experiment. In those days, I, too, was a poet not long out of college and I was her servant. Had she wanted the Golden Fleece I would have sought it."

But the lady poet wanted a drink and the young McGill searched out a "prohibition alchemist" in the back room of a drugstore and got spirits of niter boiled down and mixed in oil of juniper and glycerin and rushed back to Miss Millay's room. She recited poetry for him and even wrote down a poem in her own hand and autographed it for him. He has lost it, but he never lost an incandescent picture of her, nor a delight in her works.

In his maturer years McGill was to become friend and even sponsor to many poets, indeed to artists of every stripe. Singers, dancers, painters and all kinds of writers, both those of renown and obscure local ones whose talent he regards as notable, receive his honest homage and his friendship. His Piedmont Road home, which from the road looks like a small brick doll house set in acres of lawn and garden, is in reality a spacious house whose pine-paneled kitchen with its open fireplace has welcomed many distinguished house guests and just as many unknowns who might be promising and/or hungry. Here McGill is an easy host, taking a hand with the cooking when he feels like it, although this is not necessary. The McGills have had the same Negro cook, Julia Crawford, for twenty-seven years. And Mrs. McGill (the former Mary Elizabeth Leonard, of Nashville), a Home Ec. major at Peabody when she and Ralph met a few years after he had gone to work for the Nashville Banner, is a gifted cook. This lively, brown-eyed, freckle-faced redhead can whip up a last-minute midnight supper for a Russian ballet troupe or a vegetable plate for a delegation of Hindu statesmen with equal grace.

McGill likes politics, which he calls "that inexact science . . . fascinating in its balletlike leaps, adagios and arabesques." And, strangely enough, he likes most politicians, even those whose conduct of public affairs he stormily assails. The late Eugene Talmadge, three times governor of Georgia and father of the present United States senator Herman Talmadge, is an example. There was little about "Ole Gene's" policies that McGill could view as anything but the rankest form of demagoguery and fight with his whole heart. "Ole Gene" fought back with the rare viciousness for which he was celebrated. When he stumped the state there was always a point in his speech where his oratory seemingly languished. At this point his famous claque, "the tree-climbing Haggards," a family of nimble sons of the soil, would shout from the nearest live-oak or sycamore tree: "Tell 'em about Ralph McGill, Gene!"

"I'm acomin' to that!" Talmadge would cry, snapping his red suspenders and flinging his famous forelock out of his eyes. And then would follow a hair-raising tirade against the "nigger-loving" editor who had, by virtue of having accepted a Rosenwald fellowship for study in Europe in the '30's, placed himself "on the payroll of the Jewish bosses."

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In spite of this, there existed between McGill and Talmadge a cautious kind of friendship. Both had humor, and in the midst of their differences they shared an unquestioned affection for Georgia and particularly for rural Georgia.

McGill's relentless editorial opposition to any public official's actions seldom affects his personal regard for that man. This is true all the way from President Eisenhower, with whom he enjoys the warmest personal friendship while frequently opposing his official acts, down to the lowliest county official in Georgia. McGill is a man with a weakness for people. He likes nearly everybody he knows, responding with an open, almost childlike warmth to those who come to him, confiding, seeking help or even complaining.

In years past, before his secretaries—Miss Lundy and a couple before her—erected what one visitor called "a velvet iron curtain" before him, McGill's office door stayed open and it was filled, not with a parade of visitors, because a parade moves, but with comers-and-stayers. One old gentleman, a retired farmer who attempted halfheartedly to sell a few bunches of wilted marigolds and zinnias on downtown streets on Saturday, would make the editor's office his headquarters, setting his wares on the floor and himself by an open window at which, in lieu of a cuspidor, he directed streams of tobacco juice. This old boy and other visitors were usually urged to stay by McGill himself.

"Keep your seat! Stay where you are!" he would urge in the voice which is known to radio, television and lecture audiences and which has the gusty, raspy timbre of a barn door swinging in a high wind. And then, turning toward his typewriter in the swivel chair which he rides with the sort of itchy restlessness of a farm boy traveling bareback on a mule, he would knock out six or eight editorials and his column with a speed which no member of his staff has ever approached.

Now the tactful Miss Lundy protects him not from his public but from himself, from generously and injudiciously quartering and serving up his time as if it were an insignificant watermelon in a patch full of watermelons. As she knows, if the ladies of the P.T.A. get to him first he will not only agree to make that speech for them, but he may volunteer to run the cake raffle and the Shetland-pony concession at the school carnival as well.

A combination of luck and all-encompassing curiosity has time and again landed McGill where the news was breaking. In 1933 he was sports editor of The Constitution, but he happened to be in Cuba on vacation when the revolution broke out. He dropped his vacation and covered the revolution. In 1938 he won the Rosenwald Foundation fellowship to study agricultural co-ops and marketing conditions in the Scandinavian countries whose small farms and populations approximate those of the Southern states. He just happened to be on hand as Hitler prepared to invade Austria. He abandoned his peacetime studies and rushed to Austria to cover the opening phase of World War II.

He came home in 1938 to find that he had been promoted from sports editor to executive editor, a title which changed to editor-in-chief three years later. He covered the war in England in 1943, and in 1945 he embarked on a 50,000-mile tour of the capitals of the world, talking with such leaders as China's Chiang Kai-shek, Eduard Beneš, of Czechoslovakia, and the late Pope about a subject dear to his heart—the necessity of a free flow of information to achieve postwar understanding.

For the Atlanta editor it was a job done while he was sweating out the most momentous personal event in his life—the birth of his son. The McGills had lost two babies and although they loved and wanted children they had resigned themselves to childlessness. Two months before McGill embarked on his seven-month trip around the world Mrs. McGill discovered that she was pregnant. Against the advice of physicians she was determined to have the baby and she did not tell her husband until he was embarked on his trip and too far away to turn back.

McGill was in Russia when he learned he was to become a father. Bad flying weather grounded him in the Fiji Islands on April 25, 1945, the day set for the Caesarian delivery. And he was in Honolulu when he received from Jack Tarver, then his associate editor, this message: "Boy. Six pounds, seven ounces. Looks like you but is healthy."

Periodically, McGill goes back to Europe. He did a postwar series on what the fall of the Nazi empire had done to Western Europe. He covered the Nuremberg trials. Those who say he does their thinking for them say it without apology because they know that no matter where the news is breaking, the chances are that the Constitution editor is either there or has been there and knows, first hand, the issues involved.

When he is at home he is still a reporter first and then an editor. The Winecoff Hotel, in which 119 persons were burned to death in 1946, was still smoking when the solid, square-built figure of McGill crawled perilously across a fireman's swaying ladder, stretched from a building across the alley, into a thirteenth-floor window. He made a top-to-bottom inspection of the scene of the disaster.

He always covers the Democratic and Republican conventions in national election years, traveling the country with first one presidential candidate and then the other.

His insistence on functioning as a member of the working press and delegating to others the usual cumbersome matters of personnel, payroll and mechanics is characteristic of McGill. His belief that the primary job of a newspaperman is to go and see and write is as much a part of him as the color of his hair (reddish-brown, lightly threaded with gray), his love of the U.S. Marines (with whom he served in 1918) and his touching faith that a fruit plate for lunch is a fearsome weapon against his ancient enemy, an expanding waistline.

It happens that a roaming, writing editor is in The Constitution tradition. McGill's illustrious predecessor, the great young editor of Reconstruction days, Henry W. Grady, was such a one. He, too, roamed, covering political conventions, earthquakes, election frauds, interviewing national figures—always interpreting the South to the North and vice versa. McGill is said to resemble Grady in many ways.

The Constitution has given both editors the same freedom of movement and editorial action. Grady's boss, the Confederate captain, Evan P. Howell, allowed Editor Grady to fight for prohibition while he, the publisher, opposed it. Grady was active in the dry camp, Captain Howell was active in the wet camp and neither side was slighted on space in the pages of The Constitution. Captain Howell's son, Clark Howell, and his grandson, Major Clark Howell, Jr., continued the policy which McGill once described as "hiring writers and letting them write."

In 1950 The Constitution was merged with the afternoon Atlanta Journal owned by the late James M. Cox, former governor of Ohio and 1920 Democratic candidate for President, who was to be succeeded at his death in 1957 by his son, James M. Cox, Jr. The new owner (Major Howell continues as publisher) promptly issued his first and last order to McGill—that his column was to appear on page one, instead of the editorial page inside, and was to be published also in the other Cox papers—the Miami News, the Dayton Daily News and the Springfield Sun.

"I smell mothballs!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Since the merger, McGill has heard with wry amusement the cries of Georgia politicians that the once proudly "Georgia owned, Georgia edited" Constitution had been swallowed up by a monopoly and was now the mouthpiece of "Yankee money grubbers."

As for the swallowing up, as McGill gleefully pointed out to a meeting of Georgia editors at the University of Georgia, The Constitution was merged, not submerged. When the new owners wanted a bright and talented young man to groom for president of Atlanta Newspapers Inc., to succeed the retiring George Biggers, they took McGill's right-hand man, Constitution columnist and associate editor, Jack Tarver. When they needed a new editor for the Journal they tagged Jack Spalding, an alumnus of both papers who happened to be turning out excellent editorials for The Constitution at the time. Even the Journal's present sports editor, Furman Bisher, was hired away from The Constitution.

If this represents a triumph for the training prowess of the ninety-year-old morning paper (ostensibly the underdog in the new combination), McGill takes no personal credit for it. He attributes it to The Constitution's old emphasis on freedom, good writing and all the individuality the traffic will bear.

His and Henry Grady's desks may be the clue to it. Not two days after he issued it, his memo on the subject of orderly desks was found drifting on a flood tide of papers and books which washed over both the modern flattop desk and the old Grady rolltop. A staff member, probably looking for the tin of powdered coffee cream, reached into the mélange and pulled out an old clipping some scrap-book keeper had dropped off.

The clipping was a story McGill wrote in 1947 when The Constitution moved out of the old building it had occupied since 1884 into a new building across the street. There had been some fear that the awesome cleanliness and modernity of the new building would intimidate and stultify the grubby but bodacious habitués of the old building.

To reassure both them and their readers, the editor spoke. The new building, he admitted, might not offer the daily diversion of catching fire, as the old one had. It was true that the presence of No. 1 Fire Station in the next block had saved them from being burned alive at their typewriters practically every day for many years.

And obviously the managing editor had some housekeeping plans of his own, for he had issued orders against taking along to the new building such newsroom mementos as a bust of the whisky tycoon, Old Grand-Dad, who, wearing a pith helmet, had presided over the city desk for years. Also forbidden was the stuffed seagull which hovered in full flight over the copy desk.

In the face of these dire portents, McGill, as editor, came through with a message of hope.

Cleanliness or no cleanliness, he said, The Constitution's newsroom would continue to be free and easy and unregimented. Characters would still flourish. Stuffed shirts were not even as welcome as stuffed seagulls.

"Turnips," he warmed to the subject, "are very neat, notoriously bloodless, vegetables. But who can get out a newspaper with turnips?"

And then, in some solemnity, he closed with what amounted to a prayer.

"The Atlanta Constitution," he said devoutly, "has never been and, pray God, it will never be a turnipy operation!"

THE END

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I Call on Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy

(Continued from Page 27)

"I remember it well," I said. "That was the year we managed to pay our oil bill for the previous winter the following November, just in time to get the black stuff flowing through our hot-water heater again."

"Anyhow, mother had worked up a new act," Peter told me. "She did the first ten minutes by herself; then we were supposed to do a satire on radio because my mother had achieved a nationwide fame in crystal-set circles. That was where I came in. The curtain closed behind my mother, who said, 'Thank you so much for making it possible for me, a radio artist, to appear before you without the aid of a microphone.' At that I did a devil's laugh, sinister, nasty and dirty, through a microphone we rapidly set up on stage behind the curtain. In 1932 a microphone was a great novelty. In fact, it was unheard of for stage work, although of course it was being used in radio. But at that moment the mike wasn't on view, and the audience wondered, 'What is this all about?' Then the curtains parted on a microphone bathed in a ghastly green light, and on the top of the mike stand was a large papier-mâché dummy head whose eyes and mouth moved. I was behind that dummy and microphone, working its mouth and eyes. I also did voice imitations of the radio personalities of the day."

"Whose voices?" I asked.

"Morton Downey's," he said. "Tony Wons, Kate Smith, Jack Pearl and Joe Penner, among others. For my finish I came out clad in a white serge suit, stood beside my mother, was introduced as the voice behind the mask, and did a Cab Calloway 'Hi-de-ho, hey-de-hey' take-off.

"We had had a rather unusual opening performance at the RKO-Fordham, where we went for a three-day break-in before opening at the Palace on Broadway," Peter went on. "My mother was so excited about our Palace opening, which was our next step, that she lost her voice. I not only had to fake all those other voices behind that papier-mâché figure, I had to fake hers too. I don't say that the audience found mother in good voice that night, but at least they thought she was doing her own singing. When she opened her mouth and no voice came out, she was startled, but, being a veteran trouper, she wasn't too startled to open and close her lips as if singing, when I took over.

"Mother and I opened at the Palace Theater in New York, in June, 1932," Peter said. "But in spite of our electronic prop, my mother was frantic because it was my first appearance in the big time, and she was afraid I might come through with a boo-boo. She kept saying, 'It took me twenty-five years to get to the Palace, and it's only taken you three days from the Bronx to Broadway.' In her nervousness she kept telling me, 'If you don't pick up your cues, I'll throttle you.' The act ahead of us was a brother-and-sister team who called themselves Fritz and Hubert, and they worked as two men in white ties and tails. The girl wore a man's wig. Their comedy was the rubber-legged-drunk type. At the finish of their act the brother was supposed to do a funny fall. It started with a small Off-to-Buffalo, which got bigger and bigger, until he lunged into the curtain. A stagehand had left our piano shoved against the far side of the curtain. The Off-to-Buffaloer pitched headfirst against it, split his head and knocked himself unconscious, whereupon his sister tore off her wig and screamed, 'They've killed my brother!'

"It is extremely difficult to persuade a stagehand to step onto a stage into a spotlight, but when they realized that this victim of their carelessness wasn't going to get up, two of them did venture out, grabbed him by the heels and pulled him off, with his sister still screaming, and blood pouring from his head.

"When mother stepped into the spotlight wearing a beautiful new gown, the audience was arguing about whether the man was dead or not. But she rose to the emergency, parading back and forth across the stage, singing a hit song of that year, 'Lovable, lovable, I'm so happy . . .' By the time she had made it back and forth once, gore had stained her gown liberally, but that didn't stop her. It is a tribute to her training that she almost made the audience forget the accident which had preceded her.

"When I'd done my imitations back of the papier-mâché head, I dutifully ran to take my bow with my mother, as she had instructed me to. I had forgotten one thing. The length of fishing line which was attached to the dummy's mouth was still tied to my finger, and as I ran, that cord cut my finger to the bone. This added to what is known in vaudeville history as the Hayes' Bloody Opening at the Palace. My finger was spurting, but I made my hand into a tight fist and stuck it into my pocket. I ran out, and my mother said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, my partner, Mr. Joseph Lind, will now give you his impression of Cab Calloway.' The idea was for me to make Cab-type sounds while I did a step known as trucking. If you have forgotten, when you trucked you shook a forefinger. I was so excited that I forgot about my cut finger and the blood and my white serge suit, and as I trucked and shook my right forefinger, blood spattered all over. In spite of this, the novelty of using a microphone on a stage was so great we were a tremendous success. The more knowing members of the audience knew that Grace Hayes was one of vaudeville's all-time greats, they knew that I was her son, and that this was my debut, and the mother-and-son bit got them. To recoin a phrase, it had heart.

"A dear friend of ours, a frantic-type woman named Lynn Cantor, was sitting in one of the lower boxes. She was so devoted to my mother and so pleased at our success that she stood up in her box with mascara drooling down her cheeks and said, 'I knew you'd do it,' and fell out of the box. She could have broken her neck. The ushers carried her out yelling, 'They did it, they did it!' "

Peter told me, "My real name is Joseph Conrad Lind, but mother used to introduce me as 'my partner, Joseph Lind,' because our agent advised her, 'Don't let on that he's your son. He's too big. It'll make you look old.' Although it would have taken more than that to age her. Mother was very pretty and very young really. After all, she's only seventeen years older than I.

"In the second portion of our act, our pianist sat in the orchestra pit. After one show he came backstage and reported that two women in the front row had been nudging each other sarcastically and one of them had said, 'My partner, Joseph Lind, indeed!' and the other had said cattily, 'That Grace Hayes is nothing but a cradle-snatcher!'

"I noticed that after that I was introduced as Lind Hayes, which was a mixture of my last name and mother's maiden name. The Peter came later. A contract starlet at the RKO Studio borrowed my name for herself and added an *a* to it, so that it came out Linda Hayes. Suddenly proposals of marriage started turning up in my mail. I went to the wheels at Paramount and said, 'This is ridiculous. What are you going to do about it?' They said, 'Guess we'd better give you a third name.' So after that I was Peter Lind Hayes."

"I think Joseph Conrad is a lovely name," Mary said. "I wish he had stuck with it; but, of course, it would have been even nicer if he were a novelist who liked the sea and he had Polish blood."

Peter helped me get back on the beam again. "Mother and I fought a draw for nine years in vaudeville," he said. "We opened a small saloon on the West Coast called the Grace Hayes Lodge. It was in the San Fernando Valley. There were three floor shows nightly and we served the finest food in town."

"Is it still there?" I asked.

"It burned while I was in the Army," he said. "Charlie Foy, of the Foy clan, and Joe Frisco, the famous stuttering comedian, were down the street at Charlie's supper club, and they came out to see the excitement. The fire department hadn't shown yet, and mother was throwing sand from a bucket on the blaze.

"In California two or three o'clock in the morning is a favorite time to move houses, and at this point men appeared with red lights. They were yelling, 'A little to the right, Jack,' and a great frame, two-storied building wobbled around the corner. Frisco eyed the apparition, his eyes starting from his head, and said, 'Sh-sh-she must have been expecting this f-f-fire. Here c-c-comes the new c-c-club.' "

"It seems to me I asked you how you and Mary met," I reminded him. "But if you told me I've forgotten."

"You didn't forget it because you haven't asked us, and we didn't tell you," Peter said. "Your trouble is that holding an organized conversation with us is no simple affair. Before I met her, my wife was on a junket for Twentieth Century-Fox, for whom she was a starlet under contract. An elderly couple said hello to her in a club car. The woman introduced herself as a Mrs. Donohue. She said, 'My son Frank is coming to Hollywood. He's just out of Georgetown University, and you're such a nice girl I hope he meets you. And after all, you are both Catholic.' "

"How did she find that out so quickly?" I asked Mary. "Were you saying your beads?"

"After all, Healy is not exactly a Persian name," Peter explained. "As it turned out, I had gone through the Christian Brothers' school at Iona with Frank Donohue. The first thing he said when he met Mary was, 'I've a friend out in the San Fernando Valley. He and his mother have a supper club there. How about it?' So he brought Mary out, and I did my act."

"What was your act in those days?" I asked.

"Imitations," Peter said. "Hundreds of them—Charles Laughton, Robert Montgomery—you name them, I imitated them."

"Did you do Gable?" I asked.

"No," Peter told me. "But in spite of that, I impressed Miss Healy."

"He impressed me," Mary said, "because he looked so sort of angry and unhappy and sad."

"If you worked for your mother at the price I was getting, you'd have looked angry and sad too," Peter told us.

"How much did she pay you?" I asked.

"My meals at half price," he said. "I was also under a beginner's contract to Paramount for $125 a week, and mother thought that should take care of my needs, so my pay at the Grace Hayes Lodge was weak, very weak. Anyhow, Frank Donohue brought Mary back a couple of nights later, and I met her again. I liked meeting her. She's a lovely dish, if at times too independent. Then a newspaperman, Jimmy Fidler, collected a covey of budding stars, turned them into a theatrical unit and sent them around a vaudeville circuit. A budding

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IN COLOR:

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Report on a Unique Kansas Community Where
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The Priceless Gift of Speech

By Steven M. Spencer

I Crossed America in a Moving Van

The U.S.A. From the Cab of a Big Truck

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star named Healy, from Fox, and another named Hayes, from Paramount, were among those present.

"The work wasn't for free. We were paid—the minimum. Mr. Fidler figured he'd have Hayes and Healy do a dance number together. The trouble was Mr. Fidler didn't know that Miss Healy had brought two left feet with her from New Orleans."

"Big ones too," Mary said happily.

"So right away," Peter continued, "we started fighting about the dancing. I'd sit down and tell the dance coach, 'If she'll learn the step, I'm willing to start again. If not, I'm sorry, that's all!' Finally all of us got on a train, and it was then that I made my first aggressive move toward Miss Healy. She was sitting in the club car, and it was snowing. I came into the club car and I said, 'It's snowing outside. Let's neck.' Somehow that didn't go down too well. Miss H. got up and stalked from the car."

"What did snow have to do with necking?" I asked. "I don't get it."

"I'd suddenly cracked up over her," Peter said. "We'd been fighting steadily for three weeks, and I didn't want to fight any more. I just wanted to hold her hand and nibble gently on her neck. Where the snow came in was this: I thought I'd give my approach a light touch. However, Miss H. didn't take to my Noel Coward whimsey kindly. The next day, when we opened at the Stanley Theater in Pittsburgh, I was the only one in the unit who'd ever been in vaudeville."

"Better let me tell this part," Mary said. "It's true that none of us had ever seen a stage before, and we were pretty bad. When Mr. Hayes came on at the finish of the show, the audience was delighted because he obviously had had experience. He was a pro. I remember thinking, 'Why, this man's terrific.'"

"How did you go about letting him know?" I asked her.

"I'll tell the truth about it," Peter said. "She set her cap for me."

Mary smiled. "I guess I did melt visibly," she admitted. "For one thing, he made me laugh all the time. In fact, I think he married me because I'm a good laugher."

"You can see that all I have to do is get a new act together every year and our marriage is solid," Peter said.

"We were on the road together for eight weeks," Mary told me.

Peter explained, "Then we decided to get married, but some other things happened before that. I scored a hit in the Jimmy Fidler deal, and as soon as we got back to Los Angeles I got offers to go out on my own, which I did. I was serious about vaudeville and I was tired of urging Mary to concentrate and three out of five shows a day having her forget our dance steps and just stand there pointing at me and giggling. The people out front who'd paid their thirty-eight cents to get in grumbled, and when we came off I'd say, 'You rat. Those people paid to get in,' and Mary would say, 'But I couldn't remember our dance.'

"To make a long story even longer," Peter went on, "I went into vaudeville on my own. I happened to be playing the Earle Theater in Washington, D.C., and I dropped into the Variety Club which was housed in a Washington hotel. There was a slot machine there. I put one quarter in it and hit the jackpot. Beside the slot machine was a telephone, so I said to myself, 'I will spend some of my loot calling Miss Healy.'"

"Where was she?" I asked.

"Living with her mother in a rented home in Holmby Hills," Peter said. "I said, 'Hello, will you marry me?' And she said, 'Where are you?' and I said, 'I'm in the Variety Club,' and she said, 'You've been drinking,' and I said, 'No, I haven't.' And she said, 'Well, call me tomorrow and verify it.' The next night I proposed to her on the telephone backstage in the Earle Theater in Philadelphia and was accepted. Mary was going on a Fox junket to Santa Fe, and I said I'd fly out to meet her, and then we'd go on to Los Angeles and get married. But before I took off I discussed it with my mother on the telephone."

"What was her reaction?" I asked.

"Hysteria," Peter said. "In addition, the plane I was on was forced down in Kansas City. I took this as an anti-cupid omen."

"Had your mother ever met Mary?" I asked.

"Yes," Peter said. "And she'd thought Mary a nice girl. She also figured that our romance would break up in the usual two weeks. Then, to her amazement, it went on for months and months, and she got uneasy and suspicious. After all, I am an only son and apparently that's different from being one of many brothers. So, when my plane was forced down, I called Mary in Santa Fe and said, 'This is no good for you. We're not going to get married.'"

Peter went on, "To my chagrin she agreed, although Father Gilbert Hartke, from Catholic University in Washington, D.C., had already flown out to Los Angeles to marry us. Father Hartke runs the dramatics at Catholic University. He is a wonderful guy and friend."

Mary took it up: "When Peter finally got to Los Angeles," she said, "Father Hartke arranged a meeting between us. When we told him about our doubts and fears, he said, 'You shouldn't go through with it if you don't think it's going to last.'"

"It was then that my mother made a fatal mistake," Peter told me. "The moment I arrived in Los Angeles she had taken to her bed. I dutifully kept coming to see her, but she wouldn't work in the club, and although I tried to comfort her by saying, 'It's all off. You don't have to cry any more,' she just lay there moaning. Then, in spite of her great sense of timing, one day she cried one minute too long. Suddenly I was up to here (he pointed to his neck). I hollered, 'If Mary will still marry me, I'll do it tonight.' I called Mary, she said all right. We jumped into a car, whipped over to Yuma and were married by a justice of the peace. Three days later we were really married at the Church of the Good Shepherd by Father Hartke, while Mary's mother stood by toying with a small shotgun."

"Peter likes to tell it that way," Mary said, "but it wasn't even a cap pistol."

"After we were married," Peter said, "we went out to say hello to my mother, and she said to Mary in her best Ethel Barrymore voice, 'I hope you'll be veddy, veddy happy.' We honeymooned in Carmel. Our fourth day there my mother called and said in tragic tones, 'The Grace Hayes Lodge has become a white elephant. The customers come in and say, "Why isn't Peter in the show?"—then they walk out.' 'All right,' I told her, 'I'll be home.'

"We went back, and although Mary went with me to the Lodge when I worked, mother sat in a corner and refused to talk to either of us. After three or four days I said to Mary, 'Do me a favor. Don't talk to me tonight. Just sit in the corner and pout.' And she did. She did the same thing a second night. The third night my mother came over and said, 'What's this with you and the girl? I said to mother, 'I'll tell you what's the matter with her. She agrees with you that I was too young to get married. She complains that our apartment is no good and that I don't make enough money to take care of her properly.'

"Mother said, 'Hm-m,' and went away. But the next night, when Mary was still pouting, mother came over to me and asked, 'Still not talking?' I said, 'No.' There was a pregnant pause, then she said these immortal words: 'You're no bargain either.' My deep, dark plot worked. Mother began to tell me I should be grateful to have such a lovely girl as my wife. Two weeks later she was going from table to table, telling people, 'They're a lovely couple. I saved their marriage, you know.' At this point I would like to make a deep bow to Mary's tolerance, which really saved our marriage. Mary's understanding of my mother at such a tender age is something I'll never forget."

"Peter's mother is really a great woman," Mary said. "She's taught me a lot."

"You two haven't told me how you started working together yet," I said.

"Well, meantime, back at the Grace Hayes Lodge," Peter said, "I got Mary on the floor one night and she socked over a song most acceptably. She was and is a very pretty girl and she sings extremely well. So before she could say, 'What about my contract?' she was part of my act."

Mary went on, "We had been married not quite a year when Peter went into the Army in 1942. He was there for four years, and during that time I came East and appeared in four Broadway flops. Among them were Walter Kerr's first show, Count Me In, and Spring in Brazil, with Milton Berle, which never got to New York. It closed in Chicago. Then I'd play a few night clubs until I'd saved up a little money, and I'd camp-follow Peter until we ran out of my savings; then I'd play another club. When Peter got out of the Army, he worked clubs too. He opened at the Copa, where he was a smashing success.

"One night at our house we had some friends in. I did an impression of Ethel Merman, and Peter said, 'If you can do that good, we'll go on the road together.' Our first engagement was at Lake Tahoe. The year was 1947."

I said, "Speaking of night clubs, I'd curl up and die if I was playing one of them and some crude party heckled me. How do you protect yourself in such clinches?"

"There are many theories about ways to cope with hecklers in the plush saloons we play," Peter said. "There are many tried-and-true ways to wing a heckler, such as: 'The next time you have your hat blocked, don't forget to take your head out of it.' Or, 'I don't know what I'd do without you, but I'd rather.' Slightly less tender are, 'Some guys are jerks, but you're making a career out of it,' and, 'When snakes get drunk they see you.' These are the traditional-type heckler stiff-arms. Personally, I don't use them because it's my opinion that you invite disaster the moment you answer a heckler.

"There are ways of handling these things," he went on. "Years ago we had a comedian at Grace Hayes Lodge named George Riley. The other role in the serio-comic drama I'm about to unfold was an unattractive, infamous female meathead-character around Hollywood. She couldn't stand comedians. She was also quite mannish. She wore low-cut brogues and she had a low sense of humor too. Invariably she'd cut right into the middle of a comedian's joke with such clever lines as 'You stink!'

"One night at the Lodge she was heckling poor George Riley. He let her keep on until the audience sickened of her. Then he leaned over with a smile on his face and said a devastating thing. 'Madam,' he asked her, 'aren't you content with just being beautiful?' That did it. She couldn't wait to get out of the place."

"The night the stuttering soft-shoe dancer-comedian, Joe Frisco, came into your mother's place and heard Lawrence Tibbett singing, he almost could have been called a heckler," Mary said.

"Joe walked in late," Peter explained, "and Lawrence Tibbett was already involved in our floor show. He was singing, 'By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea . . .' and all of the lost-weekend customers in the joint were enchanted. When Frisco came in he heard this man singing and he turned to the bartender and said, 'That kid's got a hell of a voice. Hayes ought to sign him.' The

"Could you be a little more explicit, sir, than 'She's pretty broad in the beam'?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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bartender said, 'Shush! That's Lawrence Tibbett.' 'So what?' Joe said. 'He can change his name, can't he?'

"There's one Frisco story I want to pass on to you," Peter told me, "although it has nothing to do with heckling. At a testimonial dinner for him just two weeks before he died, he said, in replying to Walter Winchell, 'It was very nice of you to say all them good words, Walter. You said something about a doctor. Well, the first doctor who came to see me yanked me out of bed and hit me on the back and said, "Cough!" I didn't feel like coughing, but he hit me harder and said, "I said cough!" I answered, "But, doctor, my chest hurts. I don't want to cough." This time he really belted me and I did cough. Then he asked me with concern, "How long have you had that cough?" '"

We sat there for a moment having nostalgic thoughts about Joe Frisco. Then, changing the subject, Peter said: "One of our chief activities used to be subbing for Arthur Godfrey. We were on a stand-by basis to take over for him on those mornings when he felt like going to Africa to shoot big game or just loafing. I was supposed to be available as his sub all the time, with the exception of the five weeks a year we were committed to play Las Vegas; but the way it worked out, most of the time we just sat up there in New Rochelle collecting money from CBS while we scratched and yawned. We felt stagnant.

"I'm not a great salesman like Arthur," he went on. "I have to work all night on commercials so they'll sound ad-libbed. I was very nervous the first year I was on Arthur's show and I thought it necessary to be quick and brash. But Arthur took me to one side and said, 'Look, if somebody says something funny on this show, kid, relax and enjoy it. Don't try to top him.' He was right."

In April this year Peter and Mary asked to be released from their contract commitments as substitutes for Arthur Godfrey. What with their own radio show and other activities, they had become too busy. Their request was granted regretfully, and Godfrey said some nice words about them in parting.

Peter went on, "In addition to our Godfrey subbing, one of the fixed and steady things in our lives has been our yearly appearance in Las Vegas. I always keep a freshly written act in my hip pocket for that date. I also have other ways of creeping up on a buck. With Robert J. Crean, I wrote a TV show called Come to Me. The critics said our show stank, but one of the songs I wrote with Crean for the show sold over 500,000 copies. I refer to Johnny Mathis' recording of Come to Me."

He eyed me keenly. "You've never heard of it," he said. "I can tell. You do not have a pokerface, my friend."

"I'm afraid I haven't," I said lamely.

Peter continued, "I also wrote a song with Frank Loesser during the war, Why Do They Call a Private a Private, which Hildegarde and Ethel Merman recorded. In fact, I'm a full member of ASCAP, which is a nice thing, because the kind of money ASCAP sends is mail-box money instead of sweat-stained pay-envelope money."

"Our last Broadway show, Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?, did pretty well without the parties," Mary put in, "although it had lots of those too."

"She means theater parties," Peter explained. "A party is arranged by an organization like The Seeing Eye or The Lighthouse for the Blind, or it could be for the Vassar Alumnae Fund. These bookings are made before even the first reviews are printed, and it's distressing to the actors to think they're getting by on audiences who committed themselves before they knew the show was good or bad.

"Who Was That Lady I Saw You With? got some good reviews and some not so good," Peter told me. "Actually, we wowed only one of the top three in New York. Translated, that means we pulled a glowing notice from Walter Kerr and not so good notices from Atkinson and Chapman. Two critiques of the play, one clipped from the Hollywood Reporter and the other from the Daily Variety, were dispatched to me by the triple-threat writer-director-producer, Nunnally Johnson, a dear friend of ours in Hollywood.

"'Dear Peter,' Nunnally wrote me, 'there is this to say about these reviews. They would make me want to see the play even if I had no friendly association with it. They all made it sound like fun. They all made it sound also like the kind of pure comedy or farce that people enjoyed before they were informed that enjoyment is not only empty but disgraceful if you don't carry away from it a message about life. I think this sort of thing started right after World War I. Up to then, if somebody had told Winchell Smith or Avery Hopwood that his comedy didn't "say anything" he would have looked at you as if you were crazy. But ever since Dick Watts saw the light, and Odets lifted the torch, only stinkers laugh without learning something.' "

When I wrote to Johnson to ask his permission to quote from his letter to Peter and Mary, he not only granted permission, he told me: "I am delighted that you are going to do this story. Dorris and I love Mary and Peter. That is, I love Mary, and Dorris loves Peter. In case you didn't know it, Dorris and Mary and Linda Darnell were brought to Hollywood in one bag by your old friend Ivan Kahn, the Twentieth Century-Fox talent scout. He got Dorris out of L.S.U., Mary from an office in New Orleans, and Linda from a chicken yard in Texas. The three girls might have taken an apartment together, all being strangers and lonely in town, but Linda was accompanied by her pet chicken and Mary and Dorris wouldn't room with a chicken. So Mary and Dorris took a little apartment close enough to the studio to walk to work. They have been the best of friends ever since. As a matter of fact, they were so close and there was so much confusion during my courtship that I wouldn't have been in the least surprised if it had been Mary who met me at the altar. When Mary married Peter we enlarged the friendship to include him. He fitted in very well."

I had one final question to ask Peter. "Has any celebrity ever objected to your doing a take-off on him?" I asked.

"No," Peter said. "My impressions are all done in a spirit of fun. They're not meant to be offensive."

Mary said, "They just turn out that way," giving him a bright smile.

Peter shrugged. "She can't help it," he said to me. "Maybe mother was right, after all; but as it happens, I love her dearly. I guess I'll let things stand as they are."

He will be well advised to. The rapport between Peter and Mary as he sits at the desk on the stage during his hour TV program every day, and she sits several feet away (on the same stage), is rare and special. It's more than husband-and-wife rapport—it's vaudeville-team understanding—a talent for anticipating each other's thoughts and actions as well as words. An audience is aware of a magic between the two.

A Very Special Bed (Continued from Page 24)

She didn't need any powder or lip rouge to make her pretty, he thought with pride. He was hardly grown himself. With a fresh haircut that left his ears and the back of his neck exposed and white with talcum, he barely looked seventeen, much less twenty.

They stuck straws in their strawberry soda and drank it slowly. "That bed," he began.

"It's all right, Lon." Ruth Mary faced him. "I knowed it wasn't what you had in mind. I was just kind of carried away for a spell. It was right expensive too. Lots more than we could afford."

Finishing silently they left the café. They reached the truck and got in. She leaned her head back against the worn leather.

"Tired, sugar?" Lon touched her forehead gently.

She smiled with her eyes closed. "A little. We sure walked a piece tonight."

Lon turned a corner and bypassed the square; then settled himself for the long ride home. He glanced up at the sky once. It was the rich black of late summer—star-flecked, with the moon riding high and alone.

"Ruth Mary," Lon spoke suddenly. She opened her eyes. "Ruth Mary, I want to tell you about this bed we're going to have. It's going to be big, first of all. Because I got such long legs. And it's going to be strong—strong enough to hold half a dozen kids jumping on it. But there's more to it than that." He paused. "I want it to be beautiful. I want the wood to be solid and genuine. None of this veneer stuff they make beds out of nowadays. I want our first to know he's got something safe and sound to come to if he's scared in the night. And I want him to think of us in that bed, resting in something big and strong and beautiful. I want him to see us in ——" Lon searched for the word. "I want him to see us in dignity. And I want him to be born in dignity."

Lon's face tightened as he continued, "All I can remember at home was ma and pa in that old brass bed. The mattress sagged to the floor and ever' time pa turned over, the springs would squawk. The five of us helped wear it out, I reckon, but that ain't no kind of picture to have of your ma and pa together. A ole brass bed with a saggy mattress and springs that squawk. So that's just what we ain't going to have."

Ruth Mary pulled his arm around her. "'Course we're not going to have nothing like that. We got lots of time 'fore February. We'll find our bed, even if we have to make it ourselves."

Lon looked at her quickly. "What did you say?"

She kissed the back of his hand. "I said, we'll get the bed, even if we have to make it ourselves."

Lon stared at the lonely road before him. "That's just what I'll do. Make it myself. How come I never thought of that before? There's all that black walnut I been seasoning in the shed. Don't know what I figured on saving it for anyways. And there's nothing like black walnut when it's seasoned proper. You just rub it with linseed oil and the wood comes out like satin. Shoot! That's all there is to it." He drawled lightly, "'Course I'll take my time and plane it gentle, like I courted you. Yes, sir. I'll just take my time on ever' single piece. And there won't be a smidgin of glue in the whole thing. I'll dovetail the parts and make pegs to hold it together." He looked down at Ruth Mary. She was fast asleep with her hands folded over the new roundness of herself.

She awoke when they turned into the dirt road that led to their house. "We home already?"

Lon led her to the steps. "You been asleep all the way. Fine helpmeet I got. Been talking to myself for two hours."

They lit a kerosene lamp in the kitchen. "Want a glass of buttermilk?" Ruth Mary asked.

"No, let's turn in now. Want to get up early tomorrow and start on that bed."

"But it's Sunday, Lon. Shouldn't work on the Sabbath."

"Ain't work. Besides, it's kind of helping the Lord along with something He already begun."

In the days that followed there was the last of the canning to be done. The applesauce, the jellies and preserves. By the time the pumpkins were mashed and put into jars, Ruth Mary's back ached and her legs were weak at night. But the barn was full of corn and there were long strings of peppers and onions hanging from the rafters, and the cellar was packed with potatoes.

Then November came and Lon could spend part of his days and most of his evenings working on the bed. It took shape gradually. Long, smooth, velvety side pieces, the wood a dark rich brown that picked up the red from the firelight and seemed to hold the color after the fire had died down. The four posters were straight and simple, with only a suggestion of inverted acorns at the tops. The headboard was last. Lon made it gently arched. The six-foot width was sheer beauty, with only the grain of the walnut giving texture to the lines.

The day Lon put the last peg in the bed and wove the strong cord into the bottom for the mattress to rest upon, the two of them felt as if they were seeing it for the first time.

Ruth Mary sighed with wonder. "Never did I ever dream I'd be sleeping in anything so beautiful. Everything about it is just perfect."

He shook his head. "No, it's missing something. There's too much plain wood. It needs something more of us in it." He thought, *Now if it was just to have some kind of carving on the headboard. No fancy flowers or fruits, but some special carving, I think then it'd be all right.*

Ruth Mary smiled. "I got a surprise for you, Lon. I been collecting down and goose feathers all over. Got enough to make a whole mattress for it. It'll be like sleeping on a fluffy ole cloud."

He kissed her. "Sometimes I'm right glad I married you instead of Bess Miles, even if you're 'most as big as she is right now."

The next day he said, "I'm going to run over to see Uncle Billy for a while. Be all right by yourself?"

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Ruth Mary answered nonchalantly, but her eyes danced, "Thought I'd go over to ma's for the afternoon anyway." She turned suddenly. "Say, what kind of business you got with Uncle Billy? Don't go drinking any of that corn of his. Pa says it'll burn your gizzards out for certain."

Lon threw back his head and guffawed, "Shoot! Now ain't that a woman for you! I'll be back 'fore dark."

Uncle Billy Ballew had a place up on Shawnee Peak. His poor five acres of stony land gave him an excuse to spend most of his time chewing tobacco and rocking on his front stoop with a jug of his own brew close at hand. He was the best whittler around, though, and there was hardly a child in the nearby hills who didn't have at least one toy made for him by the old man. So everyone agreed that Billy Ballew had one God-given gift besides the best stomach for corn in the county.

Lon drove up Shawnee in low gear all the way. The wind whipped smartly at him as he climbed the path to the ramshackle cabin. Uncle Billy hailed him at the door, "Evenin', sonny."

Lon slapped the thin shoulders in the worn black jacket. "Evening, Uncle Billy. How's the crop this year?"

"Mighty pore, son. Mighty pore, same's usual. Think sometimes the Lord done forget me. Got nothing to show for my backache 'cept a heap of stones high'n yer head."

"That's kind of why I come." Lon sat down in a cane rocker near the fire. "I got a job for you, Uncle Billy, if you can find the time."

"What kinda job?" Uncle Billy said guardedly.

"Nothing hard; that is, for you. I made us a bed, a right nice bed out of black walnut. And I want some kind of carving to go on the headboard, so's it won't look so bare-like. That's where you come in. I want you to do the carving, Uncle Billy. And in turn I'll give you enough potatoes and side meat to do you the winter. Does it strike you fair?"

Uncle Billy reached for the jug. "Want some?" Lon shook his head. "Well, it appears fair enough. What kind of whittlin' you got in mind?"

"Nothing ordinary like flowers or them pineapple things. This ain't whittling, Uncle Billy. This is real carving." He paused. "But there's just one or two things I got to be strict about. This is got to be done by early February because that's when Ruthie's expecting. And another thing, corn liquor and carving don't go together." Lon looked steadily into the old man's eyes. "I don't aim to hurt your feelings, Uncle Billy, but I took a long time making that bed and I'd hate for a shaky knife to cut anything it ain't supposed to. So there it is. I'd be right proud to have you say you'll do it."

Uncle Billy poured himself another cup. "I reckon I can do it. When do you want me down?"

"Early tomorrow morning. We'll get started right after breakfast."

The next day Uncle Billy was noncommittal about his work on the bed. He studied the grain of the wood at length. He explored it with his knotty rough fingers and finally nodded approval to Lon. Then they sat before the fire, talking most of the morning. Ruth Mary left them at noon. She had to help her mother again, she said, still smiling secretly. It took several days, in fact, of Uncle Billy's studying the wood from all angles and passing the time of day with Lon before the two of them removed the headboard and laid it flat on sawhorses so that Uncle Billy could begin the carving. He carefully honed his penknife and began etching vague outlines.

"What's you setting there just watching every move he makes, Lon Matthews?" demanded Ruth Mary on the fifth day. "He ain't no artist or nothing."

"Sh-h. I think I know what he's going to carve. And if I'm right, this bed is going to be the most beautiful one folks has ever seen around here." He helped her on with her coat. "You going over to your ma's again?"

"Might as well. You all are too busy to notice me anyway. I'll be back to start supper."

Christmas came and Lon gave Ruth Mary the warm pink store-bought robe he'd hidden many weeks before. She looked just as round and pretty in it as a cone of spun-sugar candy. Ruth could hardly contain herself with excitement. "My gift for you was too big to wrap. That's why you didn't have nothing from me under the tree. Wait right here."

He heard her patter to the bedroom, pull something out from under their old bed, then there was silence. She called to him finally, "It's ready now, Lon. Come on back here."

The quilt that was spread on the walnut bed was like no other he had ever seen. The patterns of the tiny blocks pieced together formed gigantic interlocked circles of deep blue on a creamy-white background. Lon touched it reverently and felt the thousands of stitches that outlined each pattern and filled in the background with a more complex design of their own.

"Do you like it? Is it right for our bed?" Ruthie asked him anxiously.

Lon could hardly speak. "I never thought of what we would use for a spread. But you did. All those hours at your ma's. That's what you two was doing, wasn't it? Making this quilt."

She laughed, "Not just ma and me, honey. There was Nellie Mason and Leona Pritchard and Dolly York. It took all of us to finish it by Christmas. It wasn't all work, though. We had a fine time deciding which pattern to use."

Lon had expected Uncle Billy the next morning. When he did not come, the boy felt only a mild disappointment. There was still plenty of time and the carving was nearly finished. But when two more days went by, Lon became worried.

"Do you suppose he's ailin' or something?" he asked Ruthie. "Maybe I better take a run up to his place and check on him. You know he's all alone up there."

Her eyes never lifted from the ball of yarn she was winding. "I wouldn't do that, if I was you."

"Why not?"

"I just wouldn't, that's all." She began chaining with a crochet hook.

Lon's eyes narrowed. "Tell me what you know that I don't."

The hook flashed through the white wool. "I don't want you to get yourself all upset, but pa said he seen Uncle Billy drunker'n a hoot owl the other night after church. Probably take him a week to sober up from that one, pa said."

It took some time to settle in his mind. Finally, "But all month he's been layin' off liquor. Why's he have to start now all of a sudden-like? I figured that bed was keeping his head off the stuff. Don't make sense somehow, right when his work is about done."

Ruth yawned and stretched her arms. "Don't fret about it. He'll be down in a couple of days."

Lon brooded, "I reckon you're right. But he sure better be sober when he does show up. I had that out with him before he even started."

Early New Year's Day, Ruth Mary was throwing crumbs out the back door to some dauntless bluejays when Uncle Billy arrived. He barely spoke to her as he stumbled up the steps, but she briefly caught the rank, pungent odor of whisky. She panicked for a moment, thinking of Lon working on new crossties out in the clearing, and the perfection of the bed inside, vulnerable and so nearly completed.

Swiftly, she cornered Uncle Billy in the kitchen. She pulled him into a chair. "Now set right down there. Haven't had your breakfast yet, I warrant. I got ham that won't take a minute to fry up and we just opened a fresh bucket of sorghum to go with some hot biscuits." She appeared deaf to his mutterings of having to get on with the carving. "Now while I get things ready, you just warm yourself up with a cup of hot coffee. Don't you get up till I come back with some more eggs."

She threw an old sweater of Lon's over her shoulders as she ran out of the house. Her feet sank maddeningly into the fresh snow as she struggled up the hill behind the barn. Lon caught her halfway up the crest. "What's wrong—it's not the baby?"

Ruth Mary pulled at him. "No, it's Uncle Billy. He's on a real toot, Lon. He can't do no carving today. He can't hardly even see. Hurry! I got him drinking coffee, but there's no telling what he might do before we get back."

They dashed up the steps. A half-empty cup sat on the kitchen table. Ruthie caught at her dry, aching throat, then she sank down into a chair. She was too frightened to cry, too seized with despair to follow her husband into the bedroom.

Lon fought down his rage as he confronted the old man, unsteadily sharpening his knife. "Morning, Uncle Billy."

"Howdy."

"I don't figure on us working any on the bed today." Lon held the foggy eyes firmly in his own.

There was no sound in the room but the slow rasp of the knife against the leather strap.

"I said, there ain't going to be no work on my bed today." Didn't the old fool hear what he'd said? The muscles in Lon's arms tightened with the violence of his restraint.

"It's comin' out. That whole face has got to be cut out," said Uncle Billy hoarsely.

Lon stared at him. Then he stole a glance at the carving, every inch of which he already knew. "But how come? There's nothing wrong with it."

Uncle Billy shook his head. He moved toward the bed. "It's sinful, that's what it is. That face. Can't you see what I done? It's got to come out."

The boy edged toward him. Their heavy shoes moved slowly, step for step. "Who says it's got to come out?"

The reddened eyes flared. "You heard the preacher Christmas night. Didn't you see him lookin' right at me? The lost sheep he was talkin' about. Sinners like me. What have I ever done to know God's word? How did I ever think I could put God's word into a carving? Me, a worthless, drunken ole sinner."

"You're wrong, Uncle Billy. The preacher wasn't talking just about you. He meant all of us. Himself as well."

Uncle Billy's voice rose shrilly, "I tell you, it's blasphemy. Can't you see what I done? I put my own self down there in that wood. It all seemed to come out so natural while I was doin' it. Like instead of signin' my name, I was just leavin' my face. But now I know what I done. I blasphemed against the Lord. Ever'body'd run me away on a rail if they was to see what I done right here." His finger pointed like a judgment on the figure.

The two of them regarded the carving. It followed the gentle curve of the headboard. The fleecy sheep grazed quietly beside not the thin streams of the Holy Land but the lazy curves of the White River. The Good Shepherd's face was almost hidden as he stooped to pull a thorn from a ewe's hoof, but anyone would guess that the Shepherd was Uncle Billy.

How could Lon say it? The words came so hard for him. "You know what this bed means to Ruthie and me. But you done the carving. If you say the face has got to come out, then go ahead and do it."

The old man crouched, lifted the knife, pointed the blade. Lon tensed. He could see it all lost, this heritage to his unborn child. And Uncle Billy was lost, too, in destroying it. But Lon waited.

Then a shudder passed over the bent frame. The knife wavered, dropped to the floor. He covered his face. "I can't do it."

"You done right." Lon's hand shook as he patted Uncle Billy's shoulder. "You done right. You knew when you looked at it close again that it was right and good. That face—there's love in it. That's all that counts." He pulled Uncle Billy up. "You know what I'm fixing to do? I aim on having a party to show off that bed to ever'body in this whole county. You'll see what folks are going to say about what you're fit for then." Uncle Billy blew his nose. "Come on now. Ruth Mary said you didn't have your breakfast yet. I could stand some coffee myself."

Lon gave his party several weeks later. While everyone thought it was a little peculiar to celebrate a bed, all the guests agreed that it was worth the great to-do made over it. "It's downright spiritual," whispered Dolly York to Leona. "But who'd 'a' thought Billy Ballew with his whittlin' could turn out something like this? I'm going to speak to Brother Banks about getting Billy to carve that plain old collection plate for the church. It'd make folks ashamed of denying the Lord anything in their pockets."

Uncle Billy made one more visit, ostensibly to smooth a few rough edges on the carving. But he added a tiny scene which no one noticed at first. As he had intended, Ruth Mary was the first to discover it, soon after her son was born. Still drowsy, she thought at first it was a dream—the ewe curled with the newborn lamb close within the circle of its mother. With contentment warming her whole body, Ruth Mary whispered to her baby, "See, it's found its place to be born too."

THE END

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Perhaps the supreme product of civilization is people who can endure it.

Anybody who thinks there is no such thing as a pat solution has never burped a baby.

The only thing an actor needs to make him modest and homeloving is a press agent.

The footsteps a boy follows in are apt to be those his father thought he'd covered up.

What many promising young men become is promising older men.

When teen-agers miss a meal, they're probably too busy eating.

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The puny beam of the flashlight penetrated five or six feet into the blown snow, which hung like curtains of gauze in front of him wherever he turned.

The sun had vanished, leaving the earth moaning in frozen agony. This is how Johnny Huneker defied

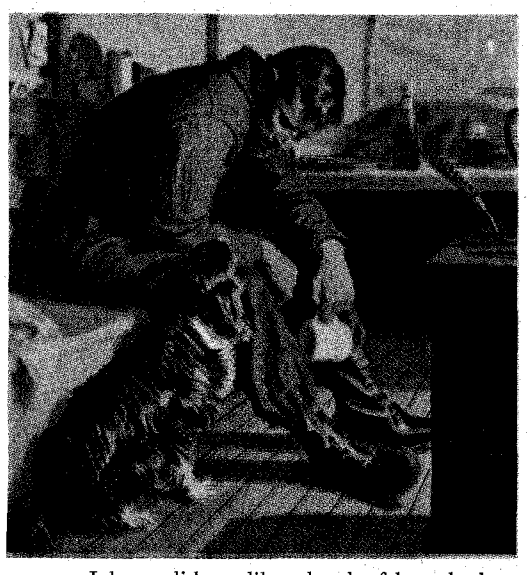
The Nine Days of Night

By GEORGE BYRAM

In the night the vast, rolling prairie was as endless as the sea. The wind that moved the clouds across the moon moved also the cured grass of the prairie, and the prairie seemed to roll as the sea rolls. It was fall and the wind that, a few weeks before, had been soft and caressing was now cutting and deadly. Soon would come the first blizzard. The feel and smell of it were in the wind.

A small light glowed in the midst of this coldness of night and vastness of distance. It did not move and in its immobility there was a strange reality, for it should have risen and fallen with the seeming motion of the land.

The man who saw and felt these things stood as immobile as the light and drew into himself the bigness until he felt that he was one with the night, part of him moving with the clouds, part of him with the wind caressing the grass, feeling the texture of the rolling earth. He stood alone, and so big and empty was the earth that his was no ordinary aloneness. No light of a city shone on the horizon, no sound of civilization intruded. There was only one light, and it was his light, a lantern glowing translucently through the canvas top of a wagon. On the hillside below the wagon was a bed ground containing the close-packed bodies of a band of sheep, looking like a large, old, dirty drift of snow not yet melted away. The sheep were his sheep, or at least they were in his care. And this was all. The earth and the sky, the sheep and the glowing wagon top, the man and his aloneness.



Johnny did not like what he felt and what he knew the dog felt and what he had seen outside. This was no ordinary blizzard.

He stood tall and straight. In the moonlight his face was bearded and gaunt. He looked older than his thirty-eight years. He was thin, but his feet were steady-planted to the earth. He stood as a tree stands, pliant yet immovable.

After a time he made a quiet circle around the bedded sheep far enough from them not to disturb them, yet close enough to frighten a coyote that might be flattened and invisible in the shadows of the grass. He entered his wagon, which was compact, a perfect and complete home for one. It was high-wheeled, contained a stove, a table, a bed and bins for supplies. It was a mobile home that a pickup truck, belonging to Frank Burros, the owner of the sheep, hauled over the range once or twice a month as the sheep grazed down an area and moved on.

It was this visit of Burros to move the wagon and bring supplies that was Johnny Huneker's only contact with the outside world. That was as he had wished. That was why he had come here; for the aloneness and something else; two thirds of the way across America; drawn always westward to the land of his youth, moving as a wounded animal moves instinctively to a protective terrain where it can hide until it is well again. For Johnny Huneker, who had waded ashore at Guadalcanal and Iwo Jima with a portable typewriter on his back, who had pounded out the story of the Battle of the Coral Sea from the deck of the Lexington and remained unscathed, was wounded now. And as he listened to the wind snap the taut canvas of his wagon and smelled the cold, clean, deadly smell of winter he felt instinctively that balm for his wound was near at hand.

But it was not until three weeks later, on the first day of January, that fall ceased and winter descended as sharply as a knife slash. One day it was a crisp, yellow, fall day, and the next it was twenty below with snow riding level, driven by a howling wind. The blizzard descended in the night, striking with a sudden blow that shook the wagon and set up a whistling shriek as it snapped around the corners and fluttered the canvas.

It awakened Johnny Huneker as if he had been sloshed with ice water. He jumped into his clothes, grabbed a flashlight, took his dog and stepped out into the driving snow. He was unprepared for the onslaught of the wind and it belted him to his knees. He held onto his light and rose, leaning into the wind. He raised the high collar of his coat and put down the flaps of his winter cap. His dog whined and clung close to him. The snow was suffocating when one faced the wind.

The sheep were already beginning to drift off the bed ground. Johnny ordered his dog out and around them. The dog whined and bellied toward Johnny in fearful supplication. Johnny snapped a curse at the dog and there was that in his voice more frightening than the storm, and the dog streaked into the night.

Johnny had barely awakened in time. Another few minutes and the sheep would have been off the bed ground, drifting before the wind until they hit a fence or piled up in a coulee to suffocate. The dog's bark came shrilly, faintly over the wind. Johnny shouted. The leaders were stopped by the dog and then dog and man turned them around the brow of the hill on which they had been bedded.

When they were out of the direct thrust of the wind, Johnny sent the dog around them again and tightened them into a compact mass. His dog came back to him panting and trembling, and Johnny petted the dog affectionately. Together, they patrolled clumsily back and forth, holding the sheep to the bed ground.

No terror of nature is more appalling than her blizzards on the high plains of the vast West. With unhampered distance in which to build up, a blizzard is a murderous rage of killing cold, hurricane wind and suffocating snow.

In two hours Johnny was an automaton moved by a will that was thoughtless. Finally, the wind decreased slightly in intensity, but the snow became thicker. In the small hours of the morning he dared to take five minutes to go to the wagon to get fresh batteries for his light, to warm his numb feet. He stepped back out into the storm, leaving his dog in the wagon. The snow was already so deep the dog had difficulty negotiating it.

All night he patrolled with his light, holding the sheep to the bed ground. His feet and hands and cheekbones pained, and for this he was thankful. It was when they ceased to pain that a man had better worry.

Once, after he had grown very weary, he wandered a few feet too far from the bedded sheep and his light could not find them. When he realized this, a stab of fear shot through him. He stood motionless, braced into the wind, listening. If he moved the wrong way there was all the world to get lost in—lost long enough to be frozen to death before he was found. He had once seen such a frozen body, a herder of his father's.

Suddenly, Johnny heard a sheep blat to his left. He leaped toward the sound before the wind could tear it away. When his feeble light struck the bedded sheep the flood of relief he felt embarrassed him. But now he was alert, even through his fatigue. He would not forget again.

When daylight finally came, the sheep were hemmed in by drifted snow. Their warm bodies and nervously moving feet had kept it trampled down in the hundred-yard circle they occupied. This circle was now a corral the walls of which were snow several feet high where it had drifted. It had been snowing for ten hours. What little distance of the earth he could see was covered in a thick mantle of white and the air remained chokingly filled with snow so that a man had to keep his face turned away from the wind.

He was tired with the fatigue that comes from the body's trying to maintain a living temperature against the frigid blast of the wind. The storm was not slackening. He knew he would need all the strength he could maintain, that he must get some sleep. The sheep would not leave the bed ground now, with the snow as deep as it was. He went to the wagon, set the alarm clock for four hours later, and fell exhausted on the bed.

When the alarm went off, he came awake as he came erect, putting on his coat and cap. His dog whined and Johnny petted him reassuringly. He stepped out into the storm and waded to the bed ground. The hemmed-in sheep were there, huddled and mute.

He went back to the wagon and cooked a meal. He and the dog ate together. The dog huddled close at his feet. Johnny did not like what he felt and what he knew the dog felt and what he had seen outside. This was no ordinary blizzard. He took

Continued on Overlap

Illustrated by Stan Galli

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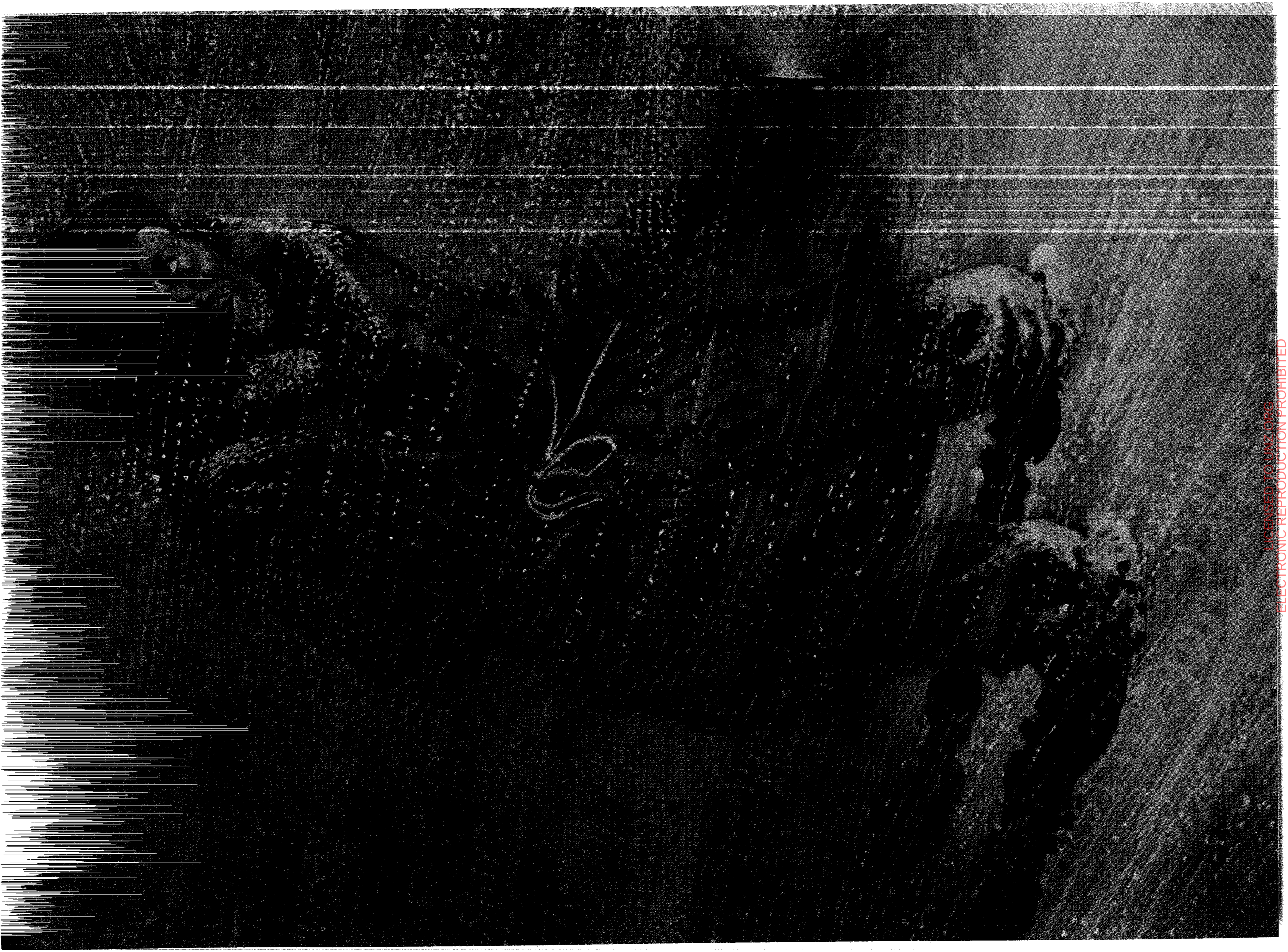

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A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS SECTION

a nap and when he awakened in the afternoon, gray night was already setting in. The snow and wind had not abated.

He went outside. The wind had piled snow to the top of his wagon. Snow was drifted solid beneath the wagon. He had extra coal and kindling piled beneath the wagon and a full hundred pounds of oats that had been left when he turned loose the horse he had used in the summer. He dug out the coal and kindling and piled them in the wagon. He carried the oats to the bed ground. He opened one corner of the bag and trailed out a thin line of oats among the sheep that came after him greedily, lapping up the grain as fast as it hit the ground. There were fifteen hundred head of ewes in the band. That was little more than an ounce per head, and the weak got none.

He went back to his wagon and dog, and the night settled. The wind came in soughing gusts, sounding like the rushing approach of naval shells in a steady barrage. He put the big, luminous-faced clock by his bed, banked the fire in his stove, blew out his lamp and went to bed. But for a long while he did not sleep. He knew that tomorrow, if the storm did not abate, he would have to do something. And whatever he did would be difficult and dangerous.

The next morning the water was frozen solid in his water bucket. The moisture exhaled by himself and his dog was frozen in beads of ice on the hickory hoops that supported the canvas top. He stripped naked, and the cold was an envelope of pain enclosing his body. He dressed in dry long woolen underwear, put on the heavy wool pants and shirt Burros had recently brought him, put on felt boots and his overshoes over these. He got out large, heavy mittens and an extra scarf to tie over his face.

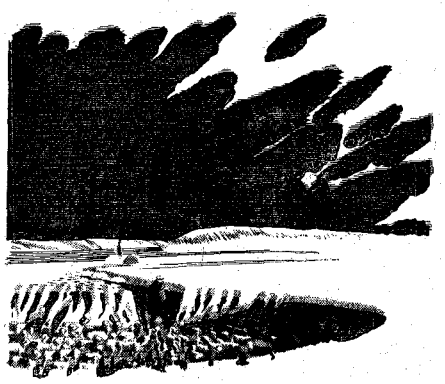
The fire in the stove had gone out and he tried to relight it, but the stove would not draw. He saw that the window near the top of the wagon in the back was covered with snow. He tried the door. It would not open. Very carefully he checked the door, hitting its frame with the heel of his hand, putting all his power behind it. He could feel weight against the door and knew that not only was it frozen shut but that there was snow banked against it. He suddenly understood why the stove wouldn't draw. The stovepipe was covered from above. He was buried.

He sat down on the floor and put his heels against the door frame and gave it short, heavy blows with all his strength. He cracked loose the frozen seal between the door and the jamb. He rose and kicked the door loose as high as he could. Then he put his shoulder against the criss-crossed frame that was covered with canvas and slowly forced it open. Snow fell inside the wagon. He could shove the door only a little more than a foot. Looking up, he saw daylight where the opening door had caused the top of the drift to fall in.

The only tool he had inside the wagon was the small, short shovel he used to take the ashes from the stove. He took this and eased himself out into the drift and closed the door behind him. He stood on the wagon tongue and burrowed his way through the drift. The snow above kept falling in on him and once such a weight of it came down that he nearly suffocated before he dug up to the air. Finally he came to the end of the drift. Turning back, he cleared a trench to his door. Working with the small shovel was maddening. It took him hours to open the trench that was twice as deep as he was tall. The wind constantly drifted snow back into the trench.

The snow was not falling as heavily as it had in the beginning, but the wind was blowing that which had already fallen so that the ground blizzard which swirled over the earth was as bad as that which had come out of the sky. There was some hope in this. The wind might blow the ridges bare and perhaps he could dig out a path and get the sheep onto the ridges to give them a bit to eat.

When he had plowed his way to the bed ground he saw a strange sight. The sheep had packed the snow as it had fallen until their hundred-yard circle was sunk far below the level of the surrounding snow. Where the wind whipped over the ridge above the bed ground there was a solid tongue of snow as thick and constant as white smoke trailing out of the smokestack of a fast-running locomotive.



The sheep had packed the snow until it was sunk below the surrounding drifts.

The sound of the sheep blatting penetrated even this wind.

He struggled through the wind up the ridge, hoping to find it bare, but so much snow had fallen that it seemed as deep on the ridge as it was on the level. He could see only a few yards into the swirl of the ground blizzard. There was no point in moving the sheep—even if he could—because there was no place they could get down to grass.

He considered starting for the ranch, ten miles away. He knew the direction from where he stood. But he knew that when he plunged into the ground blizzard he would be unable to keep his sense of direction. A man could wander forever in a single square mile.

He returned to the wagon. It took him another hour to clear the snow that had drifted into the trench. Then he made his way up onto the frame top of the wagon and cleaned the snow from the chimney. He climbed down and brought up a coffee can and crimped it over the chimney top, leaving air vents at the bottom of the can. He would try to keep the chimney hot enough to melt the snow as it drifted against the pipe.

It took another hour to get out of the stove the snow he had poked down the chimney. When he finally got a fire started and the heat began to penetrate the wagon's cold he found that he was more grateful for the heat than for anything he had ever felt. He put the bucket of ice on the stove, melted it, made coffee, cooked eggs and pancakes and bacon and ate heartily.

He fed his dog and washed and dried his few utensils. He reached the bucket out the door and filled it with snow and sat it on the stove to melt. At least he wouldn't have to carry water. He chuckled and the sound of his own voice was strange to him. He paused, curious as to how he really felt about the storm.

It was bad. It was so bad that it could get to be life or death quickly now. If the snow ceased and the wind ceased by tomorrow he could get to the ranch and probably get back with at least a small amount of feed for the sheep. If the wind and snow did not cease by tomorrow the weaker sheep would begin to freeze to death. For himself and the dog he had enough coal and food to last a week. He and the dog would be all right, for surely a blizzard as intense as this one would blow itself out before a week. But his job was to take care of this band of sheep. He didn't propose to let them perish.

By the time it was graying toward dark, he had cleared his trench three times. He lighted the lamp, worked with the stove until the fire was steady and strong.

His dog watched his every move and followed him in the confined space of the wagon. Johnny sat down and talked to the dog, petting him, and the dog put his muzzle on Johnny's knees and looked a question at this god he followed all day every day. What was Johnny going to do?

"You're asking the wrong guy," Johnny said to the dog.

When the clock said it was suppertime, Johnny cooked again and he and the dog ate. The dog curled in his place by the stove. Johnny sat by his lamp. He kept wondering if there was something he could do that he hadn't done. "Don't get impatient," he told himself. "You'll do something foolish." One foolish move was all it would take.

Finally, he went to bed. He fell asleep easily but awakened later. He lay a moment, puzzled at having been asleep and puzzled that he had awakened. Suddenly, he sat upright in bed. The wind had quit. The silence was frightening. He looked at the green hands on the clock. They pointed at a quarter after four.

He rose and moved in his stocking feet to the door. He looked out. The night was black in that strange, pale way when there is no light from star or moon, but when the earth is covered with snow. He rejoiced. The wind was truly still and no snow was falling. He went back to bed. It was eight-thirty before it was light enough to see. By then he had fed himself and the dog and cleaned up. He had dressed himself carefully, making sure his clothes were sealed to him at neck, wrists, waist and ankles so that, regardless of any movement of his body, the snow could not get beneath his clothes. A man could keep from freezing if he could stay dry. He stepped out into a world he did not recognize and walked toward the bed ground.

The sky was gray, the clouds solid, unmoving, threatening and low. The flowing lineaments of the earth were gone—as gone as a man's features and character beneath a winding sheet. The ravines not only were filled level; there was a layer of snow above the level. All that remained were the high ridges, the jutting points of the earth. Even these were so rounded with the heavy layer of snow, fifty to a hundred feet deep, that he could recognize no single point.

The complaining blatting of the sheep was weaker, but more insistent. Now was the time to act. He had to get feed to the sheep. How? He would go to the ranch and get it. How he would get it back was a decision he didn't have to make until he got there—if he got there.

He counted twelve dead sheep on the bed ground. Back in the wagon he put all the food scraps he had on the floor where the dog could reach them. The dog paid them no heed. His eyes followed Johnny and he whimpered. How wise was the instinct of this small, loyal creature. It already suspected that he was going to leave it. He had to. In the intense cold, the snow had not packed and crusted. The dog would sink out of sight. Johnny filled the stove with coal, turned the damper to make it burn slowly, petted the dog, holding it back, stepped outside and latched the door. The howling of the dog followed him.

He climbed the ridge above the bed ground and oriented himself. The ranch was due south of him. The ridge on which he stood ran south for a mile, then cut east. He would have to quit the ridge where it turned, cross a mile-wide valley and pick up another ridge that traveled three miles on toward the ranch. After that the country was flat except for one coulee. If he didn't remember a shallow place in that coulee, he'd be in snow over his head. The wind was not steady and he would be unable to count on it to verify his direction.

He would be all right if he got across the coulee before it started to snow. There was a line fence that came to a corner a mile past the coulee. Once he hit that fence he could find the road that led down a two-mile-long lane to the ranch house.

His dog was still howling, the sound coming easily over the blatting din of the sheep. He started through the knee-deep snow. It was heavy going. Before he had gone a half mile he had stepped three times into deep snow to his shoulders. He kept trying to remember the indentations of the land, but this was impossible. You knew where a draw was, or a rise, because you knew it was a little beyond and to one side of a boulder, or ridge, or bush. But the boulders and ridges and bushes were covered.

When he finally got to the turn in the ridge where he would have to find a way into the valley, he paused to rest. It was incredible how much energy it took to plow through the snow. While he rested,

When he felt the footing go he flung himself back.

a few isolated flakes began to drift maddeningly out of the gray.

He had to be careful now. Where the ridge sloped gently into the valley there were corrugations caused by the erosion of the land. Some were twenty feet deep. Mostly, their banks had become gentle and grass-grown, but the walls of some were vertical. If he stepped into one of these it would be his last step. One spring at the bottom of such a ravine he had found a perfectly preserved colt, frozen

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upright, where snow piling in from above had smothered it.

He was lucky. The wind had struck a lesser ridge that led from the big ridge he had traversed and had cleaned the snow until some of the taller grass showed. He followed this ridge into the valley and found that the average depth of snow there was just above his knees.

All the way across the valley, the single flakes of snow kept falling tauntingly. They seemed to say: *When we please we can cut off your vision and leave you floundering*. He caught himself fighting his way through the snow. He stopped and deliberately rested. A man could whip himself in a mile of this if he lost his nerve and tried to hurry.

When he was finally across the valley and standing in the snow on the next ridge, he reckoned it was at least noon. He felt the strain of the two miles he'd covered. But the worst was still ahead. And he had to get to the line fence before dark. He whipped his tired legs into action. His lungs hurt from breathing the air that was chilled to twenty below.

On this ridge, he lost his footing. He whirled around as he dropped, scrabbling frantically on hands and knees to go back up through the slanting tunnel his body was making. The snow closed over him. For an instant he thought he had hit one of the vertical ones. Then he got a purchase and clawed his way back up the sloping side of the ravine. When he burst out he was no longer tired and he wasn't frightened; he was angry. Angry with the rage of a man hurt so badly that fear was stripped from him.

He followed the ridge like a madman, but a calculating madman who wasted no energy. Three times more when he felt the footing go from beneath him he flung himself back before the nothingness below could claim him.

Where this ridge went into the flat five miles preceding the ranch he found grass protruding again and he went into the flats at a trot. The snow averaged knee-deep here and he slowed to a plunging walk. The day was graying perceptibly when he came to the place in the flats where he knew the deep coulee must be. But he did not know exactly where it was. Every breath in his throat and lungs was like acid in an open wound.

"To hell with it," he said, and plunged straight toward the fence, still two miles ahead, that he could not see. Suddenly, he saw a strange object ahead. It was the top of a pickup truck sticking out of the snow. He headed for it and found that he was in the shallower part of the coulee. The snow was chest-deep. Every inch cost incredible effort. When he got to the pickup he scooped snow away from the glass. It was empty except for snow that had blown through tiny cracks and crevices, filling the cab to the steering wheel. It was Burros' pickup and Johnny felt relieved that it was empty. How forlorn and alien and inadequate it looked, buried there.

He came out on the other side of the coulee. He made it to the fence and found the corner where the fence led down the lane toward the ranch. The last light had already faded.

He kept one hand touching the fence as he plodded through the seemingly pale, yet absolute blackness. Now that he was assured he would make it he became more aware of his condition. He had to steel himself against the pain of breathing. His feet ached to his ankles. His hands were numb. He felt the fence by the tugging of the barbs on his mitten.

When he finally saw a light, a strange reaction set in. His legs turned to rubber and his spirit flamed anew. He had won the first battle and, whatever lay ahead, he knew he would fight.

A dog barked from the house as he waded into the yard. The door of the house snapped open. In the light Johnny looked down a deep trench where Burros had dug a path out from his door through the snow that was drifted level with the roof of his house. At the end of the trench, framed in the light, Johnny saw the squat, heavy figure of Burros.

Burros called out, "Is anybody there?" His voice was unbelieving, yet hopeful.

"Huneker," called Johnny, and went down the trench to the porch.

He felt the incredulity in Burros before he could see his face. Burros stepped out and took his arm as he staggered on

the solid footing of the porch. Burros held his arm until they were inside.

Johnny, completely spent, sagged onto a straight-backed chair by the door. How queer it felt to be sitting down. He looked around the room, seeing the well-used furniture, the mounted panther Burros had roped when he was a young man.

He grinned up at Burros. The last time he had seen Burros, Burros had studied him covertly, because when Burros had hired him Burros had not expected him to last. But at that time Johnny had already lasted seven months and he showed no signs of weakening and the lambs were in good shape, proving that their herder knew his business.

Burros was a thick-bodied man with short, powerful legs. The gray in his hair did not show unless one looked closely. The power still in his body made it difficult to realize that he was over sixty.

Burros looked at Johnny and called to his wife, "Martha, bring some whisky and coffee."

His wife came from the kitchen. She had heard the dog bark, but had not believed it possible anyone could be coming. She was short and heavy like Burros, with ankles as trim and graceful as a Thoroughbred's. Her hair was white, but her face was unwrinkled and expressive. When she saw Johnny an involuntary exclamation escaped her. The clear water from Johnny's nostrils and the moisture from his breathing had frozen into a solid bulk of ice in his mustache and around his mouth into his beard. His nose was fiery red, his cheekbones black-hued. The snow that had worked into the fabric of his clothing and cap was beginning to glisten now in the warm room. The mitten on his left hand with which he had guided himself down the fence was ripped to shreds, and so was the hand.

Johnny followed her gaze to his hand and looked at it dumbly. The coagulated blood was frozen. He realized that, for the last part of the distance, he had been running his bare hand down the barbed wire without feeling the tearing of the barbs.

Johnny looked up and chuckled inanely.

"Oh," she said. "Oh, my goodness." It was the concern in her voice that gave meaning to her words. She turned back into the kitchen and the sounds of her speaking unknowingly aloud mingled with the clink of a bottle and coffee pouring into a cup.

Johnny heard a radio in the next room. He couldn't seem to hear it distinctly and when he deliberately strained to listen, his hearing wouldn't focus.

Burros looked at Johnny's hand and cursed. He walked toward a medicine chest on the wall. "When did you leave?" he asked over his shoulder. He knew what those ten miles had cost.

"As soon as it was light," said Johnny slowly. "About eight-thirty, I guess."

"Were you able to save any?" Burros was referring to the sheep.

"Saved them all," said Johnny. "But there was a dozen frozen this morning. There'll be more by now."

"How'd you manage it?"

"I woke in time to turn them. The dog and I stayed with them all night and held them."

Burros returned with the iodine and bandage. He looked at Johnny in a new way as he went to work on the hand. Johnny didn't feel the iodine.

Burros' wife came with a small water glass a quarter full of whisky, and a steaming mug of black coffee. Johnny, moving clumsily, using his right hand, had got a handkerchief from beneath his outer clothing and was wiping at the melting moisture from his nose and mouth.

The whisky went down like liquid fire and exploded into instant warmth in his stomach. It went down his legs to his toes and out his arms to his finger tips. His left hand began to burn and throb. He raised the coffee mug to his lips.

"Slow," said Burros. "It's red-hot."

Johnny's lips began to feel the hot mug and suddenly he could smell the coffee. He felt very good; spent but fit.

Burros turned to his wife. "He saved the whole band," he said.

She shook her head mutely.

"Garnet lost his band," said Burros. "I don't know anything about Fernandez." These were his two other herders.

For the first time, Johnny heard fear in Burros' voice, not for his sheep, which were his fortune, but for his men. Johnny looked up at him, questioning how he knew Garnet had lost his band.

"The storm woke me," said Burros. "I drove out the lane in the pickup and started across the flats. The snow was already drifting in the coulee, but I tried it like a fool and got stuck. I fought it for three hours, but never came close to breakin' through. There was nothing for it but to hike back. I heard sheep blatting, coming with that northwest wind. I had a good light and old Shep was with me. We managed to turn them into the lane. They're here in the corrals. I figured they'd be all we'd save out of the three bands."

"You're sure they're Garnet's?"

"Yeah, we marked his with red paint." Burros paused a moment, shaking his head. He acted as if there was something he wished to say, but didn't say it.

"How far west of me was Fernandez?" asked Johnny.

"Six or seven miles, I guess."

"If Fernandez's sheep did get away from him, wouldn't they have hit the line fence and drifted to the lane?" asked Johnny.

"They might. Or they might have been above the west corner and drifted for forty miles."

"How many did you save of Garnet's?" asked Johnny.

"A thousand. There's five hundred dead ones somewhere out there."

They were silent, their thoughts with the two men somewhere out in the storm. There was nothing they could do.

"I got through to town once before the telephone lines went down," said Burros. "They were cleaning the roads then with snowplows. But since then we've heard on the radio that the drifts stopped all the ordinary plows. Nothing will move it but the big rotaries or big belt tractors with dozers. They're sending out convoys of feed behind bulldozers. We're getting information about them on the radio."

"This must cover—a lot of country if—the radio is doing that," said Johnny slowly. It was strange, but he couldn't talk clearly.

"Three states," said Burros. "I got hold of Hays. You know, Hays; next ranch over. He and his brother have the tractor agency in town. He's coming on one of them to his place. I told him to put a driver on another one and get it here to me."

"You buying it?" mumbled Johnny incredulously.

"Right," snapped Burros.

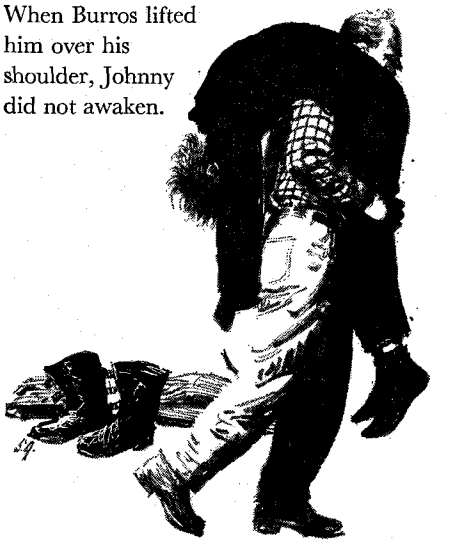
Johnny thrilled through his fatigue. Such a piece of machinery cost many thousands of dollars. It might take Burros years to pay for it if it didn't get here in time to save most of his sheep. That hadn't entered Burros' mind. This was a fight.

Burros had finished bandaging Johnny's hand. Johnny bent down to unbuckle his overshoes and fell sprawling on the floor. Instantly, Burros was down beside him.

"I'm all right," said Johnny, getting to his knees. "That whisky must—hit me."

The whisky hadn't hit him. His suddenly relaxed muscles hadn't reflexed to hold him. His breathing wouldn't coordinate with his vocal mechanism. He was more weary than he knew.

Burros almost lifted him bodily onto the chair. Burros got down on his knees and unbuckled the overshoes. Then he



When Burros lifted him over his shoulder, Johnny did not awaken.

helped Johnny out of the heavy outer garments. Johnny's left hand was useless, mummified under the bandage. Burros turned to his wife, who had been watching silently. "Martha, fill some hot-water bottles and put them in the bed in the room off the kitchen."

"Wanta talka bit yet," mumbled Johnny. He pulled his sagging head up and tried savagely to shake it. It only wagged clumsily. "Can' was'e daylight tomorr'. Figger tonight—we're gonna do."

"You're going to bed," said Burros.

"One sack oats'n four days," muttered Johnny. "Gotta get hay." His head fell forward.

Burros was remembering the time he had hired this man. He had needed a herder and was on the way to town to see if he could find one when he saw Johnny walking along the graveled county road. Johnny was far from any town. There was a strange, dogged purpose in his stride. Burros stopped and asked Johnny where

Continued on Next Page

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A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS SECTION

he was going. Johnny had told him he was stopping at each ranch, asking for a job herding sheep. He didn't look like a sheepherder to Burros. He didn't look like anybody Burros had ever seen—thin, with haunted eyes and educated speech. Burros had marked him as a man running from something.

Now Johnny was asleep. When Burros lifted him over his shoulder with one grunt of strain, Johnny did not awaken. His wallet fell from his shirt pocket. After Burros had put Johnny to bed he came and picked up the wallet. A newspaper clipping fluttered to the floor. It was from a gossip column in a New York newspaper.

Perhaps the old saying "what goes up must come down" should be changed to: "what comes out of the west returns to the west." Fourteen years ago a young man from a small-town, Wyoming newspaper came to New York, talked himself into a job as correspondent and proceeded to teach our big-city scribes how a war should be reported. He returned from the Pacific with enough laurels to win for himself a position on our biggest news mag and a lovely, red-haired model. Recently, we read he had lost the position. Now we see, by the divorce column, he has lost the model and their two sons. When questioned, she would only say: "John Barleycorn." Speaking of Johns, does that name ring a bell? He was last seen heading west via the thumb. On second thought, "what goes up must come down" seems appropriate.

Burros sat at the table and read the clipping again.

When Burros awakened Johnny the following morning, the first thing Johnny was aware of was the pain in his hand and chest and a deeper pain in his consciousness. His hand was stiff and useless, his chest ached and his lungs felt as if they were raw. He lay not wanting to move. But the other thing stirred inside him. A strange, deep, all-consuming resentment began to smolder. It was bigger than a mere resentment against the ache and fatigue of his body, and bigger too than a recurrence of the rage that had struck him yesterday when the ravines had threatened him. It was a vast, unnamable dissatisfaction for which he could find no name, but which was an unendurable goad. He came out of bed with one burst of movement and found himself in a savage temper.

He dressed and went out to the kitchen, washing clumsily with one hand in a basin by the stove. The aching stiffness began to work out of him as he moved. He and Burros sat at the table. Burros' wife flitted about, serving them. It was still black outside.

"I don't hear the wind," said Johnny.

Burros looked up at him, then back down at his plate.

"It blew all night," said Martha Burros, "but it's quit now."

"Maybe it's over," said Burros. "God knows I hope so." He shook his head as he ate. "I wish I knew the others are all right. I'm pretty sure of Fernandez. But Garnet ——"

It was strange to hear Burros start a conversation. He had always been silent and short-spoken. "The old fool," said Burros absently. "I hope he didn't try anything foolish."

"Why should he?" asked Johnny.

Burros didn't answer immediately. Finally he said, "I had to work him over the other day. I'm afraid I scared him."

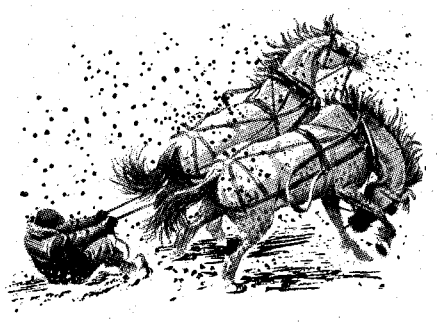
"What did he do?" asked Johnny.

"He had his band over by the county road a week ago. He stopped one of the Hays hands on the way to town and asked him to bring back some whisky. The tramp was fool enough to do it. Garnet stayed drunk for two days. I never would of known it, but for the sheep he lost. I ran into several bunches as I was moving Fernandez's wagon. As soon's I had Fernandez moved, I went back and took the sheep to Garnet's bed ground. He had the rest of them there. He was out cold in his wagon. He's worked for me fifteen year. I was pretty rough on him. Told him if he ever lost another sheep I'd fire him." Burros chewed quietly. "This is sort of home to 'im," he added sadly. "I'm afraid he might of panicked the other night if he didn't wake up in time and found his sheep gone. He might of started out after 'em."

"No man in his right mind would have gone after sheep that night," said Johnny.

"His mind's been goin'," said Burros. "You can't drink like he does at his age and stay sane."

"It doesn't matter about Garnet," said Johnny suddenly. "It's too bad you had to lose the sheep."



They reared in terror, sensing something never before demanded of them.

Burros stopped a bite halfway to his mouth and again looked at Johnny, displeased. He said nothing.

"If a man chooses to live as Garnet did, he'll have to die as Garnet has," said Johnny. The thing was stirring unbearable in him.

"Maybe he ain't dead," said Burros. And he was backing away from the stirring in Johnny.

Johnny felt a sudden intuitive certainty that Garnet was dead. "He was an old man who'd lived out his life," he said. "He was useless."

"He was a good herder."

"Good herders don't get drunk and lose sheep," replied Johnny.

Burros' face was bent over his plate. He looked up beneath his shaggy brows studying Johnny intently. He said nothing.

"We make too many excuses for men," said Johnny.

Martha Burros had gone into the living room and turned up the radio. A tired-voiced radio announcer was saying, "*Clem Atkinson, if you're listening, your wife and children got to town all right. They're at her mother's.*" The personal tone of the message sounded startling, coming over the always glib and impersonal radio. Johnny realized it was this he had heard last night, though he had been unable to understand then. The announcer spoke of convoys of feed that were moving behind bulldozers. He gave their location, their destination, and the route they would take. Burros rose quickly and went in to the radio. Johnny remained at the table, eating.

When Burros returned, Johnny asked: "What did you learn?"

Burros shook his head. "The convoy coming this way don't expect to get to our county road before mid-afternoon. That means it'll be midnight before they get here—if they don't have any bad luck."

"The work horses are up, aren't they?"

"They're in the barn," said Burros. "Why?"

"I'm going to take some hay to my band of sheep."

"You are like hell," said Burros. "You're going to stay right here and wait for that dozer."

"Today makes the fifth day they've had no feed," said Johnny. "They're going to be so weak in another day or two it won't matter if you get to them with all the hay you've got."

"You wouldn't get past the coulee where my pickup is," said Burros.

"Maybe," said Johnny, "but I'm going to try."

"There's prob'ly one man dead out there now," said Burros grimly. "Maybe two. I don't want it three."

"They're old men," said Johnny Huneker and he was looking Burros in the eyes.

Burros again felt the resistance in Johnny and the mean stirring. "I've fought this country fifty year. I know what's possible and what's not."

Johnny Huneker looked through the arch into the living room at the mounted panther that had all the hair scraped off one side. "I've heard tales about you, Burros. How you were when you were young. How you ran across that panther out on the prairie where you had running room for your horse, how you roped it just for the hell of it and then had to outrun it for two miles before you could get it down and drag it to death. Or how you'd put a month's wages on the turn of a card. How you'd clean out a bar room every now and then. That's the sort of thing that's going to whip this storm. This is not a storm for old men, Burros; this is a young man's storm."

"I ain't sending no man where I wouldn't go myself," growled Burros.

"You're not sending me," said Johnny. "It's just that you can't stop me."

"They're not your sheep," said Burros.

"It's my storm, though," said Johnny.

Martha Burros had turned off the radio and returned to the kitchen. She had paused and listened to the men.

Burros spoke. "How bad were the ridges when you came yesterday?"

"Knee deep," said Johnny. "But I figure that wind last night may have cleared them some."

"You couldn't take much," said Burros.

"I figure ten bales and a few sacks of corn," Johnny said calmly.

"That would help," said Burros.

"It would hold them until you got there with a truckload."

Then Burros backed out. "No. There's no need in killing yourself. This storm may be broke. If it is, we'll still save most of 'em."

Johnny turned to Martha Burros. "I heard a weather report just before you came in. What did it say?"

She looked at her husband. "It's supposed to begin snowing any time. They can't see the end of it yet."

There was silence.

"Let's go get the team hitched up," said Johnny. "We can load the wagon by lantern. I want to be ready when it's light."

"You heard what she said," said Burros. "It'll start again any time."

"I heard," said Johnny. He rose and began to put on his outer clothing.

Burros watched him with a strange gleam in his eyes. "It ain't really to save the sheep you're doin' this," he said.

Johnny thought about this while he buckled his overshoes with his right hand. "If they weren't starving, I wouldn't have any reason to go," he said.

"You're tryin' to finish somethin' you started when you come out here last spring," said Burros.

"You hired me to take care of those sheep," said Johnny. "I'm going to take care of them."

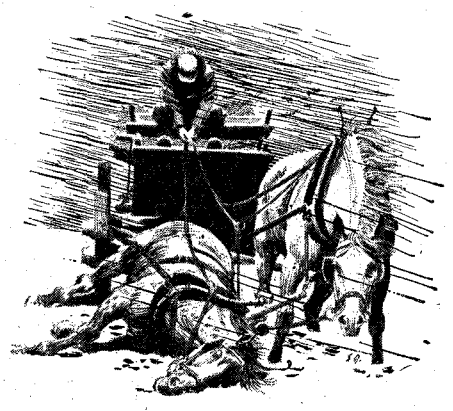
Burros suddenly seemed satisfied of something. He rose without saying more and began to dress.

As they were getting ready to go out, Martha Burros said to Johnny, "I'll have a lunch and some vacuum bottles of coffee for you."

Johnny thanked her, smiling.

He and Burros took a lantern and headed for the barn. The thermometer on the outside of the house registered forty below. In the still cold the sound of their steps crunching in the snow was loud. They could hear clearly the small occasional sounds of the horses in the barn. And the air they breathed was burning and jagged-solid with cold.

They had to blow on the bits and hold them under their armpits to take the frost off them. Otherwise the bits would have taken the skin off the horses'



Two hundred yards from the bed ground, the right horse went down.

tongues and mouths like a hot iron. They got the horses harnessed and drove them out of the barn to the wagon. It was a very old wagon, still sturdy, built in the days when a wagon was the only method of hauling, built by men who understood such conditions as now prevailed. Its axles were high off the ground and Johnny reckoned that except for a few places such as the coulee, the axles would not drag.

"You're gonna need two hands fer the reins," said Burros, as he watched Johnny paw clumsily at the snap on a tug with his mummified left hand.

"We'll tie the left rein to my wrist," said Johnny.

"It's foolish to tie yourself hard and fast to these horses."

"It's foolish to rope panthers too."

When the team was hitched to the wagon, Burros drove the wagon to the grain-room door and they put five sacks of corn on the bottom of the narrow wagon. They took hay hooks and drove to the great stack of baled hay in the ranch yard. They loaded ten bales. The bales nestled snugly in the high-sided wagon and did not have to be lashed down.

Johnny looked over the meager load. "It isn't much," he said ruefully.

"It's enough," said Burros heavily. He was thinking of the ten miles through which the horses would have to pull the wagon.

"Yeah . . . better to get there with this than not to get there with more."

"You ain't likely to get there even with this," said Burros and climbed up on the wagon and drove toward the house. Johnny walked alongside. At the door Johnny climbed up on the wagon seat

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and Burros started to tie the left rein to Johnny's wrist. "You want to come in and have another cup of coffee?"

"I guess not," Johnny said.

Burros tied the rein and got down. Martha Burros came to the door with the lunch she had promised and Burros put it under the spring seat on which Johnny sat. Dawn was just breaking behind them. "This is a good team," he said. "They're snow-wise. Don't hurry them when it's deep. They know how to trample it down and break a trail. You got any ideas for the coulee?"

"Thought I'd unhook them and put them through without the wagon—to break a trail, then hook up and go through."

Burros nodded. He had thought the same thing. "If you get through the coulee without using up the horses, you've got a chance. If you think they haven't got enough left after the coulee, turn around and come back."

Johnny didn't answer that. He said, "When you get that dozer out here, go to Fernandez. His sheep will need the feed the worst."

"All right," said Burros. "But we won't stop 'til we get feed to yours too."

"If you've got room," said Johnny, "bring some coal and food for me and the dog."

"I will," said Burros.

"See you in a few days," said Johnny, and he cracked the lines gently across the rumps of the team.

The two big powerful horses leaned into their collars and started the wagon down the lane.

Johnny Huneker sat straight and easy and relaxed on his swaying seat. Never in his life had he felt the way he felt now. He knew as well as Burros what was before him. He had never been as calm as he was now and never as alive.

He felt out the team and paid careful attention to their effort. His whole awareness was on the lines through which he felt them. Before he had gone halfway out the lane he had adjusted himself to the horses. It was as if the effort they made were his own effort and he kept them using just enough of their strength to keep the wagon moving smoothly. There was an old saying that a horse was like a wine skin. You could squeeze a small stream from a wine skin for a long time, but if you opened it up its contents were quickly exhausted. Racehorse men said a running horse had one wide-open quarter mile. You could use it whenever you pleased, but you had to remember that once you had used it you didn't have it to use again. A horse was a thing of muscle and bone and courage, just like a man. Johnny Huneker kept this foremost in his consciousness.

He recalled that the snow in the lane last night had been approximately the same depth as on the flats on the other side of the coulee. He looked back in the gray light and saw that his axles were clearing. This might be easier than Burros thought. He looked at the sky that was solid gray and low. Soon it would begin to snow, but if the wind didn't blow—the slashing, blinding, bludgeoning wind—he believed he could keep from getting lost, even if the snow fell thickly.

He made the two miles out the lane in good time. As he left the fence behind and headed for the coulee it began softly to snow. It was so cold the snow remained as dry and light as powder and the slightest movement of wind kicked it into swirling clouds. He stood up in the wagon to look all around. No landmarks were visible. If he got across the coulee and hit the first ridge he would have more than half the battle won. As he stood, he realized that his body was partially numb. The inactivity in the intense cold was going to be more dangerous than yesterday when he had been constantly moving. He opened one vacuum bottle and drank the coffee. It was barely warm. It had been smoking-hot an hour and a half ago when he had left.

He came to the coulee at the spot where Burros' pickup was buried. This was the first test. He really didn't know whether the horses could do it. He stopped the team and stepped down from the wagon. Every movement was an effort because of his heavy clothing and his body fighting the cold. Working carefully with his right hand, he unsnapped the team from the wagon and stepped behind them.

"All right, boys," he clucked to them softly. "Giddap."

The horses moved obediently forward into the coulee until the snow was chest deep; then both stopped as one and turned their heads back as if they were questioning if he knew what he was doing. He clucked to them and gently laid the reins on them. They moved a few steps and stopped again. Instantly, his voice cracked out like a pistol shot and he whaled them with the reins. They lunged forward and he cracked them again. They raised their forequarters and pawed the snow back, packing it beneath them. Vapor poured from their nostrils as the effort began to heat them up. It was an endless, costly process, but there was progress.

He gauged constantly what were the minimum speed and effort with which they could continue to work, holding them to this pace, clucking to them when they tried to turn back.

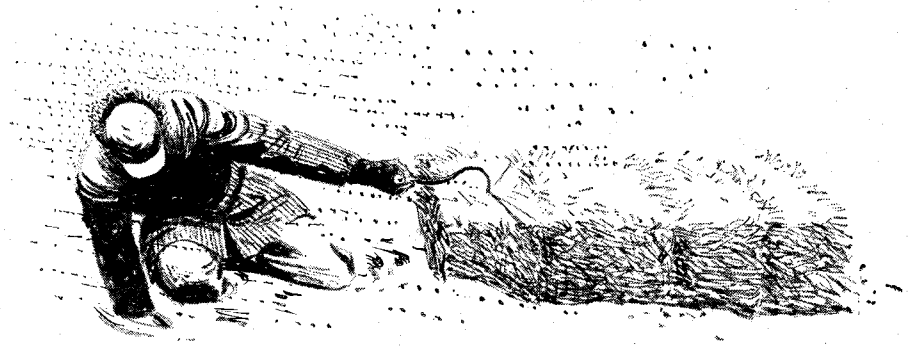
In the center of the coulee, without warning, they suddenly panicked. Both horses turned inward as one and tried to come back through the harness. He hit them in the face with the reins and cursed them and turned them back in lunging terror. Now he worked them faster, not giving them an opportunity to panic, not daring to give them a breather, feeling the terrific cost of their effort, but having no other choice. The sound of their grunting and the whistle of their breathing was far more telling than the vision of their knotting, writhing muscles.

When they finally began to reach the shallow snow on the other side of the coulee, they lunged wildly toward what seemed like safety to them. The rein tied to Johnny's wrist jerked him down. If they had had clear ground on which to run they would have dragged him to death. He hunkered down, making himself a heavy ball and hit them cruelly in the mouth with the bits. They sat down on their haunches and he came to his feet, spitting snow. They reared and pawed as they sensed something in this task different from any demanded before of them.

When he had calmed them he let them stand and blow. Their sides were heaving, the breath whistling through their flared nostrils, the whites showing in their widely opened eyes, ears flicking nervously. He allowed them only enough time for their breathing to become regular and turned them and sent them back. This trip was slightly easier, as it was alongside the swath they had already made. But when he stopped them on the other side of the coulee, by the wagon, he had used up that big surge the race-horse men spoke of. The wineskin was half empty.

He stood them in front of the wagon and while they rested he hitched them up again. He climbed to the seat and looked grimly at the swath they had trampled through the fifteen-yard-wide coulee. The swath went alongside Burros' pickup, and the snow they had packed was over two feet deep. The narrow wheels of the wagon would cut down through this and the axles were going to drag in the packed snow. But if he couldn't keep them moving, if they ever stopped, they were through. He shrugged. If they could do it, they would. If they couldn't, he would have done his best. He sent them forward.

As the narrow wheels cut down into the packed snow and first the axles and then the box began to drag, he put his whole will into his voice and sent his will through the reins. The game horses hit their collars and fought. They went halfway through before he felt them begin to slow, and then suddenly he sensed them giving up as the thousand pounds of feed became a dead, dragging weight. He



Finally he got down on all fours, hunkering forward and jerking the bale.

stood up and hit them with everything he had and his voice was a terrifying goad.

Again they went into the collars in fear and he used fear to send them on until they stood heads down and panting on the flats on the other side. He walked up to them and petted them on the necks and crooned to them. But while he was with them, the falling snow came more thickly and he went back to the wagon and climbed up and sent them on.

He could hear Burros saying; "Turn back if you've used too much of them." But he wasn't turning back. It had cost at least an hour to make the fifteen yards of the coulee and he doubted if they could make it back through.

The flats remained as deep as they had been yesterday. He handled the horses carefully, conserving their strength for the ridges ahead. If the wind last night had cleared the ridges enough for the tall grass to show through he would be able to find the shallow places in the snow. If, on the other hand, the wind in its capriciousness had piled more snow on the ridges, he knew they would not make it.

He had never before seen it snow when it was this cold. His arms that held the reins felt like lead. The ragged ache in his lungs was worsening. He no longer felt his nose and cheekbones. He lost track of time. He opened the other bottle of coffee. The coffee was cold. He drank it for the energy of the sugar Martha Burros had put in it. He kicked his feet against the front of the wagon to keep the blood circulating.

His visibility was cut down by the snow until the whole world seemed no more than the three or four hundred yards' distance he could see. There was almost no noise and what noise there was came from the wagon and the horses, and seemed muffled and unreal. It was maddening not to be able to check his direction. A voice inside kept saying: *Maybe you're circling, maybe you're circling, maybe you're wandering aimlessly.* Surely enough time had passed so that he should be approaching the first ridge. He felt a paralyzing helplessness.

Then, as suddenly and softly as it had begun, the snow let up. Far out to his right he saw the upslope of the ridge. He felt an immense undirected gratitude. If the snow had not quit, he would have missed the ridge and he and the horses would have plodded on into forty miles of nothingness and surely would have perished. He turned the horses toward the ridge.

His luck held good. The wind last night had swept the ridge almost bare. The horses' heads were no longer high. But they pulled steadily, though sullenly. The smallest effort now cost them heavily.

He wound along the ridge, dodging the ravines, following a trail of tall grass tops protruding through the snow. It remained comparatively clear all the way to the mile-wide valley that separated him from the last ridge a mile along which was his band of sheep.

When he came to this valley he found that the snow cleared from the ridge by the wind had been blown into this valley. It was so deep that his axles dragged. He reckoned the day was well into the afternoon.

He forced the horses into the valley and his heart went out to them as they leaned valiantly into their collars and pulled. But slowly, slowly their progress decreased. He didn't hurry them. He used all the skill he knew to conserve them. But there was really no conserving them now. It took all they had just to move the wagon. In the center of the valley they stopped. Their heads were beginning to hang and their breathing had a gasp in it—no longer steady and even. Time. Time. He was running out of time.

Fighting his impatience, he let them rest. Again, without warning, it began to snow. He cursed and urged the horses forward. They shrugged listlessly against the collars and would not pull. Hating himself, he lashed them with reins and voice. Slowly, as if they no longer knew what they were doing, they responded and the wagon creaked forward.

They made it to the last ridge and it, too, was blown almost clear. But the horses were finished. They would pull a short distance and stop. He would let them rest and then whip them on. The light was beginning to dim. It was a change so imperceptible that one felt it more than one saw it. It was maddening to have got this close and see the horses failing. He could never move the feed, even piecemeal, the remaining mile along the ridge.

A few yards at a time he urged them on. His whole awareness was on the waning light and the waning strength of the horses. They traversed half the ridge. He fumbled a sandwich out of the package of lunch, realizing now that he was going to have to finish this alone, knowing he would need all the energy he could muster, knowing that soon he would have no opportunity to eat. The sandwich was frozen and as tough as rubber. He forced it down in half-chewed chunks.

There was no way he could hurry the horses. He already knew he was going to kill them. But it was two horses against a band of sheep. He felt bitter tears behind his eyes. They were pulling their hearts out only because he asked it, using themselves to their deaths, and he had no choice but to urge them on.

Continued on Next Page

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A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS SECTION

Two hundred yards from the bed ground the right horse suddenly went down. He didn't fall. His front legs buckled. He sank down as the undercut bank of a stream crumbles and caves in. His head extended out to the end of his neck and his breath came with faint, slowly decreasing jerks. The left horse stopped with his muzzle touching the snow.

Johnny sat for a minute, gathering his own resources. He untied the rein from his left wrist. Clumsily, he climbed down from the wagon and fell flat in the snow. His feet were numb stumps; he felt the jar of each step just below the knee. He

He was delirious, lying face down in the wagon.

couldn't feel the snow strike his face. He realized that there was very little he could feel. Not his clothes touching his body, nor the movement of his body. He knew that he moved, because he saw himself move.

It occurred to him that he could walk to his sheep wagon. But if he did, it would be tomorrow before he could come back and start dragging the feed to the sheep. He had asked everything from the horses. Now he would require as much from himself.

He dropped the tailgate of the wagon, struck a hook into a bale of hay and dragged it free. He dragged it around to the horse still on its feet and started to break it open. The horse slowly settled on its belly. Johnny pulled out a handful of hay and placed it against the horse's mouth. It did not know the hay was there. Its head sank, extended like the other's and Johnny watched it breathe its last.

He was beyond feeling. He took a new grip on the hay hook with his mittened right hand and began the endless two hundred yards to the bed ground. There was the one burning demand inside him to get the feed to the sheep.

He slipped and went down several times, but he finally made it to the place on the ridge above the bed ground. He sat down on the bale of hay to get his wind. All he could feel was the bump-bump of his heart and the searing gash of pain down his windpipe into his lungs.

The sheep stood or lay mutely in their walled-in bed ground, barely discernible through the gauzy veil of the falling snow. He could not tell how many sheep were dead. He stood and gave the bale a shove and it tumbled down the slope of the ridge the fifty feet into the bed ground. He went sprawling and sliding after it. The sheep had gone into frantic action, crowding around the bale of hay, tearing at it as a carnivorous animal tears at the meat of its prey. There were perhaps forty bodies that did not move.

He fought his way through them to the bale, twisted the hook in the wires to break them and tried to scatter the hay. Every leaf and stem was eaten as fast as it hit the ground. What landed on the snowed-solid backs of the sheep was nibbled off by their neighbors and they ate away patches of wool without knowing. He did not get much of a scatter on the hay, but he did the best he could.

He turned doggedly and tried to climb back up toward the top of the ridge. He lifted one leg at a time and tried to thrust himself upward, but he slipped and fell before the other leg would come up and catch and hold. *You better go to your wagon*, a voice within him said clearly. *Get the hay*, the other voice muttered fiercely. He got to his hands and knees and crawled up to the top of the ridge.

Plodding a zigzag, crazy line, he headed for the wagon that he could not see in the falling snow and dying light. The horses were covered with snow, the warmth already gone from them, limbs rigid, eyes frozen. He went past them and sank his hook into another bale. It took him several minutes to drag it off the wagon. When it came free, he fell and the bale landed on top of him.

All that was left in him of the terrible stirring of the morning was a weird, illogical anger. It welled up in him and focused on the bale of hay. He got to his feet, cursing the bale as if it were a living antagonist, plunged the hook into it again and started for the bed ground. He kept slipping and falling. Finally, he got down on all fours, hunkering forward and jerking the bale, hunkering forward and jerking the bale. The time came when the bale did not move when he jerked.

He lay panting. Suddenly, the voice within him shouted frantically: *Get up! Get up, you fool!* His mind sent the command to his limbs, but his limbs did not respond. As he lay quietly with the snow, that had quickly covered the horses, beginning to cover him, the only pain left, the one in his lungs, slowly faded and he grew comfortable. A peculiar warmth stole over him, the kind of warmth a man sometimes remembers from his early childhood when all is well. Some training out of the past took cognizance of this and said: *You fool, you're freezing to death.* But it said it gaily. For, after all, a man had to die, didn't he? Why put it off any longer when the worst was over? This was really quite a nice way of doing it.

Suddenly, the deep curtain of snow before his eyes began to swirl and a room materialized. It was his office. Cornel, his editor and friend, stood across the desk from him. Cornel leaned forward and his open palm cracked against Johnny's face. His voice was calm, impersonal.

"Sober up, Huneker, long enough to hear what I've got to say. I've rewritten your stuff the last time. I thought you'd finally straighten up. You won't. Clean out your desk. I'll have your month's advance in the front office." He turned to leave and saw the framed news clippings on the wall. He stopped and looked at each one. Coral Sea. Guadalcanal. Iwo Jima. Japanese Surrender. Beneath the clippings was a framed picture of a beautiful woman and two boys. Beneath the picture was a marine citation. Cornel turned and looked at Johnny sadly. "What more did you want?" he asked. "What are you looking for, Johnny?"

Then the snow swirled and Johnny was standing swaying in the doorway of their apartment. Laura was sitting on the big leather suitcase, wearing a white linen suit, her hair like ocher taffy hanging to her shoulders, her face set, the tears used up long ago, the two boys standing on either side of her, dressed in their suits.

"We're leaving," she said. "All the way this time. I'm getting a divorce. Jack Bridges says I can go back to work."

Each boy had a hand on his mother's arm as if for the warmth of the contact. They were not looking at him.

"I'm sorry you've come in now," she said. "We would've been gone in another minute. I would have preferred the boys not to witness this." She had nothing left except cold calm. "Maybe it's better this way. Don't try to see us. Take this opportunity to do something about yourself. It's getting late for you, Johnny." She rose and walked past him, her slim, strong body leaned against the weight of the bag. In the hall, she stopped indecisively and turned. "I wish I knew what it is you want, Johnny." And then she and his sons were gone.

What do you want? the voice within him asked. And because the answer was here, he knew for the first time. This, this that was happening now, death was what he wanted.

He remembered the fear on the eve of battle. Fear that pulled your stomach into a knotted lump, loosened your bowels and shot the adrenaline through you, making everything you did light and effortless. Fear preparing your body to fly from death. And you and all the others using the preparation instead to approach death. Was that the ecstasy? He remembered the landing barges circling just outside the surf, the deck under you rising and falling like calliope horses, the mortar shells screaming in, hurting your eardrums when they exploded, shaking your barge with one vicious tremor, the geysers not spraying you; but dumping heavy buckets of water on you, your fear climaxing until you expected to hear yourself screaming and you wanted to leap erect and vault overboard as if you could sprint across the surface of the sea.

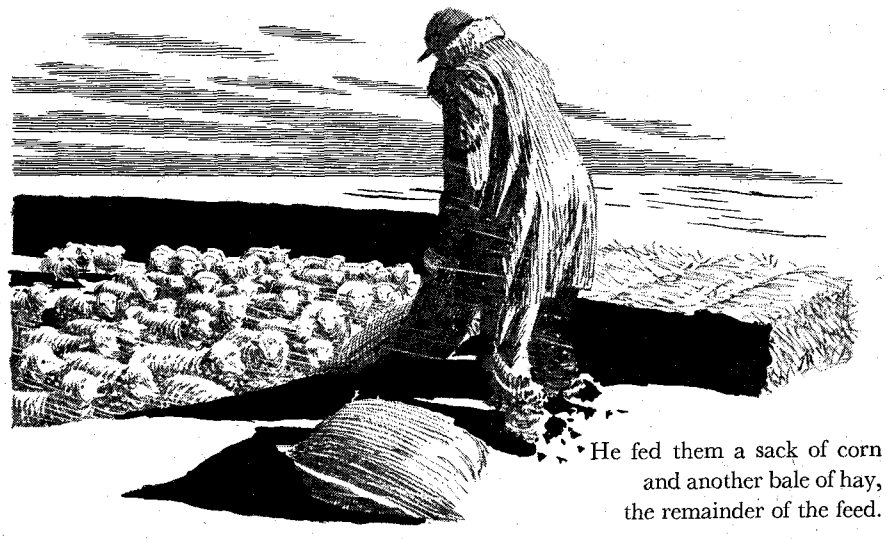
Then the barges starting into the surf and the moment has arrived and you wait for your fear to reduce you into a whining, pleading insanity and there is one terrifying instant where you hang in the balance and then, as always, you are icy calm and when the barge scrapes bottom and the ramp falls, you and all the others move as you can only move in this moment, move as if gripped in a dream, every move right, it being, in this moment, completely immaterial whether you live or die. And it lasts an hour or a day, or whatever it has to last; you have taken the beach or been thrown back, but the time is finished. You are momentarily safe.

All that you had during the time of danger is gone. The fear that had been held at bay comes back and you are a mass of shattered nerves and you say "Never again." You mean it. You are a correspondent and you don't have to go in with the first wave, but you go every time. Is it because you are ashamed that others have to go and you do not? Is it that you know you are rendering a service to mankind, because you have the skill to report how it truly is, or has it become a drug—this changing of that climactic moment of caring-too-much into an ecstasy of caring-not-at-all? The most dramatic moment of a man's life was his death and you live the drama over and over, there being some terrible reality you must seek again and again. You never answer the question. But when it is finally over, finally over forever, because they have surrendered, you feel an emptiness that remains with you even in the moments of grandeur when they say you are a great man, when they give you the medal, when a great editor offers you the finest job on earth, when you marry the loveliest woman you have ever seen and the only one you ever loved.

You have everything, and yet life is a pain of nothingness stretching endlessly into the future. Is it that you have seen too much, been hurt too deeply so that life no longer seems worth the effort it has cost; or is it the other? You cannot lose the emptiness even in the bottle, where you try to lose it more and more. The emptiness loses you the respect of your friends, your talent and your job, your wife and sons. The emptiness sends you reaching for the one thing that will destroy it. Always you have been heading for this ridge and this moment, following a devious trail from the deck of the Missouri where the surrender was signed to Burros' kitchen this morning. And now the moment is at hand.

Johnny never understood what happened next. The voice within him which was his greater self, which was the essence and meaning and significance of Johnny Huneker, answered the question he had asked. It gave him a command. *Get up!* it said. *Get up and take the hay to the sheep.*

And Johnny Huneker took the bale of hay to the sheep. He never remembered doing it. Nor did he remember floundering and crawling through the growing darkness to his wagon. Sometime in the pitch blackness of that night he felt something touching his face, but he was delirious and did not know that he was lying face down in the wagon with the door open letting in the freezing blast of the wind, or that his dog was licking his face. He never remembered getting to his feet and falling full length against the stove and cutting his cheek open, or of finally getting out of his wet clothes and into bed. He did not know that his dog, frantically happy to see him, got into bed with him and that it was the warmth of the dog that kept his spent body from freezing.



He fed them a sack of corn and another bale of hay, the remainder of the feed.

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The next day began with delirium. He did not know how he had got here. He was lost. Nothing made sense. He could not understand why his face hurt, why his hand hurt, why his lungs hurt, why he seemed unable to move.

It was the wind first and then his dog that brought him back. In the unabated, tearing sound of the wind there was a derisive insult. It said: *You weren't so tough, after all, were you?*

He listened, puzzled.

You thought you could stand up to me, said the wind.

Stand up to you?

Look at you, said the wind, *and look at me. I am as strong as ever, but you are down.*

Down? Yes. Down. Beat. But why?

Then in the joy of his dog over his having returned and now being awake, he caught hold of time and place. This was his dog. Together, they had herded sheep. The sheep belonged to Frank Burros. He lay mute and still, forcing his mind back and back and remembered not the struggle with the hay, not any of that; only the voice that had spoken when he lay freezing. Now, the voice spoke again. *You're alive. Get up.*

Obediently, he threw back the covers and sat up. That was as far as he got. The wagon spun dizzily. He sat waiting and again he focused his attention on his dog. The dog was leaping about in a frenzy of joy from the floor to the bed and crawling over Johnny, then back to the floor, only to bound onto the bed and snuggle against him and leap up and lick his face. There was such an unbounded love in the dog that Johnny felt strangely inferior to him. He fondled the dog's long silky hair while he gathered strength and waited for the dizziness to go away.

Finally, he gained his feet, but stood swaying, not knowing what to do. Then he realized he was shaking. He was cold. The thing to do was to get clothed and build a fire. Clumsily, automatically, he dressed and built a fire in the stove. When the warmth began to seep into him he became sick. The sickness was a weariness deep within him, a weariness of too much pain endured. He was filled with the sickness, blinded by it, overwhelmed. He stood waiting. He felt that if he lay down he would lose consciousness and would never regain it. He understood how the horses had worked themselves to death. If he crumbled and went down as they had, he would die as they had. All he had to do was let his body sag and he would be gone. He stood on his feet and waited. Outside, the wind and the vast, battered white earth and sky was a great bubble of strife enclosing this wagon which enclosed this man whose breast enclosed perhaps the greatest strife of all. A strength not tangible came from a source unknown and he forced the sickness back. He could not make it leave; but it no longer immobilized him.

He knew his dog was hungry and he knew he himself must eat. He cooked, and the smell of the food sickened him in a different way. He leaned out the door to vomit, but there was nothing in him. He saw that it was gray day, saw the sheep huddled on the bed ground, saw the mound of white that was the dead horses and wagon with feed.

That was it. He had brought feed. How much had he got to the sheep? He would have to go out and bring down more. He closed the door, fed his dog, forced himself to eat and forced his stomach to keep it down, but the other sickness remained. He believed he could not get up to the ridge and bring back feed.

You can try, snapped the voice inside him.

"I can't," he answered aloud. "I can't make it." The dog's tail thumped.

It isn't important whether you make it; it is only important that you try.

Wearily, without spirit or confidence, fully believing he could not do it, he started the short climb up the ridge to the feed. When blackness closed in on him, he stopped. When he could see again, he moved on.

Apparently, the day was almost spent when he had awakened, for it was fading toward darkness when he got a bale back to the bed ground and scattered it among the ravenous sheep. The hay was gone instantly. He looked hopefully at the growing darkness. The voice said: *You slept all day. You can't save these sheep lying in bed.*

He plodded to the wagon, lighted his lamp, lighted a lantern and, taking the lantern, headed back for the feed. As long as the wind did not come up and it did not snow he could see the light in his wagon and would not get lost. He worked in the cold and black, dragging a sack of corn. Strangely, though his exhaustion grew, the sick weariness began to depart. It was as if his body had a will of its own, a will he had broken and, now that it was conquered, it had decided to throw in with him. It kept trying not to faint, kept trying to work. He brought one sack of corn before returning to his wagon. He did not fall asleep; he fainted. But he had staved it off until he was in bed.

The next day was very much the same. The bad sickness no longer dominated him, but his exhaustion seemed worse. He had so little strength that bringing a bale of hay from the wagon, a thing he ordinarily could have done in twenty minutes, took him three hours. He would set his will on advancing ten feet. He would mark with his eyes the spot on the snow which he must reach. He would lean forward and jerk the bale and keep jerking even when everything turned black, until he was sure he had advanced the ten feet. Then he waited and rested until the blackness went away. Sometimes he was still on his feet, sometimes he was sitting on the hay, sometimes he was flat in the snow. But he always came to. He always got up. At the end of this day he could not tell any difference in himself from morning except that he didn't seem to black out as often and he was able to eat of his supper without becoming ill.

The next day he knew he was winning. He ate a big breakfast. The pain in his chest did not seem as bad, although his cheek and hand seemed worse. He did not black out once, and at the end of the day he seemed less exhausted than he had been at the beginning. Again he ate heartily and went to bed. He slept soundly.

When he awakened the next day he was ravenously hungry. His mind was clear. His face was a mass of pain on the right side, his bandaged hand was a useless stump of pain, but his lungs did not pain at all; they only felt burned out. Most incredible of all, he was happy. Like a child. Without reason. Just happy.

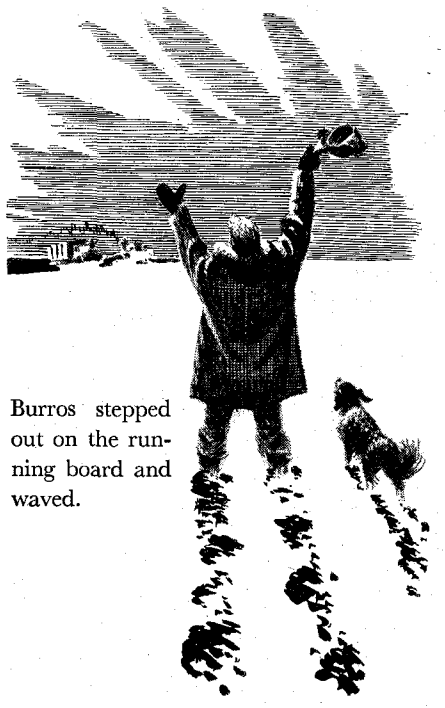
"You're losing your mind," he said aloud. His dog yelped ecstatically at the sound of his voice. It was the second time he had spoken since returning.

He examined his face in the small mirror hanging above the stove. There was a two-inch gash laying the cheek open across the cheekbone, along the nose, almost to the lip. The cheek was purple and puffed until it touched his eyebrow, closing his right eye.

"Why didn't you hit me with something that would do some damage?" he said to the dog. The dog leaped into the air and barked. Johnny had nothing with which to bandage his face. "It'll serve you right to have to look at it," he said to his dog.

On this day he dragged the remainder of the feed to the place on the ridge above the bed ground where he could tumble it down when he wanted it. He fed them a sack of corn and another bale of hay.

The next morning he gave the sheep two more bales of hay and another sack of corn. As he had from the beginning, he put the feed on the snow that blew constantly over the walls into the bed ground. They must eat snow as they ate the feed. There was no water and they had to have moisture with the dry feed. He counted a total of seventy dead sheep.



Burros stepped out on the running board and waved.

The next day, the sixth since he had returned, he gave the sheep the last of the feed. There was nothing to do but wait for Burros. It had not snowed in the past two days. But the wind had been murderous, kicking the dry snow into suffocating clouds.

"Blow," Johnny taunted the wind. "Blow your head off." His body was a mass of pain, but rising through the pain there was an ecstasy. He had never in all his life felt so good in the place where it counted.

On the seventh day the sun came out strongly. Johnny and the dog romped like boy and puppy. They climbed the ridge and looked at the vast, terrible white earth. Even with the sun, the cold remained below zero. In all that distance of eye-searing white, nothing moved except himself, his dog and the sheep that stirred restlessly on the bed ground. No. Something did move. It was black and alien and it crawled along four miles west of him. He was a few seconds identifying it as some kind of machinery. Then he knew Burros was coming with more feed.

The great tractor, with its broad blade in front, moved the snow to one side with a disdainful power that was incredible to Johnny, who had fought that snow with the sinew of horses and his own sinew. Behind the cat was a truck loaded high with baled hay and sacks of corn. They looked like something from another planet. Their hard blackness was offensive to the soft, white earth.

When cat and truck were close, Burros stepped out on the running board of the crawling truck and waved. Across the distance separating Johnny and Frank Burros something happened. Burros had not dared believe Johnny had made it. When Burros, driving the truck behind the dozer, had come out from the ranch and crossed the coulee he had seen the evidence of Johnny's and the horses' struggle. He could estimate the cost and had not felt it possible that the team could make it to the bed ground. He remembered the snow had come again heavily and the picture constantly in his mind was of a dead team and a dead driver somewhere covered in the whiteness. It meant a great deal to Frank Burros that Johnny Huneker was alive. All this was in the unusual eagerness of his wave and Johnny felt a strange pride that this old, strong man, not given to admiration, should be moved by what he himself had done.

The catskinner was a young man with a white-toothed grin, weather-blackened face and a supremely confident air. Sitting on his monster machine, he moved the snow with unconscious skill and when he had nosed out a path to a spot above the bed ground he cleared a place for them to unload the truck.

Burros stopped the truck and waded toward Johnny.

"How was Fernandez?" asked Johnny as they shook hands, neither saying what showed in their eyes.

"All right," said Burros. "We'll save a third of his band if they eat enough snow to digest the feed." He looked down at Johnny's band enclosed by walls of snow eight feet high at the lowest place and saw the comparatively few dead ones.

He looked about further and Johnny said, "The team's dead."

"How far'd they get?" asked Burros.

Johnny pointed to the snow mound two hundred yards down the ridge where the dead horses and wagon were covered. "They pulled 'til they died," he said.

Burros nodded. "You must of pulled pretty good yourself."

"I learned from the horses," said Johnny.

"A man can," said Burros. He looked away. "I'd of been here sooner, but the convoy never got to our place 'til yesterday. Two men got killed on the way an' they had to take 'em back."

Johnny felt the partial silence in Burros. "How about Garnet?" he asked.

"No sign of him," said Burros. "We'll never find him 'til it thaws. . . . Got coal and grub fer you and the dog."

"Good," said Johnny.

Burros offered him a cigarette, glancing at the wound on his face and the gaunt weariness of his body. "What happened to your face?" he asked.

"Be damned if I know," said Johnny, shaking his head at the cigarette.

"Sometimes you don't notice things like that," said Burros. "Should of had stitches, though; she's gonna scar."

"A man's bound to get marked up a little," said Johnny.

Burros nodded. "How's your hand?"

"All right."

Both men looked around at the sunlight on the snow. "Is it finished?" asked Johnny.

"They say this blizzard is finished," said Burros. "But as long as it stays this cold the snow won't melt and settle, and the wind kicks it up 'til it's as bad as if it was snowing. You have to stay right behind a dozer or you're stuck—it blows in that fast. . . . When you leavin'?" He was looking away from Johnny, embarrassed to be asking such a personal question.

"Leaving for where?" asked Johnny.

"New York," said Burros.

Johnny unbuttoned his shirt pocket and took out his billfold. Burros took out his own billfold and handed Johnny the clipping he could not find.

Johnny looked at it for several moments and then at Burros, smiling. "When this is all over. When you can get another man. No hurry."

"Might be," said Burros. "A man might want to start living again."

"I'll tell you something," said Johnny. "It takes a man to want to live."

Burros smiled and they unloaded the feed. THE END

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Escape Into Danger (Continued from Page 33)

abruptly, "Really, Uncle Akim. Suppose we give the young lady one of your self-help pamphlets. The basic principles are all there."

She replaced the glasses, opened a small brown leather case she carried under her arm, and with one swoop selected the booklet she wanted.

I'll bet that bump in her purse is a twenty-two, Marc thought. *And she's probably as efficient with it as with everything else.*

Akim sighed, smiling into Tresa's gray-green eyes. "Yes," he said. "You are quite right about the pamphlets, Ellamae. You should be. You write them. The basic principles are all there."

Tresa took the pamphlet without glancing at it. "When you know what is in my mind, you must tell me. It will be most interesting. . . . I wish to go to the lipstick room," she said to Marc. "It is out back. I saw the sign. Here you will wait for me?"

Ellamae slid from her counter stool with an abrupt, decisive movement. "I shall come with you."

"There is only room for one."

"I shall wait."

The two girls went out, Tresa's small figure in her shabby green corduroy raincoat beside the tall, straight one of Ellamae, who threw on a plastic rain cape.

Tresa would never get away, Marc thought. Not even if she knew there was anything to get away from. Marc hadn't meant to get her into all this.

He sat facing Akim Papadopolous. Akim waited, as they all waited, all the experienced ones. His eyes watched Marc. One hand remained in his pocket. With his other hand he held his cigarette gracefully, with an air. Dully, Marc noted his expensively tailored suit, his jeweled cuff links, his emerald ring. Money, then, was important to Akim. So was vanity important to him; his dark hair, streaked with gray, had a wave carefully pushed in. His hands were manicured, and his shoes highly shined on his small feet.

Since Marc did not speak, Akim eventually had to. His voice was suave, polite, impersonal. "Where are you headed?"

"Down the coast," Marc said. He edged over on his seat.

Akim's hand in his pocket moved carelessly. He said, as if reading Marc's mind, "I wouldn't try anything foolish, Mr. Hollis. You must know I am armed."

"And you must know I am."

"Yes. But your gun is in the pocket of your raincoat, hanging in back of you."

Marc was mentally measuring the distance, calculating. Akim shook his head. "If you were to hit me now—if you could reach me before my bullet reached you—you would never make it to the car. The minute you opened the door and came out without me, Karl would shoot. Not to kill, but to maim. A kneecap, perhaps. Surely we can spare ourselves all such unpleasantness."

Marc leaned back, studying Akim. His smooth, charming voice and manner were infinitely more threatening than roughness would have been. But Marc knew this dapper, ugly little man was capable of subtleties Marc might never think of, refinements of cruelty that sheer brute force could not conceive. Those were the worst tortures: the refined ones. Marc had seen Akim laugh this noon as Tresa's rough companion had hit the little man with the glasses, sent him bloodied to the floor. He could also see Akim laughing as they shot Reed Michaelson in the back or beat Boyd Rafferty to death. In that one thing, poles apart though they might be otherwise, Karl and Akim were alike. Both enjoyed their victims' writhing and suffering.

There was a silence, in which Marc heard only the rain, starting again, beating softly against the windows.

Akim smiled. "Do you think the rain will stop?"

At least the coffee or the warm soup in his stomach was helping Marc's headache. The pain was greatly lessened. And so was the initial shock and fear. Marc was pleased that his own voice now sounded as cool and unconcerned as Akim's.

"Perhaps," he said.

Akim looked annoyed. "Just what do you hope to accomplish by this trip, Mr. Hollis?"

This is it. He's bargaining. Jamie's life for the microfilm. He wants it now. I haven't got it. I don't even know where it is yet. I haven't got anything to bargain with. But they have Jamie.

Marc said, "I'm going to find the people who have my brother, and get him free."

"And that is your only interest?"

"My only interest."

"No sentimentality about your country, right or wrong?"

"I'm not interested in politics," said Marc. "I want my brother."

Akim nodded. "I see that I have chosen my man well. It is a pleasure to do business with you, Mr. Hollis. Patriotism is such a tiresome virtue, if indeed it is that. I myself have used the passports of many nations. There is no difference between them."

"No?"

"No. Believe me. Ellamae—she is very young, of course, and college has filled her with theories and principles. She actually believes the pamphlets she writes. Sometimes, though I have raised her since ten as my own niece, I find Ellamae's crusader spirit a little too much. She fetches and carries and runs errands, however dangerous. But it is difficult, even so, to have a cause for a housekeeper and secretary. Probably right at the moment she is trying to convert your young friend. Of course, Ellamae has had to keep her party connections and views strictly secret, because of my work, but who would ever suspect Ellamae of anything but virtuous patriotism?"

This is the kind of conversation people have on trains, Marc thought. *Where people tell strangers things they wouldn't tell their nearest and dearest.*

Akim was still speaking. "It is a pleasure to do business with a man as detached, as disinterested as myself." He cleared his throat. "You may finish your coffee. Then you will take us to the microfilm."

"Jamie first," said Marc. "Set him free in some safe place, let me see that he is free, and I'll get you the microfilm."

"You are hardly in a position to make conditions," said Akim softly. "You will, I am afraid, simply have to take my word for your brother's safety. You have no choice."

"And if I don't?" said Marc.

Akim shrugged. "Karl is most persuasive."

"As he persuaded Boyd Rafferty?"

"Most unfortunate. But we can hardly stop to give them cardiographs."

"And Reed Michaelson?"

Akim had momentary difficulty in placing the name. Then he made an impatient gesture. "There are always some dedicated fools with whom there is no reasoning. They understand only a bullet in the back. But you, I am sure, are not one of those. You know you have only to give us that bit of film to have yourself and your brother freed."

"Freed with a bullet in our backs?"

Akim Papadopolous spread his carefully manicured hands. His voice rang with earnestness, "You have my word, Mr. Hollis."

Marc laughed.

Akim said, without change of tone, "Make no mistake, Mr. Hollis. I never bluff. No one has ever beaten me." He put Jamie's white silk scarf on the counter.

Marc moved suddenly, as he had been taught to do in the paratroops. He threw the remains of his coffee directly at Akim's eyes. At the same time, he flung himself to one side and down, diving for Akim's short legs. If Akim had shot quickly, he might still have had him. Instead, Akim threw his hands up to protect his face, and Marc pulled him down, but Akim's full weight fell upon him, knocking the wind from him. Gasping, Marc was barely able to finish the job by bringing his fist up to Akim's chin. The ugly little man was limp then, as Marc was limp beside him.

There was no sound from the tired woman in the kitchen; apparently the clattering of the dishes or the closed door had shut off the thud Akim's body had made. When Marc got his breath, he stood up cautiously.

Keeping his body below the level of the windows, he reached for his raincoat and moved toward the door. He would not have a chance, he knew, silhouetted against the light. He touched the bulb in the lamp of one of the green plastic booths. He unscrewed the bulb carefully. A coin in the socket; there was a small flash of light, sparks, and then darkness.

Marc heard a crash of dishes, a scream from the woman in the kitchen. Then a man's voice—apparently that of the man who had sold him gas—at the kitchen door. He was swearing, saying something about the flashlight being dead and where were the fuses? The tired woman's voice answered him.

At least I don't have to worry about them. They think the fuse has just burned out. Marc dived for the door, low and fast. Perhaps Karl's bullets would be high.

There were no bullets. Only arms. Karl's powerful arms reaching out of darkness. Catching Marc from behind, strangling him. Marc fought back, trying all the judo tricks he had been taught, using his own height and strength to its utmost. But Karl knew his business well. His solid, muscular body was not to be shaken off. His powerful thumbs tightened slowly. Marc struggled for breath, struggled against unconsciousness.

There was a sharp crunching sound. Suddenly, miraculously, Karl's thumbs were no longer at Marc's throat. Karl went down in a boneless heap behind Marc.

Tresa said, a little breathlessly, "He is fresh, that one. Nearly as fresh as a Russian soldier."

Marc gurgled questioning words in his throat.

"I hit him with a board," said Tresa. "He had told me that when I came out, he and I —— And so I pulled the little board loose from the lipstick room, and when I saw him —— Can you get up now? Perhaps we should not stay here so long."

Marc struggled to his feet, weaving and staggering.

"It is all right," Tresa encouraged, steering him. "It is as if you have had the drink. That is all. You have got rid of the ugly one?"

Marc nodded.

Tresa half shoved him into the pale green car. "I will not be a minute."

She reappeared presently with a screw driver in her hand. She laughed. "Now I shall drive again. How did we make it be lighted?"

The car jerked forward. It came too close to Akim's, and Marc heard their right front fender crumple. As they finally pulled away, Marc was trying to focus his eyes, clear his head. His throat hurt unbelievably. Swallowing was torture, and breathing still difficult. At last he managed some words.

"The red-haired girl?" he asked. "Ellamae?"

"She so much wanted to go to the lipstick room that I left her there."

"You hit her?"

"Oh, no." Tresa sounded shocked. "I do not believe in violence. Except in defense of my country or my honor, of course."

"Then what?"

"I told you. I left her in the lipstick room. There was a padlock. She thought I had written something, you see, and she went in to look." Tresa swerved.

"I'll drive now," he said grimly. "You just missed that car."

"But ——"

"I'll drive. We only have three fenders left. Pull up here and slide over me."

Tresa stopped the car and slid over him, her thin, straight body hardly making a squeeze. He drove as fast as he dared, watching in his rear mirror.

After a while, Tresa said, "You are afraid of the Akims following? You need not be now, I think. Soon they will run out of petrol. In some remote place, perhaps."

"Why?"

Tresa waved the screw driver. "My uncle, he showed me where the petrol tank was. Theirs I have punched with the holes."

Marc looked at her. He said slowly, "You saved my life, you know. Akim or no Akim, that big ape Karl would have killed me in a few more seconds."

"I was going to hit Karl, anyhow. It was for that I brought the board. In defense of my honor, you see."

"And the gas tank? Was that in defense of your honor too?"

Tresa's gray-green eyes met his. "I suppose," she said slowly, feeling for her words, as always, "after you have been hunted yourself, you come to know it. The look. The look of the hunted and the hunter. And if you have been the hunted yourself, you help the hunted. Always."

"Without knowing why?"

"I know you are a good man, and a kind one. That man back there, the misshapen one, he is evil. Not because of his body, but because of his soul. We must be very careful of that man."

"Not we," said Marc. "I shouldn't have let you get in this in the first place. In Portland I'm going to buy you a ticket and put you on a bus."

"And these people will then forget me?" Tresa asked softly. "Forget I have seen their faces and heard their voices, that I could testify in a court of law against them if anything happened to you?"

"I'm very grateful to you. But I wish I hadn't got you mixed up in this. These people are killers."

Tresa nodded.

"Doesn't that frighten you?"

"Yes. I suppose it does. But I have been frightened so often, for so long, that my fright, it is perhaps different."

"Different?"

"When you live under terror, night and day, knowing that any knock on the door, any hand on your shoulder may be the secret police—when you have fought in the barricades and seen all you loved wiped out around you, then perhaps for you fear is never again the same."

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"No. I suppose not." Marc watched her small, piquant profile by the light of the passing cars. Then he said slowly, "I only meant to give you a lift."

"A lift?"

"A ride. I didn't think about getting you involved in all this. But since I have, perhaps ——"

"You had better tell me about it?"

"Yes. I—you see ——" Marc found himself floundering. How did you tell a girl you had just escaped from a Federal penitentiary? That you had been convicted of lying about being a Communist, one of the very people she had risked life and home in fighting against?

Tresa said softly, "The beginning, I think. You had better begin there."

"Yes. I suppose it is too much to expect you to believe me, but this is what happened. I was minding my own business, working in my lab. There ——" Marc hesitated. "There was a girl."

"The girl who makes you afraid to love again," said Tresa. "Or perhaps you still love her, in spite of everything? It was so in Hungary too. It is most unfortunate, but love, it is not necessarily a matter of principle."

Natalie, Marc thought, and was surprised that the pain was still there. No, love was not necessarily a matter of principle.

"You love her still?"

"I don't know," he said slowly. "I hated her then, on the witness stand."

"She is very beautiful?"

"Yes. I suppose so. She has all the things money can buy to make her look good too. Paris original gowns, furs, beauty salons. She's tall and aristocratic, and a thousand dollars to her isn't what ten cents is to us. She's studied abroad and speaks five languages, plays the piano a little, paints a little. Natalie's had lessons in everything under the sun. None of them interested her much. She's restless, terribly restless. I suppose I should have known that she didn't really love me. But she seemed so ——" Marc broke off abruptly. "Anyhow, it doesn't matter how I feel about her. I'll never see her again."

"You might."

How do you tell a girl with trusting green eyes like Tresa's that you may never see anyone again? That your life is probably numbered by days, by hours?

"I think I'd better tell you about the trial." Marc did.

When he had finished, Tresa nodded wisely. "My uncle taught me the word," she said. "The frame-up."

Marc drew a deep breath. He looked at Tresa for a long moment. "You believe me."

"But of course I believe you. Why do you sound so surprised?"

"I—no one else has ever believed me. Not my family, except Jamie, and he always blindly believed his big brother could do no wrong. Not my friends or the jury. It—I can't tell you what it means to me. If you could believe me, perhaps other people could."

"They will believe you. But first we must get Jamie away from the evil man, Akim. Where did Boyd Rafferty hide the microfilm?"

Marc shook his head. "I don't know."

"Is it that you do not know or you do not trust me to tell me?"

Trust no one, John Dayn had said. *No one at all.* But he had not known Tresa. Still, she had been gone so unnecessarily long buying the groceries, with that telephone so very handy. And then Akim had found them so easily.

But not Tresa! Tresa's honest eyes meeting his steadily; Tresa's small, straight figure standing over the fallen Karl, the board still in her hands.

Marc was careful. "I don't know where the microfilm is. I didn't even know Boyd had it until John Dayn told me."

Tresa said scornfully, "Without the microfilm, you can hope to do nothing with these Akims. Perhaps not even with it, but certainly not without it. You are a man of the brain. You know this. You would not be chasing down the road this way if you did not know where the film is."

"Believe me, I don't know. But I've been thinking about it all day. I think if I can get to San Francisco, I can find it. I knew Boyd better than anyone. I know the places he went, the friends he had."

"Do you think these Akims don't know those things too? They must have had him followed. Do you think they have not retraced his steps? But they have not found the film. So you think you will?"

"Boyd was my friend for years. They could only have followed him for a few months, at most. Nothing will make me believe Boyd was mixed up with them for long."

Tresa said, "You do not hate him, this Boyd? For him you went to jail. He let you."

Marc shook his head. "Perhaps it's because he's dead, and the way he died. I know Boyd never intended to hurt me; Boyd never intended to hurt anybody in his life. He must have tried to prevent my going to jail; maybe that was the way they got him in the end. Maybe he wasn't bargaining for the gambling debts, but for my freedom. He was weak, but he must have suffered hell, watching me. And the way he died was not weakness."

"Yes," said Tresa. "Your thoughts make sense. If Boyd felt they were closing in on him, if he wished to get the microfilm to you somehow, perhaps he would use an old contact, one that they could not know about, but you would remember. And yet, if they were following him, would they not see?"

"It could have been casual. Someone he passed in a bar ——" Marc was abruptly silent. Careful. Not tell her about Sylvio's. Not tell anyone. Jamie's life might depend on Marc's not telling anyone, if what Marc was thinking was right. Even if Marc could trust Tresa now, Akim might be able to make her talk, if he got her later.

Tresa said cheerfully, "Well, we will find it. The microfilm. Then somehow we must trick them into freeing Jamie without giving it to them. But it will not be easy to trick Akim again as you surprised him in the café. That was only because he was overconfident and got careless."

"Yes."

"We must get Jamie, but of course they cannot have the film."

Marc was silent. *Get Jamie*, he said to himself. *And I can't do that without giving them the film. To hell with the film. Let John Dayn get it away from them. It's his job, not mine.*

But he glanced at Tresa's small face, white and earnest beside him, and did not speak the thought aloud. He said grimly, "Not we. Me. Somehow I'm going to get you to your cousins' farm without Akim's knowing it. They'll never find you there." *I hope.*

Tresa said, "The facts let us face. They will find me anywhere now. You know that and I know that."

"No. Not on your cousins' farm. They don't know your name."

Tresa made a small scornful sound.

"It's your best chance, Tresa. You must go to your cousins and never tell anyone you met me. That way you won't get in trouble with the authorities, and you'll be out of Akim's way."

Tresa made the scornful sound again.

"It's the best I can do, Tresa. They have Jamie. He's blind, and helpless. It isn't that I don't appreciate all you've done."

"Well," said Tresa, still cheerfully, "we will see. First we must get to San Francisco."

Marc swallowed, his throat still aching. Ahead, he saw lights, many lights. Vancouver, on the Washington side of the Columbia River, then Portland, on the Oregon side. Only 173 miles, and it was already late evening. But of course Tresa, being a beginner, had had to drive so much slower, for the hours when Marc had been incapacitated by his headache.

Tresa said, "That redheaded girl, that Ellamae, might be useful to us."

"You mean Akim's niece?" Marc was astonished.

"The one whose clothes do not go in where she does. Who wears a pink blouse with red hair. Who is afraid of being a woman."

"But she hangs on Akim's every word and gesture. She minds him like a trained puppy."

"Now. Because he is her god, and people like Ellamae have to have gods to worship and follow and do their thinking for them. But suppose she ever has to make a decision of her own? Ellamae really believes in Communism. What will happen when the cause for which she lives comes in conflict with the uncle she adores, and she finds out Akim works for pay and importance, not for principle?"

"She'll follow Akim."

"Yes," said Tresa thoughtfully. "She may. But if it does happen—and we could perhaps, encourage this—I would not be so confident as Akim is that he can control Ellamae. She will have to make the decision between her gods. That is the danger even the Communists run in educating people. People learn to think. And suppose Ellamae thinks, 'This Akim has the clay feet; he is betraying the cause I believe in.' What will she do then?"

"Not help us, that's a cinch."

"Well," said Tresa, "we shall see. Of this I am sure. She will panic. She is capable of acting decisively only on someone else's decisions. Her own, even offering her uncle a cup of coffee, cause her great anxiety. When we meet her again, we will know more."

"I'll meet her again. I have to, to get Jamie. But you don't."

"Now don't start that again. Are those police before the bridge?"

Marc turned right abruptly at the next corner. "I should have known. Another roadblock."

"It is only a river. Could we not swim?"

"You can't swim the Columbia River. Anyhow, we have to have the car on the other side, to get us to San Francisco. It's still nearly seven hundred miles. I don't have enough money to buy another car. I'm not even sure I have enough money to get this one there, the way it is guzzling oil."

"Guzzling?"

"Drinking. Using. Costing."

"Ah," said Tresa. "Costing. This we must watch. I am sorry I ate the dinner. There are perhaps other bridges?"

"According to the map, a few farther up the river. But we haven't the time."

Tresa said thoughtfully, "Do you suppose I could drive the car across the bridge?"

"What good will that do? They'll want my identification too."

"Not if they don't see you."

"They're bound to search the car."

"You think a police will doubt me?"

"You're not accustomed to lying."

Tresa laughed. "What innocents you Americans are! I have had to lie to survive, to get work, even. I have often talked to Saint Theresa about this, and while she cannot, of course, approve officially, the saints are no fools, and she did not really disapprove, I am sure. Do you think I should be here alive if I could not lie?"

"But if the police find out ——"

"Bah," said Tresa cheerfully. "What if the Communists had found out? Can we be in much more trouble than we are now? At least in jail there will be no Akims. Except for Jamie, it might even be better. Could you get in the car suitcase, do you think?"

"They might look in the trunk too."

Tresa shrugged. "I shall speak to Saint Theresa."

Marc stopped the car on a dark street, got out and opened the trunk.

"It is a pity you have such long legs," said Tresa. "Hurry. Someone will come along the street."

Marc found the trunk space very cramped for his long body. But the discomfort was nothing to the dread he felt of being closed in.

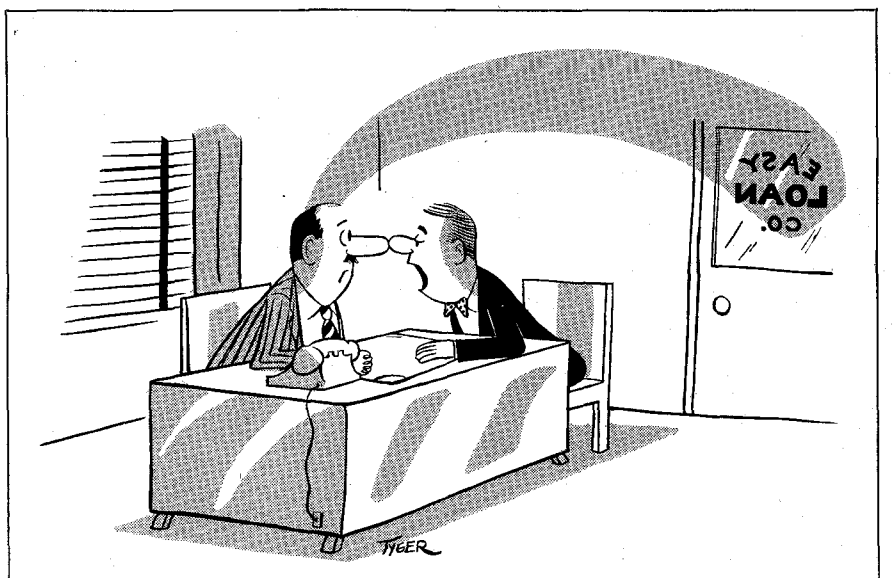
"Are you sure you can steer the car across the bridge?"

"I shall try."

In the suffocating darkness of the trunk, Marc heard Tresa slam the car door. They moved off suddenly, with a jerk. They stopped nearly as abruptly, as the harsh words of another driver were shouted at Tresa, "Look where you're going! Didn't you ever hear of hand signals?"

"No," Tresa called back cheerfully.

There was a pause, as if Tresa were calculating the proper moves to get the car under way, and then they moved again, in a series of jerks.



"I need the loan for eyeglasses."

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The time seemed endless to Marc as they rounded a number of corners, stopped, started, always jerking. He clenched his fists and held on to himself.

Claustrophobia isn't a real disease. I should be able to conquer it, in my mind, with my will. There is no danger here. Nothing to be afraid of.

Or was there? How did he know who Tresa was, really? Or where she was taking him? She had tried very hard to make him tell her where the microfilm was. Why should she care where it was? Suppose she was planted in that café to pick him up? Suppose the whole affair at lunch was set up, so that he would trust Tresa and tell her about the film? Suppose she had decided that wouldn't work, and now, with him completely helpless, was delivering him to Akim?

They stopped abruptly. "Can't you steer?" a voice asked angrily.

Tresa was meek. "I am so sorry, Mr. Police. I am just learning, you see. I have the beginner's permit. Here."

"You're supposed to have somebody with you when you're driving with that. You're not safe."

"But I do have someone. It is his car. See the printing on the paper. He is just away a few blocks. He sent me to get him some cigarettes."

"Why do you have to cross the river to get cigarettes? They sell them on both sides."

"It was something about the tax, I think," said Tresa. "And partly, it was that I had never driven over a bridge before and it looked most interesting."

"Well, however it looked, I'm giving you a ticket."

"Thank you very much. A ticket to what?"

"Say, are you kidding? What are you, a foreigner or something?"

"All Americans," said Tresa firmly, "were foreigners once."

"Never mind the double talk. Now you read what this says. Next Tuesday you appear in court. You got that?"

"Oh, yes. I got that."

"All right. Wait a minute. Not so fast. We got to search your car. Will you get out, please?"

"Certainly," said Tresa. "What is it that you search my car for? Diamonds or dope or hoof-and-mouth disease? In the Western novels I have been reading ——"

"Look, little lady, will you just stand aside?"

"Of course. I only wanted to help. I have there a little food. My friend whose car it is and I had a picnic."

"There's a whole line of cars waiting behind you, little lady. O.K. on the back seat. Nobody there. Now the trunk key, please."

"The trunk? I have no trunk. Only my little suitcase."

"The car has a trunk. Come on. I don't want to think you're stalling. And we have to see in that trunk."

Marc heard the words with numbness, not fear. Perhaps, as Tresa said, one was afraid so long that one was past fear.

Tresa's voice, sounding closer now, betrayed no anxiety, except for her usual hesitation in feeling for words. But when she found them, they were gay and unconcerned. "I have not the key. Can you not use one of those wonderful American can openers? Of course, my friend will be quite upset about his car, I suppose."

"There are always two keys. Ignition and trunk. You must have the other one. Show me your keys."

"Here. Just one. I was only going to get the cigarettes. Perhaps my friend has the other key. If you will care to come with me, I am sure he will open the—trunk, you call it?"

"Let's see your purse."

"But of course. There is only some change and the powder and lipstick. You see, my uncle, he did not believe ——"

"Look, little lady, I got to think. If you could just quit talking?"

"But I must practice the English. That is what the judge told me when I came to your so wonderful country. 'Practice the English,' he said. 'Talk to people. They will understand,' he said. 'Americans are friendly people,' he said. You do understand, don't you? You have the understanding face. And eyes. Almost, you have Hungarian eyes. Was your mother Hungarian?"

"My mother's name was Bridget. Now ——"

"'In this country,' the judge said, 'you need never be afraid of the police. They are not secret police. They are good men, working for the people. For you,' the judge said. 'And always you must work with them, help them.' How can I help you?"

"Look, little lady, there are all those cars behind, wanting to get across. Hear 'em honking?"

"Honking? Like the geese? In my country, in the fall, the wild geese ——"

"I guess I'll have to ask the captain."

There was a long pause, during which Marc heard only the impatient sound of many horns. Then a resigned voice said, "The captain says I got to go along and find your friend. Where is he?"

"Not far," said Tresa.

"Can you turn around?"

"Around? But my friend is ahead. Across the river."

"No, look. You said you were coming to get some cigarettes."

"Yes. And I saw the bridge and I desired to practice my driving on it. Already I have been over it once, the other way. That way they did not search the car. Perhaps they forgot. Should I go back? The judge said I should help the police."

"Look. Let's go to where your friend is. Please. And can the gab."

"Certainly," said Tresa, with dignity. "But the judge, he was then wrong about Americans wishing to talk?"

"Can you start the car?"

"In a minute," said Tresa. "I must think. First do I pull these knobs?"

"Push the button. That's all. Push the button."

The motor started and the car jerked ahead. Someone shouted close by. There was a moan from Tresa's interrogator, a jerk as he grabbed the wheel to steady it. Tresa laughed gaily. They moved on in jerks and sudden movements.

"Well," said Tresa cheerfully, "now I know I can drive a bridge. Next time I shall try a locomotive one, I think. Or would it be more difficult to keep the car on those two little iron paths?"

"Look, lady, if you'll just find the place where your friend is!"

"Out of the lights," said Tresa firmly. "It was out of the lights. A street of houses. I think I would know it when I see it. Some blocks yet, though."

"You said not far. What's the name of the street?"

"An American name. A tree, I think, but not a tree we have in Hungary. It is a large green house, several stories high, with a big porch and steps."

"You pull up here. I'll drive and you look for your friend's house. And when I get my hands on him, so help me ——"

"It is not his house. It is the house of his friends. Some American name. Bones. No, that was not it. Jones. Their name is Jones. Perhaps you know them."

"Little lady, Portland has a lot of Joneses. Some of 'em I know, some —— You concentrate on finding the street."

"Yes," said Tresa. "But it was out of the lights. Quite far out, it seems to me, now that I really think about it. Then it was two blocks off the highway on this side."

"You said it wasn't far. We're past the business district. There are houses all over the place now. How about Beech Street?"

"No, it was not Beech."

"Spruce?"

"No."

"Hemlock?"

"That is familiar," said Tresa with enthusiasm. "Here I have been before. Only going the other direction. We are close now, I think." She squealed. "See! I have told you! This is it! Woods!"

"All right. Now two blocks to the right. Look for the house. You sure picked a dark street. Can you make it out?"

"That one," said Tresa. "The house way back, with all the bushes."

"All right." They stopped, smoothly this time. "Come on."

"Please," said Tresa. "My friend, he will be so angry. It would be better if he saw only you, just at first."

"He'll see us both. Get out."

"Understanding," said Tresa tearfully. "The judge said Americans were understanding!"

"That damned judge talked too much. Come on."

Marc heard no more for several minutes. Then he heard Tresa's light footsteps, running, and her gasp as she stopped by the trunk.

"Oh!" wailed Tresa. "The key!"

There was no answer, and her steps had been alone, so Marc said hoarsely, "What did you do with it?"

"I put it down my—front, and now that I have been running, it must have dropped out. Never will I find it in the darkness. . . . Ah, here it is! It caught on my —— Now I shall unlock you."

Marc thought that in all his life nothing had ever felt so good as the cool night air did then. His legs moved with difficulty, as did his fogged thoughts.

"What did you do with the policeman?"

"There was a stick," said Tresa. "Sent by Saint Theresa in my hour of need, I am sure. He sleeps very gently. I was so careful. This I have learned in the underground. Sometimes we had to hit our friends, you understand, so the Russians would not know they were our friends. A blow behind the ear, at just the right spot. He will not be hurt when he awakes."

"Look, Tresa, you can't go around ambushing cops."

"Cops?"

"Police."

"Police," said Tresa, "I shall never like. Even though he was young and redheaded and had a lovely twinkle in his eye while he was being so stern." Tresa sighed. "I am, after all, a Hungarian woman. We are very emotional. And for a Hungarian, for any woman, a man like that ——" Tresa shook her head sadly. "But he wore the uniform. A police!"

"We'll have the whole force on our necks now. They have your description and what our car looks like."

"Yes. But it is strange. I have noticed in America there are many pale green cars. Anyhow, they were already looking for us, no? But I hope I do not have to drive any more bridges."

Marc glanced at her small white face, tired and strained. He put an arm around her thin shoulders and helped her to the car. He said, "You were wonderful, Tresa. Really wonderful. Without you ——"

Her face was very close, and he put his hand under her chin and kissed her. Her eyes opened and she looked at him. He kissed her again.

Tresa pushed him away. "Men," she said. "Always they think there is time for —— We must get out of here. Now."

"Yes," he said grimly.

He turned the car back to the main highway and concentrated on driving as fast as the law and the traffic would allow. Tresa, at the far edge of the seat, was very silent.

The alarm came over the radio very soon. "Look for a small girl, about twenty, in a pale green car with a crumpled right front fender. Says she is Hungarian. Speaks with an accent. Green corduroy raincoat, gray-green eyes, light brown hair, weight about a hundred pounds. May be deranged."

"What is this, deranged?" asked Tresa.

Marc laughed. "Your red-haired cop friend thinks you're loco."

"Loco?" said Tresa. "Like the puller of the train?"

"That's a locomotive. This refers to your mental processes. He doesn't think they are quite normal."

"So!" Tresa said indignantly. "You see, I was right about the uniform. Polices are all alike. To think that I am loco!"

"Imagine." Marc laughed again.

Tresa looked at him shyly and then, quite suddenly, laughed herself. "I did talk a lot, didn't I?" she said. "I was so scared I couldn't think, and always I have found that when I cannot think, the only thing to do is give the enemy no peace to think either."

Marc patted her knee. "Well, you certainly didn't. They'll be kidding that cop about you for the rest of his career."

They laughed again and, as suddenly, were silent. It had been a respite, the laughter, a stolen moment shared. But now Tresa was looking white and tired and strained again, and Marc was thinking as hard as he had ever thought in his life.

"If we can just get to San Francisco," he said, "we may have some chance. It's a big town and I know it well."

"So do the Akims. And they will know where you will go."

"Yes. But if I can just get the microfilm before they do ——" *Perhaps I can save Jamie and you. Perhaps.*

"Your friends," asked Tresa, "they will help you? This Natalie, perhaps?"

He felt the pain again, and was angry with himself that it should be so with Natalie's very name. He said shortly, "I don't want her help."

"You are wrong," said Tresa. "You want anyone's help. Anyone's at all. A hunted man whose brother's life is at stake cannot afford to be proud."

"We'll meet that when we get there. First we have to get there before Akim. If this car will only make it and my money will hold out for its oil drinking."

"I shall talk to Saint Theresa," said Tresa. She shut her eyes. Her lips moved silently. Presently they stopped, though her eyes remained shut. Her small body moved waveringly. Marc put an arm out to pull her over so that her head rested on his shoulder. She slept, trustingly, like a child.

Marc thought, with unreasoning irritation, *Now there are two of them. Her and Jamie. Both dependent on my getting them out of this mess. Now she's a wanted fugitive. She'll go to jail, at the very least. Or Akim will get hold of her.*

Not think about Akim. Not think about his own tiredness, or his dwindling funds, or Tresa, or even Jamie. Miles—just think about miles. Every mile Marc put between himself and Akim now, while Akim was at a temporary standstill, thanks to Tresa, was a mile closer to Jamie and hope. Marc drove on steadily through the night.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Three Strangers in Our House

(Continued from Page 15)

The next day was Friday, December 14th—as miserable a wet, windy day as I have ever seen. When we arrived at 156 Fifth Avenue, we were told that five Hungarians were coming to meet us. Five! The thought of choosing among intelligent human beings, as one picks over sweaters on sale, was appalling! But, as we had felt from the beginning that God was guiding this venture, we left the decision in His hands.

When the five arrived, we were pleased by the musical softness of their voices. But they were untidy, and far from prepossessing. The young woman spread her kerchief on the radiator to dry, revealing a mass of tousled, blond hair. She looked so tired and apprehensive that I could make no estimate of her personality. Three of the men were below the American average in height. One had slick hair, and smoked incessantly. One was an unkempt boy with a pimply face. One had a small mustache that seemed at odds with his rumpled clothes. The fourth man was tall and dark, with a long nose and a shock of wavy hair that almost touched his collar in the back. "Bohemian"? Hungarian version of our long-haired and leather-jacketed "cats"? I thought of our sixteen-year-old Judy at home, and prayed that our wish to help a stranger be not the means of hurting our own child.

Like many other Christian people, I have often prayed for guidance—and then have wondered how to recognize it when it comes. But, in this instance, the formula was simple: Ask sincerely for direction, then act on impulse.

We had thought of taking one person the following week, but we took the woman and two of the men that very afternoon. We did not know what the men could do for their living, but Wilson promised to see them securely employed. I had no idea how I would go about teaching them English, but I determined to do it.

Having decided, we first phoned Judy to explain why she must move her possessions into her sister's room and share the room when Carol came from college for Christmas. Wilson and I then went home—to buy food for our doubled family. Afterward, he drove the car back to the city to pick up our guests and their luggage.

While Wilson was gone, Judy and I flew about, making her room fresh and inviting. I could imagine the hardship of the flight from Hungary and I wanted the wanderers to feel that here, at last, was a haven of peace, assuring that all would be well with them again.

When the car rolled in at six, there was a grand flurry of activity. The travelers had several boxes, one worn suitcase, and a duffel bag full of things given them by the Red Cross, at Camp Kilmer. I showed our guests their rooms, pointed out the empty drawers and closet space, gave them towels, showed them their bathroom and went downstairs to finish dinner.

As I worked, I rehearsed the names of the three. They were Miklos and Maria Madarasz, and Istvan Partos. Miklos (he of the long, wavy hair) was a "mechanical engineer"; Istvan (he of the small mustache) a "teacher of automotive mechanics." Miklos was Maria's husband, and Istvan was her cousin. The men were Protestant. Maria was Catholic. Beyond this, we knew nothing.

We agreed that, for this first meal together, we would all hold hands around the table while Wilson said grace. The words would be meaningless. But these were Christian people and the act of thanking God goes deeper than words. The unbroken chain of hands we hoped would say, "Now you are one of us."

And so we sat down to dinner. Already they looked like different people. Maria had brushed her hair to a mass of waving gold. The men had exchanged the Red Cross clothing of the morning for the well-fitted suits which they had worn when leaving home. Now they looked the gentlemen they were.

Mealtime being conversation time, we now fully realized the problem we faced in our complete ignorance of one another's language. Wilson (the optimist!) had expected to buy an English-Hungarian dictionary that afternoon. But he couldn't find one. Fortunately, we were all blessed with a sense of humor. Before the meal was over we were able to laugh at our mutual predicament.

Dessert finished, I brought paper and pencil to the table. "Beans," I printed. Istvan (whom we soon were calling Stephen) drew the paper to him and printed alongside, "Bab." "Coffee"—"Kave." "Butter"—"Vaj." Sometimes Miklos, on my left, would swing the paper his way, if he remembered first the *thing* that was called "salt," or "cream." So the list grew in three different hands. At the top I printed, "Foods"; Miklos printed "Elelem"; and lo—our first vocabulary list! We were on our way!

Two things we had that made it not as impossible as it seems. Wilson, learning that Stephen spoke fluent German, had bought a German-English dictionary, so that, by going around a triangle, we could discover the meaning of one word at a time. Stephen already knew about a dozen English words. I knew as many in German. The one thing we all had in common was high-school Latin!

After Judy, Maria and I had finished the dishes, I joined the three men in the living room. Wilson and Miklos were watching television. Stephen was sitting on the couch, staring into space. What dreadful things was he remembering? *This will never do*, I thought. *The past is past, but the future is still ahead.* So I brought him a book of photographs, called Look at America, and sat down, with the newspaper for myself, to see if he would follow the lead. With the help of the German-English dictionary, he was soon reading the captions. But the dictionary was of no use with proper names; so I got the atlas to show him where, on the map, he would find the Grand Canyon or Lake Louise. That brought up the matter of distances. I found a book of mathematical tables, so that we could convert miles to kilometers. Those three books provided a means of communication among us for weeks.

Maria and Judy, meanwhile, were upstairs together, and two hours later came down, knowing each other's life histories entirely! I'll never know how they managed, but from that evening onward it was Judy who could interpret Maria's thoughts to Wilson and me. It was Judy who told me that Maria was expecting a baby in April—the first, though she and Miklos had been married for six years.

This single spark of light on the subject of these people's past lives served to emphasize the darkness of all that remained unknown. But the long evening spent together had convinced me that they were people whom we would be happy to have with us. And so to bed. It was still windy and wet outside. I lay listening to the rain and felt that I must surely burst with happiness—our four walls and roof could give shelter to the homeless ones!

At 5:30 Saturday morning, I was awakened by the pressure of my new responsibility. Just what did these people need? To learn English and become self-supporting, of course. But what else? To face the future with confidence; to outgrow, if not to forget, the fear of being malignantly watched by their fellow man. To be watched over to prevent unhappy blunders, without having their dignity wounded by overprotection; to believe in the goodness of America, without thinking that simply *to be here* solved all problems. I began to see the way ahead as a complex pattern of chalk marks to be walked.

Have you ever tried to talk using nothing but nouns? Our word lists, thus far, were all of the names of things around us. For a verb, Miklos and Maria had to say it, in Hungarian, to Stephen, who looked it up in the German half of the dictionary, which gave the English equivalent. But, dictionaries being what they are, even that would be only the infinitive form. Somehow, I *must* get our verbs "on the road"!

At three A.M. on Sunday, after staring into the dark until an idea began to jell, I went downstairs to find my grandfather's German grammar. After several false starts, I put down, with German equivalents, the personal pronouns, and the "rule" for forming the past and future tenses. Then I ruefully realized that many of our verbs do not follow the rule. So the bookcase was under assault again, until it yielded up a fairly complete list of the irregular ones. I went back to bed.

After breakfast, I gave the lesson to Stephen, saying, with much finger pointing, "*This* will help (helfen?) *you. You* will help *them.*"

"Vann—have—you—this—make?" he asked.

"Oh, early this morning," I replied.

"Vas—for—you—much—vark," quoth Stephen.

But he did study it. And he did help Maria and Miklos.

Miklos, poor fellow, was almost mad with frustration. His love of accuracy demanded a grammar. But neither bookstores nor our library ever had one. The simplest grammar for school children assumes that the pupil can read English; so even these were of no use. Stephen found plenty of books written for German-speaking adults, and settled down, as if rooted to a certain chair, studying endlessly. ("I am *professeur*," he said. "I teach myself.") But Miklos had to depend on my blundering inventions.

Maria, meanwhile, was not under pressure, as were the men, to prepare herself for work in an English-speaking world. She had such a gift for pantomime that we could understand her anyway. "Maria say," said interpreter Stephen one evening, "she will learn to read with her child." Actually, she learned much sooner; and she learned to talk as a baby learns—by sound alone.

Christmas was almost upon us, and the cookies weren't even baked! The news was out, now that we had taken our guests to church; and the phone, by itself, was enough to wreck any schedule. The Welcome Wagon paid a visit, we celebrated Wilson's birthday, we entertained Hungarian guests from out of town—all between Sunday, the sixteenth, and Thursday, when Carol arrived from college for the holidays.

But no matter how my time was occupied, my real concern was with the state of mind of our guests. The dreadful seriousness, which we had observed in the beginning, lifted somewhat the first evening. But still an underlying tension showed in their eyes. It was on the fourth day, Tuesday, while putting away the lunch dishes, that Maria began humming to herself. I thanked God; for that aimless little humming of a woman at her work comes from peace of mind, and from nothing else.

It was on Friday that Miklos let go his first gale of laughter—and my heart gave a leap. The boy sounded so much like our absent David! As the days passed, and Miklos laughed more and more, we could almost believe our son was at home again. And, though he could not talk, he and our two daughters had as much fun together as if he really were their big brother.

Though Miklos was twenty-eight, he was a boy at heart. Now that his nerves had relaxed so that he could sleep more soundly at night, he seemed to grow younger by the day. He teased Carol about her boy friend at school. He pestered the cats, and lay on the floor at full length (six feet, three inches) to watch TV. Stephen, watching from his favorite study corner, leafed through his dictionary, and then asked, with perfect gravity, "Which is correct, of a pairson: on-ripe, or im-ma-ture?"

Our family, of course, learned to say "Boldog Karacsonyt," or "Merry Christmas." And it was becoming a merry one indeed, with undertones of a deep and abiding happiness.

On Sunday afternoon, the twenty-third, we all went to the candlelight service at church. From there, our daughters went with the young people, caroling. Wilson and I, after supper at home, took the Hungarians to the manse. At nine o'clock, the young-adult group made this the last stop on their own caroling tour, and came in for coffee, doughnuts, and more singing. It was good to see how easily the newcomers fitted in with the crowd, poised and friendly.

Monday saw the tree trimmed. That night, all seven of us sallied forth again, to the eleven-o'clock Christmas Eve service, largely scripture reading and carols. Every year, it is the same. At 11:58, the last note is sung, and silence descends; the people sit with bowed heads, scarcely breathing as the seconds tick away—one hundred and twenty of them. Then, at midnight, the organ chimes twelve, and the congregation springs up to sing, "Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow." It is always a moving experience. This time, for me, it was too big. I wept.

On the day after Christmas we had a visit from a young Hungarian woman who had phoned after seeing a story about our guests in our suburban newspaper. She and her mother had been in America for seven years and they were eager to help the newcomers to learn English. Although the lessons usually turned into lively talkfests in Hungarian, I was glad to know that here was a young woman, the mother of a young child, who could talk woman-talk with Maria.

It was these new friends who invited our trio to a New Year's Eve party. This precipitated a flurry of shopping, for all needed dressy (*Continued on Page 71*)

Left at the Lift

When I depart this life, I
fear
The elevators, same as here,
Will pass me with
indifferent frown;
I'll ring for "Up"—they'll
all go down.

Elinor K. Rose

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Never underestimate
the power of a woman!
Nor the womanpower of
Ladies' Home JOURNAL
No. 1 magazine for women
No. 1 in circulation
No. 1 in newsstand sales
No. 1 in advertising

Womanpower makes sense to two kinds of businessmen

The fellow on the right is a retail businessman.

He feels womanpower in his community *personally* because it's to his shop that women come bright-eyed with ideas from Ladies' Home Journal. Whether he runs a supermarket or a specialty shop, deals in autos or appliances, owns a drug or department store, he can measure Journalpower on his cash register. So he – and thousands like him – work hand-in-hand with the Journal's hefty merchandising staff, planning tie-ins with Journal features, devising ways to display Journal-advertised products.

The other fellow is an advertising businessman. He measures womanpower on sales charts – which show that Journal-inspired ideas move women enthusiastically, and quickly. He, and thousands like him, showed how they felt about the Journal in 1958 by investing more money in it than in any other women's magazine. We're sure the feeling will be stronger in 1959.

Never underestimate the power of a woman
... nor the power of the No. 1 women's magazine

Ladies' Home JOURNAL
A CURTIS PUBLICATION

No. 1 in circulation ★ No. 1 in newsstand sales ★ No. 1 in advertising

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(*Continued from Page 69*) shoes for the occasion. Maria was not hard to fit, but the men were a problem. In the end, however, I was glad that we exhausted New Rochelle's stores and took a second day to go to the Cross County Shopping Center. For this trip led to one of the priceless moments of the story. That day I took Maria to the dentist, while Judy shopped with, and talked for, Miklos. Maria and I returned first to the car and, in spite of our limited vocabulary, fell to talking.

"What time will you go out tonight?" I asked. Maria held up nine fingers, and replied, "Nine hours."

"That's right," I replied. "It is New Year's Eve; so you go out late, and come back late."

"Late?" asked Maria.

"Yes. After midnight."

At this, Maria grew silent, thinking. Then she said, "In America, fray."

I raised an inquiring eyebrow; and she made vicious little handcuffs of her own fingers around her wrists, and explained, "In Hungary, not fray." Then, flinging her hands apart, she repeated, "In America, fray."

"Yes," I replied, "that is why you came: to be free."

With a flutter of fingers toward her unborn child, she said, with a glowing smile, "Baby, American. Baby *born* fray!"

When they came downstairs at 8:45 that evening for the first social engagement that involved no one in our family or in the church, Wilson handed a key to Stephen, saying, "We'll probably go to bed before you come home. You should have a key to the house." After a pause, Stephen returned a simple, dignified, "Thank you very much." In that moment, before our very eyes, something happened. All three faces brightened; the men seemed to expand, squaring their shoulders and holding their heads higher. So small a thing to mean so much! But *is* it a small thing to be trusted by your fellow man, or to go and come as you please?

After the holidays, the church busied itself in the Hungarians' behalf. Voluntary gifts provided them with money for necessities. People phoned in offers of clothing, which we brought home for fitting. Two doctors gave physical checkups; a dentist and an obstetrician promised their services free of charge. The church took care of everything except the doubled grocery bills.

Night classes in English for foreign-born adults having opened at the high school on January ninth, I felt less alone in my struggle. Stephen was already reading our papers, and all three understood a fair amount of television. So the days passed quickly.

True, Miklos and Stephen were impatient to be working; and they might have had simple manual jobs, early in January. But as they were trained to work with their minds rather than with their hands, we urged them to concentrate on English first.

Early in February, through a friend at church, Miklos was employed as a draftsman by an engineering firm. The work was too easy for a graduate engineer, and the pay was small. But it was a step in the right direction. About two weeks later, we stumbled upon a place for Stephen, a job where he could use his knowledge of fuel-injection systems, as an engineering aide.

With Maria, I was never the strict teacher that I was with the two men. We were two women, sharing the work of a household—and the important thing was to understand each other.

We now began preparing in earnest for the baby who was to come—shopping and sewing, and rejoicing over every new little package that came to the house.

One day as we sat together by the big dining-room window, Maria lengthening some trousers for Miklos and I making a wee pink kimono, I said quite casually, "This is for my first grandchild." I was totally unprepared for the effect of my lightly spoken words. Maria looked at me with misty eyes for a long moment before she said softly, "You are very good." In that long look, when we seemed to see straight into each other's hearts, without any further words or ceremony, we knew ourselves to be "adopted" as mother and daughter, in love, if not in law or in fact.

The time now came for Stephen to "graduate." He had work which he liked, and which promised advancement. He had his driver's license, and enough money saved to be planning to buy a car. He had found a comfortably furnished room. He was soon to join an American organization, the local church. His whole attitude had changed from one of cautious restraint to one of crisp confidence.

On March fourteenth, while he and I were assembling suitcases and boxes to be packed for his departure, he paused to say, in typically conservative fashion, "I have mixed feelings today." How well I knew what he meant! We had been working for three months toward the day when he could "go it alone" in his adopted country. But now that the time had come, I knew we would miss him sorely.

"Oh, yes!" he said, when the car was loaded and ready to go. "One more thing I must not forget." And off upstairs he went. When he came back, without a word he laid in my hand the house key he had been carrying since New Year's Eve. I took it from him, but a lump came in my throat, and I slapped the key down, hard, on the hall table, exclaiming, "I don't like it, Stephen! I don't want you to go!"

But, of course, he went—and that was as it should be. He continued to drop in every day or two for mail and for a little visit—not exactly our brother—closer than a friend—fitting into no known category, because the past three months had created unique human relationships.

After Stephen left, Miklos and Maria stayed on, even though Miklos had his job. He had spoken of finding an apartment when he had had three pay checks safely in the bank. But as his income was then very small and rent in New Rochelle is high, I could imagine all too clearly the dingy, top-floor flat he would have to take. I thought of Maria in such a place: Alone all day; unable to talk except to us, who helped her over every sentence; not knowing what to expect as the time for the baby's birth drew near. I went no further; this was enough. I knew it must not be.

The baby, a fine boy, arrived on April twelfth. Miklos, whose boss had sent him home for the day, sat addressing the cards he had bought, while we waited for news from the hospital. When I saw the face of the cards, I fled hastily to the kitchen, for this was a joyful day and he must not see me in tears. It seemed a long time since Maria had said, "Baby, American! Baby born free!" But now I remembered, for Miklos' birth-announcement cards were color photographs of the Statue of Liberty.

We brought them home on April seventeenth and installed them in the room with Judy. Judy, who plans to be a nurse, was delighted to have two patients, one of whom was her godson, no less! I suddenly realized how much the winter's experience had matured our youngest, and thanked God for yet another unexpected return upon our original investment.

The telephone started ringing again when word went around at church that the little family would be moving into an apartment on May fourth. One person had surplus twin beds in the attic; another had a love seat; a third, an odd dresser; another, twin mattresses. On moving day, the borrowed station wagon picked up every major item necessary for simple housekeeping. The circles of the Women's Society sent dishes, cooking utensils and linens, so that the precious savings account was not badly depleted after all. How very easy it was to do when many warm-hearted people each did just a little!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Our "project," I suppose, was ended that fourth day of May. Christmas and May have passed again since then; and another Christmas is upon us. Looking back, I know that the end was really a beginning. Today, all three of the erstwhile strangers have become a natural part of the American scene, going their several ways.

Before the baby was born, Miklos was promoted to his beloved engineering. He continued with the same firm until the summer of 1958, when he made a change for the better. He is now in charge of production for the Disogrin Industries, in Mount Vernon, N.Y. Stephen, a teacher rather than an engineer, had to wait longer for recognition; but he, too, is now doing engineering work, for his first employer. He has moved into an attractive two-room apartment which he says is "very good for this stage of my life."

Stephen, definitely needing a car for commuting purposes, had it financed at the bank. But Miklos waited until he could pay cash for his. Miklos' first purchase "on time" was a television set—as company for Maria, and also for continuing contact with the English language.

Maria, of course, is busy with her little home and her baby. But she has time for friends and church. She likes to read, and historical novels are her favorites.

All three have joined the North Avenue Church, and all are active in its work. Stephen belongs to the Men's Service Organization. Miklos and Maria are in the Couples' Club. Nicky was baptized when he was six weeks old, and is regularly in the nursery while his parents are in church. The church itself, I feel sure, will always be stronger for having taken such prompt action in the name of Christ.

Our country, too, has profited. Here are three college-bred people, with fine minds and high standards of Christian conduct, eagerly awaiting the time when they may become citizens. Recently Miklos told me that, while they were still at Camp Kilmer, they had declined to go home with the Protestant minister of a Hungarian church in New Jersey. The reason? "We knew," he said, "that if we went with him, we would be Hungarians, living in America. We wanted to be Americans."

Lest this first-person account leave the impression that I, or my family, take credit for the happy outcome, let me say, emphatically, that any credit goes to a higher wisdom than ours. It is no pious platitude, but the simple truth, that we asked God to use us. As the story unfolded, we were frequently filled with wonder and gratitude, but never with complacency.

For surely, we have gained the most of all! Stephen is our good friend, growing deeper into our hearts with every passing month. In Maria and Miklos, we have two dear children who grew up and came to us, instead of growing up and going away, as the custom is. And Nicky, who at nineteen months is talking enchanting, bilingual baby talk, is as lovable a grandchild as anyone could want. I am sure that anyone who has ever seen love shining in a baby's eyes can understand why, for us, the wonderful adventure has only begun. THE END

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How Words Change Our Lives

(Continued from Page 22)

of words"—which would not be a bad definition if people didn't assume that the search for the meanings of words begins and ends with looking them up in a dictionary.

If one stops to think for a moment, it is clear that to define a word, as a dictionary does, is simply to explain the word with more words. To be thorough about defining, we should next have to define the words used in the definition, then define the words used in defining the words used in the definition . . . and so on. Defining words with more words, in short, gets us at once into what mathematicians call an "infinite regress." Alternatively, it can get us into the kind of run-around we sometimes encounter when we look up "impertinence" and find it defined as "impudence," so we look up "impudence" and find it defined as "impertinence." Yet—and here we come to another common reaction pattern—people often act as if words can be explained fully with more words. To a person who asked for a definition of jazz, Louis Armstrong is said to have replied, "Man, when you got to ask what it is, you'll never get to know," proving himself to be an intuitive semanticist as well as a great trumpet player.

Semantics, then, does not deal with the "meaning of words" as that expression is commonly understood. P. W. Bridgman, the Nobel-prize winner and physicist, once wrote, "The true meaning of a term is to be found by observing what a man does with it, not by what he says about it." He made an enormous contribution to science by showing that the meaning of a scientific term lies in the operations, the things done, that establish its validity, rather than in verbal definitions.

Here is a simple, everyday kind of example of "operational" criticism. If you say, "This table measures six feet in length," you could prove it by taking a foot rule, performing the operation of laying it end to end while counting, "One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . ." But if you say—and revolutionists have started uprisings with just this statement—"Man is born free, but everywhere he is in chains!"—what operations could you perform to demonstrate its accuracy or inaccuracy?

But let us carry this suggestion of "operationalism" outside the physical sciences where Bridgman applied it, and observe what "operations" people perform as the result of both the language they use and the language other people use in communicating to them. Here is a personnel manager studying an application blank. He comes to the words "Education: Harvard University," and drops the application blank in the wastebasket (that's the "operation") because, as he would say if you asked him, "I don't like Harvard men." This is an instance of "meaning" at work—but it is not a meaning that can be found in dictionaries.

If I seem to be taking a long time to explain what semantics is about, it is because I am trying, in the course of explanation, to introduce the reader to a certain way of looking at human behavior. Semantics—especially the general semantics of Alfred Korzybski (1879–1950), Polish-American scientist and educator—pays particular attention not to words in themselves, but to semantic reactions—that is, human responses to symbols, signs and symbol-systems, including language.

I say *human* responses because, so far as we know, human beings are the only creatures that have, over and above that biological equipment which we have in common with other creatures, the additional capacity for manufacturing symbols and systems of symbols. When we react to a flag, we are not reacting simply to a piece of cloth, but to the meaning with which it has been symbolically endowed. When we react to a word, we are not reacting to a set of sounds, but to the meaning with which that set of sounds has been symbolically endowed.

A basic idea in general semantics, therefore, is that the meaning of words (or other symbols) is not in the words, but in our own semantic reactions. If I were to tell a shockingly obscene story in Arabic or Hindustani or Swahili before an audience that understood only English, no one would blush or be angry; the story would be neither shocking nor obscene—indeed, it would not even be a story. Likewise, the value of a dollar bill is not in the bill, but in our social agreement to accept it as a symbol of value. If that agreement were to break down through the collapse of our Government, the dollar bill would become only a scrap of paper. We do not understand a dollar bill by staring at it long and hard. We understand it by observing how people act with respect to it. We understand it by understanding the social mechanisms and the loyalties that keep it meaningful. Semantics is therefore a social study, basic to all other social studies.

It is often remarked that words are tricky—and that we are all prone to be deceived by "fast talkers," such as high-pressure salesmen, skillful propagandists, politicians or lawyers. Since few of us are aware of the degree to which we use words to deceive ourselves, the sin of "using words in a tricky way" is one that is always attributed to the other fellow. When the Russians use the word "democracy" to mean something quite different from what we mean by it, we at once accuse them of "propaganda," of "corrupting the meanings of words." But when we use the word "democracy" in the United States to mean something quite different from what the Russians mean by it, they are equally quick to accuse us of "hypocrisy." We all tend to believe that the way we use words is the correct way, and that people who use the same words in other ways are either ignorant or dishonest.

Leaving aside for a moment such abstract and difficult terms as "democracy," let us examine a common, everyday word like "frog." Surely there is no problem about what "frog" means! Here are some sample sentences:

"If we're going fishing, we'll have to catch some frogs first." (This is easy.)

"I have a frog in my throat." (You can hear it croaking.)

"She wore a loose, silk jacket fastened with braided frogs."

"The blacksmith pared down the frog and the hoof before shoeing the horse."

"In Hamilton, Ohio, there is a firm by the name of American Frog and Switch Company."

In addition to these "frogs," there is the frog in which a sword is carried, the frog at the bottom of a bowl or vase that is used in flower arrangement, and the frog which is part of a violin bow. The reader can no doubt think of other "frogs."

Or take another common word such as "order." There is the *order* that the salesman tries to get, which is quite different from the *order* which a captain gives to his crew. Some people enter holy *orders*. There is the *order* in the house when mother has finished tidying up; there is the batting *order* of the home team; there is an *order* of ham and eggs. It is surprising that with so many meanings to the word, people don't misunderstand one another oftener than they do.

The foregoing are only striking examples of a principle to which we are all so well accustomed that we rarely think of it; namely, that most words have more meanings than dictionaries can keep track of. And when we consider further that each of us has different experiences, different memories, different likes and dislikes, it is clear that all words evoke different responses in all of us. We may agree as to what the term "Mississippi River" stands for, but you and I recall different parts of the river; you and I have had different experiences with it; one of us has read more about it than the other; one of us may have happy memories of it, while the other may recall chiefly tragic events connected with it. Hence your "Mississippi River" can never be identical with my "Mississippi River." The fact that we can communicate with each other about the "Mississippi River" often conceals the fact that we are talking about two different sets of memories and experiences.

Words being as varied in their meanings as they are, no one can tell us what the correct interpretation of a word should be in advance of our next encounter with that word. The reader may have been taught always to revere the word "mother." But what is he going to do the next time he encounters this word, when it occurs in the sentence "Mother began to form in the bottle"? If it is impossible to determine what a single word will mean on next encounter, is it possible to say in advance what is the correct evaluation of such events as these: (1) next summer, an individual who calls himself a socialist will announce his candidacy for the office of register of deeds in your city; (2) next autumn, there will be a strike at one of your local department stores; (3) next week, your wife will announce that she is going to change her style of hairdo; (4) tomorrow, your little boy will come home with a bleeding nose?

A reasonably sane individual will react to each of these events in his own way, according to time, place and the entire surrounding set of circumstances; and included among those circumstances will be his own stock of experiences, wishes, hopes and fears. But there are people whose pattern of reactions is such that some of them can be completely predicted in advance. Mr. A will never vote for anyone called "socialist," no matter how incompetent or crooked the alternative candidates may be. Mr. B-1 always disapproves of strikes and strikers, without bothering to inquire whether or not this strike has its justifications; Mr. B-2 always sympathizes with the strikers because he hates all bosses. Mr. C belongs to the "stay sweet as you are" school of thought, so that his wife hasn't been able to change her hairdo since she left high school. Mr. D always faints at the sight of blood.

Such fixed and unalterable patterns of reaction—in their more obvious forms we call them prejudices—are almost inevitably organized around words. Mr. E distrusts and fears all people to whom the term "Catholic" is applicable, while Mr. F, who is Catholic, distrusts and fears all non-Catholics. Mr. G is so rabid a Republican that he reacts with equal dislike to all Democrats, all Democratic proposals, all opposite proposals if they are also made by Democrats. Back in the days when Franklin D. Roosevelt was President, Mr. G disliked not only the Democratic President but also his wife, children and dog. His office was on Roosevelt Road in Chicago (it had been named after Theodore Roosevelt), but he had his address changed to his back door on 11th Street, so that he would not have to print the hated name on his stationery. Mr. H, on the other hand, is an equally rabid Democrat, who hates himself for continuing to play golf, since golf is Mr. Eisenhower's favorite game. People suffering from such prejudices seem to have in their brains an uninsulated spot which, when touched by such words as "capitalist," "boss," "striker," "scab," "Democrat," "Republican," "socialized medicine," and other such loaded terms, results in an immediate short circuit, often with a blowing of fuses.

Alfred Korzybski, the founder of general semantics, called such short-circuited responses "identification reactions." He used the word "identification" in a special sense; he meant that persons given to such fixed patterns of response identify (that is, treat as identical) all occurrences of a given word or symbol; they identify all the different cases that fall under the same name. Thus, if one has hostile identification reactions to "women drivers," then all women who drive cars are "identical" in their incompetence.

Korzybski believed that the term "identification reaction" could be generally used to describe the majority of cases of semantic malfunctioning. Identification is something that goes on in the human nervous system. "Out there" there are no absolute identities. No two Harvard men, no two Ford cars, no two mothers-in-law, no two politicians, no two leaves from the same tree, are identical with each other in all respects. If, however, we treat all cases that fall under the same class label as one at times when the differences are important, then there is something wrong with our semantic habits.

We are now ready, then, for another definition of general semantics. It is a comparative study of the kinds of responses people make to the symbols and signs around them; we may compare the semantic habits common among the prejudiced, the foolish and the mentally ill with those found among people who are able to solve their problems successfully, so that, if we care to, we may revise our own semantic habits for the better. In other words, general semantics is, if we wish to make it so, the study of how not to be a damn fool.

Identification reactions run all the way through nature. The capacity for seeing similarities is necessary to the survival of all animals. The pickerel, I suppose, identifies all shiny, fluttery things going through the water as minnows, and goes after them all in pretty much the same way. Under natural conditions, life is made possible for the pickerel by this capacity. Once in a while, however, the shiny, fluttery thing in the water may happen to be not a minnow but an artificial lure on the end of a line. In such a case, one would say that the identification response, so useful for survival, under somewhat more complex conditions that require differentiation between two sorts of shiny and fluttery objects, proves to be fatal.

To go back to our discussion of human behavior, we see at once that the problem of adequate differentiation is immeasurably more complex for men than it is for pickerel. The signs we respond to, and the symbols we create and train ourselves to respond to, are infinitely greater in number and immeasurably more abstract than the signs in a pickerel's environment. Lower animals have to deal only with certain brute facts in their physical environment. But think, only for a moment, of what constitutes a human environment. Think of the items that call for adequate responses that no animal ever has to think

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about: our days are named and numbered, so that we have birthdays, anniversaries, holidays, centennials, and so on, all calling for specifically human responses; we have history, which no animal has to worry about; we have verbally codified patterns of behavior which we call law, religion and ethics. We have to respond not only to events in our immediate environment, but to reported events in Washington, Paris, Tokyo, Moscow, Beirut. We have literature, comic strips, confession magazines, market quotations, detective stories, journals of abnormal psychology, bookkeeping systems to interpret. We have money, credit, banking, stocks, bonds, checks, bills. We have the complex symbolisms of moving pictures, paintings, drama, music, architecture and dress. In short, we live in a vast human dimension of which the lower animals have no inkling, and we have to have a capacity for differentiation adequate to the complexity of our extra environment.

The next question, then, is why human beings do not always have an adequate capacity for differentiation. Why are we not constantly on the lookout for differences as well as similarities instead of feeling, as so many do, that the Chinese (or Mexicans, or ballplayers, or women drivers) are "all alike"? Why do some people react to words as if they were the things they stand for? Why do certain patterns of reaction, both in individuals and in larger groups such as nations, persist long after the usefulness has expired?

Part of our identification reactions are simply protective mechanisms inherited from the necessities of survival under earlier and more primitive conditions of life. I was once beaten up and robbed by two men on a dark street. Months later, I was again on a dark street with two men, good friends of mine, but involuntarily I found myself in a panic and insisted on our hurrying to a well-lighted drugstore to have a soda so that I would stop being jittery. In other words, my whole body reacted with an identification reaction of fear of these two men, in spite of the fact that "I knew" that I was in no danger. Fortunately, with the passage of time, this reaction has died away. But the hurtful experiences of early childhood do not fade so readily. There is no doubt that many identification reactions are traceable to childhood traumas, as psychiatrists have shown.

Further identification reactions are caused by communal patterns of behavior which were necessary or thought necessary at one stage or another in the development of a tribe or nation. General directives such as "Kill all snakes," "Never kill cows, which are sacred animals," "Shoot all strangers on sight," "Fall down flat on your face before all members of the aristocracy," or, to come to more modern instances, "Never vote for a Republican," "Oppose all government regulation of business," "Never associate with Negroes on terms of equality," are an enormous factor in the creation of identification reactions.

Some human beings—possibly in their private feelings a majority—can accept these directives in a *human* way: that is, it will not be impossible for them under a sufficiently changed set of circumstances to kill a cow, or not to bow down before an aristocrat, to vote for a Republican, or to accept a Negro as a classmate. Others, however, get these directives so deeply ground into their nervous systems that they become incapable of changing their responses no matter how greatly the circumstances may have changed. Still others, although capable of changing their responses, dare not do so for fear of public opinion. Social progress usually requires the breaking up of these absolute identifications, which often make necessary changes impossible. Society must obviously have patterns of behavior; human beings must obviously have habits. But when those patterns become inflexible, so that a tribe has only one way to meet a famine, namely, to throw more infants as sacrifices to the crocodiles, or a nation has only one way to meet a threat to its security, namely, to increase its armaments, then such a tribe or such a nation is headed for trouble. There is insufficient capacity for differentiated behavior.

Furthermore—and here one must touch upon the role of newspapers, radio and television—if agencies of mass communication hammer away incessantly at the production of, let us say, a hostile set of reactions at such words as "Communists," "bureaucrats," "Wall Street," "international bankers," "labor leaders," and so on, no matter how useful an immediate job they may perform in correcting a given abuse at a given time and place, they can in the long run produce in thousands of readers and listeners identification reactions to the words—reactions that will make intelligent public discussion impossible. Modern means of mass communication and propaganda certainly have an important part to play in the creation of identification reactions.

In addition to the foregoing, there is still another source of identification reactions; namely, the language we use in our daily thought and speech. Unlike the languages of the sciences, which are carefully constructed, tailor-made, special-purpose languages, the language of everyday life is one directly inherited and haphazardly developed from those of our prescientific ancestors: Anglo-Saxons, primitive Germanic tribes, primitive Indo-Europeans. With their scant knowledge of the world, they formulated descriptions of the world before them in statements such as "The sun rises." We do not today believe that the sun "rises." Nevertheless, we still continue to use the expression, without believing what we say.

But there are other expressions, quite as primitive as the idea of "sunrise," which we use uncritically, fully believing in the implications of our terms. Having observed (or heard) that *some* Negroes are lazy, an individual may say, making a huge jump beyond the known facts, "Negroes are lazy." Without arguing for the moment the truth or falsity of this statement, let us examine the implications of the statement as it is ordinarily constructed: "Negroes are lazy." The statement implies, as common sense or any textbook on traditional logic will tell us, that "laziness" is a "quality" that is "inherent" in Negroes.

What are the facts? Under conditions of slavery, under which Negroes were not paid for working, there wasn't any point in being an industrious and responsible worker. The distinguished French abstract artist Jean Hélion once told the story of his life as a prisoner of war in a German camp, where, during the Second World War, he was compelled to do forced labor. He told how he loafed on the job, how he thought of device after device for avoiding work and producing as little as possible—and, since his prison camp was a farm, how he stole chickens at every opportunity. He also described how he put on an expression of good-natured imbecility whenever approached by his Nazi overseers. Without intending to do so, in describing his own actions, he gave an almost perfect picture of the literary type of the Southern Negro of slavery days. Jean Hélion, confronted with the fact of forced labor, reacted as intelligently as Southern Negro slaves, and the slaves reacted as intelligently as Jean Hélion. "Laziness," then, is not an "inherent quality" of Negroes or of any other group of people. It is a *response* to a work situation in which there are no rewards for working, and in which one hates his taskmasters.

Statements implying inherent qualities, such as "Negroes are lazy" or "There's something terribly wrong with young people today," are therefore the crudest kind of unscientific observation, based on an out-of-date way of saying things, like "The sun rises." The tragedy is not simply the fact that people make such statements; the graver fact is that they believe themselves.

Some individuals are admired for their "realism" because, as the saying goes, they "call a spade a spade." Suppose we were to raise the question "Why should anyone call it a spade?" The reply would obviously be, "Because that's what it is!" This reply appeals so strongly to the common sense of most people that they feel that at this point discussion can be closed. I should like to ask the reader, however,

Force-Fed

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

She dearly wants her friends to be
Dear friends. And so how eagerly
She introduces them, and then,
As anxious as a mother wren,
She rams them down each other's throats,
Until, as one observer notes,
Among the lady's friends arise
Antipathies of awesome size.

to consider a point which may appear at first to him a mere quibble.

Here, let us say, is an implement for digging made of steel, with a wooden handle. Here, on the other hand, is a succession of sounds made with the tongue, lips and vocal cords: "spade." If you want a digging implement of the kind we are talking about, you would ask for it by making the succession of sounds "spade" if you are addressing an English-speaking person. But suppose you were addressing a speaker of Dutch, French, Hungarian, Chinese, Tagalog? Would you not have to make completely different sounds? It is apparent, then, that the common-sense opinion of most people, "We call a spade a spade because that's what it is," is completely and utterly wrong. We call it a "spade" because we are English-speaking people, conforming, in this instance, to majority usage in naming this particular object. The steel-and-iron digging implement is simply an object standing there against the garage door; "spade" is what we *call* it—"spade" is a *name*.

And here we come to another source of identification reactions—an unconscious assumption about language epitomized in the expression "a spade is a spade," or even more elegantly in the famous remark "Pigs are called pigs because they are such dirty animals." The assumption is that everything has a "right name" and that the "right name" names the "essence" of that which is named.

If this assumption is at work in our reaction patterns, we are likely to be given to premature and often extremely inappropriate responses. We are likely to react to names as if they gave complete insight into the persons, things or situations named. If we are told that a given individual is a "Jew," some of us are likely to respond, "That's all I need to know." For, if names give the essence of that which is named, obviously, every "Jew" has the essential attribute of "Jewishness." Or, to put it the other way around, it is because he possesses "Jewishness" that we call him a "Jew"! A further example of the operation of this assumption is that, in spite of the fact that my entire education has been in Canada and the United States and I am unable to read and write Japanese, I am sometimes credited, or accused, of having an "Oriental mind." Now, since Buddha, Confucius, General Tojo, Mao Tse-tung, Syngman Rhee, Pandit Nehru and the proprietor of the Golden Pheasant Chop Suey House all have "Oriental minds," it is hard to imagine what is meant. The "Oriental mind," like the attribute of "Jewishness," is purely and simply a fiction. Nevertheless, I used to note with alarm that newspaper columnists got paid for articles that purported to account for Stalin's behavior by pointing out that since he came from Georgia, which is next to Turkey and Azerbaijan and therefore "more a part of Asia than of Europe," he too had an "Oriental mind."

Our everyday habits of speech and our unconscious assumptions about the relations between words and things lead, then, to an identification reaction in which it is felt that all things that have the same name are entitled to the same response. From this point of view, all "insurance men," or "college boys," or "politicians," or "lawyers," or "Texans" are alike. Once we recognize the absurdity of these identification reactions based on identities of name, we can begin to think more clearly and more adequately. No "Texan" is exactly like any other "Texan." No "college boy" is exactly like any other "college boy." Most of the time "Texans" or "college boys" may be what you think they are: but often they are not. To realize fully the difference between words and what they stand for is to be ready for differences as well as similarities in the world. This readiness is mandatory to scientific thinking, as well as to sane thinking.

Korzybski's simple but powerful suggestion to those wishing to improve their semantic habits is to add "index numbers" to all terms, according to the formula: A_1 is not A_2. Translated into everyday language we can state the formula in such terms as these: Cow_1 is not cow_2; cow_2 is not cow_3; $Texan_1$ is not $Texan_2$; $politician_1$ is not $politician_2$; ham and eggs (Plaza Hotel) are not ham and eggs (Smitty's Café); socialism (Russia) is not socialism (England); private enterprise (Joe's Shoe Repair Shop) is not private enterprise (A.T.&T.). The formula means that instead of simply thinking about "cows" or "politicians" or "private enterprise," we should think as factually as possible about the differences between one cow and another, one politician and another, one privately owned enterprise and another.

This device of "indexing" will not automatically make us wiser and better, but it's a start. When we talk or write, the habit of indexing our general terms will reduce our tendency to wild and woolly generalization. It will compel us to think before we speak—think in terms of concrete objects and events and situations, rather than in terms of verbal associations. When we read or listen, the habit of indexing will help us visualize more concretely, and therefore understand better,

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what is being said. And if nothing is being said except deceptive windbaggery, the habit of indexing may—at least part of the time—save us from snapping, like the pickerel, at phony minnows. Another way of summing up is to remember, as Wendell Johnson said, that "To a mouse, cheese is cheese—that's why mousetraps work."

The author recommends the following books to readers who wish to explore this subject further:

Bois, J. Samuel
EXPLORATIONS IN AWARENESS
Harper
$3.50

Chase, Stuart
POWER OF WORDS
Harcourt, Brace
$3.95

Rapoport, Anatol
OPERATIONAL PHILOSOPHY
Harper
$3.75

Korzybski, Alfred
SCIENCE AND SANITY
Institute of General Semantics
$10.00

Hayakawa, S. I.
LANGUAGE IN THOUGHT AND ACTION
Harcourt, Brace
$4.00

Johnson, Wendell
PEOPLE IN QUANDARIES:
THE SEMANTICS OF PERSONAL ADJUSTMENT
Harper
$6.00

Lee, Irving
LANGUAGE HABITS IN HUMAN AFFAIRS
Harper
$2.50

Britain's Own "Traitor to His Class"

(Continued from Page 13)

Gaitskell was elected to succeed the retiring Clement Attlee in December, 1955, a moderate to replace a moderate. But he won the mantle of party leadership only after a long and violent tussle with the left wing of the party, led by the magnetic, erratic Aneurin Bevan. For the purposes of the coming election anyway, volcanic Bevan has been smoothing over and cooling his own lava—"A split in the Labor Party? Why, that's just a Tory word for discussion."

Clem Attlee, in his quiet, pipe-smoking way, was probably the shrewdest leader the Labor Party has ever had. He made a fairly good Prime Minister. Yet Gaitskell does not come off badly when compared with Attlee. He is brainier and less of a cold fish. Gaitskell, only fifty-two, suffers rather from frequent comparison with his dynamic, if older, rival, Nye Bevan, sixty-one. In the Members' Bar of the House of Commons, left-wing Bevanites have been known to chant a naughty parody: "Anything Hugh can do, Nye can do better."

Which is not quite so. While there is little that is flashy in Hugh Gaitskell's career, there is much that is both refreshing and revealing. Today he is Leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition, but the outside world hears his voice raised more often in praise than in anger. Gaitskell is an articulate friend of the United States and a vehement defender of NATO. He is the manager type of statesman, distinct from the orators, crowd-pleasers and pot-wallopers so familiar on the left. He is trying to put across in Britain today a fresh and natty drip-dry socialism to replace the woolly old red shirt.

A visitor returning to the British Isles these days finds everything hotting up, a distinct pre-election atmosphere. Within less than a year—some railbirds say within a few months—the British political show will be forming up to go to the post in that Grand National known as a general election. Maybe as early as next May, perhaps not until October.

There is nothing like the Downing Street Sweepstakes, and the strong Gallup Poll dry run hints of a close and exciting race, to bring out all the raucous gambling and handicapping instincts of this tough, sporting nation. In the pubs of the realm, it stimulates long winter-book discussions about character, style and staying power. Both major parties have come up with thoroughbreds, neither likely to fade in the stretch.

There will always be an England, subtly governed by the old-boy fraternity. Much of the class struggle here is waged by Tory public-school boys, most of whom went to Eton, and Labor stalwarts (Gaitskell, Crossman, Jay, Younger) who went to Winchester. They learned to hate one another cordially at Oxford and Cambridge, known to the irreverent as Oxbridge. Recently, Hugh Gaitskell has been wearing a delightful new addition to his old-school ties. The Foundry Workers Union is the first British trade-union to come up with its own cravat, a bright gold ladle on royal and azure blue. Gaitskell is an honorary member of the sartorial smelters.

The Ideal British Prime Minister has been defined as a man with the manners and morals of a bishop, and the instincts of a buccaneer. Oddly, today, it is the Conservative Macmillan who has more than a touch of the buccaneer, and Labor's Gaitskell many of the manners of a bishop. The rivals are well matched, because they are utterly different. They are sincere partisans of two views of how to run the welfare state, Macmillan the Tory democrat and Gaitskell the social democrat.

The election is up for grabs. Less than nine months ago, as the augurs read the polls, by-election and borough-election returns, it looked like Labor in a romp. The black winds were blowing for the Tories, who hit a dismal post-Suez 1957 rock-bottom in the popularity polls—29 per cent. But under the calm and astute leadership of jaunty Harold Macmillan, last September they pulled even, and then slightly ahead, in the volatile odds. For the first time since June, 1956—before the Suez flap—the Conservatives have a 3-per-cent lead in newspaper polls. But today neither party feels knee-deep in clover.

Prime Minister Macmillan, a man of gyroscopic steadiness, gets full credit for having brought his party out of the valley of doubt onto the uplands of hope. But nobody knows better than Macmillan himself that there is one jinx, a history-laden mortgage on Tory prospects. Not since the Reform Bill of 1832—a long time ago, even in Britain—has any political party won three general elections in a row. The peculiar rhythm of the two-party system is regulated by the pendulum swing. The Tories won in 1951, with Sir Winston Churchill; and again in 1955, with Sir Anthony Eden. Macmillan is now out to rack up the hat trick in 1959. (In cricket, when a bowler bowls three wickets running, the club awards him a derby, or bowler.)

The election is thus no sure thing, but for several reasons the heat is on the challenger, Hugh Gaitskell. An eggheads' egghead, Gaitskell's has been the fastest and steadiest rising star in postwar British politics. Gaitskell did not even enter the House of Commons until 1945, when he came in, almost unnoticed, as M.P. for Leeds South in the Labor landslide. It is a seat once held by Gladstone.

Unnoticed by the general public, but not unprepared. The professor from University College, London, is probably the best economics brain in the party, the Asquith of the "dismal science." Within ten months, freshman M.P. Gaitskell was parliamentary secretary to a minister, and within five years had succeeded the ailing Sir Stafford Cripps as Chancellor of the Exchequer, one of the tough, top jobs in the government, the man who minds the national store.

And within eleven years, after a bitter showdown with the left wing of the party, which had rallied behind brilliant Aneurin Bevan, Gaitskell bested the maverick Welshman to inherit the mantle of retiring Clement Attlee as party leader. He wears it as if it had been tailored to him, but it is not yet purple.

Gaitskell has many engaging human qualities, not all of which he has yet got across to the voters. He is youngish in appearance and spirit, athletic in build, ruddy-faced and good-looking in a homely, masculine way. The cartoonists love to exaggerate his long Pinocchio nose, his wide eyes, his wavy and sometimes unruly auburn hair, his classroomy gestures with his hands, his taste for colorful neckwear—often the gifts of his slew of American friends. Hard-working, intense, dedicated, a lunch-at-the-desk man, with always the right amount of ambition showing, like a gentleman's cuff.

A new generation has come to power in the Labor Party, and Hugh Gaitskell is their beau ideal. Once a crack college golfer—winner of the Prince of Wales Cup at Broncaster in the 1920's—he has since given up playing. He is a smooth ballroom dancer, whose secret vice is a London version of rock and roll, and he keeps his trim figure by showing up at Labor Party proms in St. Pancras Town Hall. He is a movie-goer, dart player, pottering gardener and weekend tramper on the Sussex Downs. There is a folksy gaiety in Gaitskell's happy, but now limited, private life. He was married in 1937 to Anna Dora Creditor, a Russian-born, London-bred medical student who gave up her career. The Gaitskells live today in Hampstead, a garden suburb of London. They have two teen-aged, glamour-girl daughters, who do their best to keep their politician dad from becoming a square.

Although Gaitskell is in many ways the most English of Englishmen, the large number of his American friends is no accident. Even Americans who have met him casually—diplomats, politicos, businessmen, trade-unionists—often remark how, once one has got past the modulated Oxford accent, he could be mistaken for an American.

Among Americans who had to do business with the Attlee government, Gaitskell was probably the most popular and respected minister, with an intimate knowledge of the American political scene and a profound grasp of international economics. But it was only during the fierce interparty Donnybrook with ebullient Aneurin Bevan, the Labor Party's best orator and a skillful tactician of the left, that Hugh Gaitskell emerged as something more than a pleasantly efficient fellow.

Bevan, who was born with a silver knife in his mouth, provoked the quarrel on the floor of the House of Commons back in 1951, when Labor was still in office and Gaitskell was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Slashing into the Gaitskell rearmament budget, he later ticked off his younger rival as a "desiccated calculating machine." Bevan's ironic crack became famous; Gaitskell's modest, quizzical retort is less well known: "If we are going to have social progress, someone will have to do the arithmetic."

At the annual party conferences, usually held at some seaside resort in a clangorous, clambake atmosphere, and known to the party militants as the autumn maneuvers, the two wings of the party began exchanging fraternal greetings—from cannon. Taking on Bevan called for pugilistic courage, but Gaitskell never flinched. He rallied the moderates and the trade-unions, and by 1957 had triumphed over Bevan as boxer Tunney triumphed over slugger Dempsey.

Gaitskell won the showdown for the party mind, but Bevan, the hot-gospeling socialist, still has a grip on its heart. It is a moot question today whether the party rift has been mended or just papered over.

The political logic here is simple. If Labor cannot win with a moderate, the temptation will be strong to turn back to Aneurin Bevan, or some new radical leader, and take a heady lurch to the left. As London wits put it, "If something should happen to Mr. Gaitskell, Mr. Bevan would send for the Queen."

Recently, a lot of things have been happening to Mr. Gaitskell. Politics here is a cruel sport, and the higher a politician shinnies up the greasy pole of office, the more frequent the brickbats. Still, it is at first difficult for outsiders to fathom why Gaitskell, a pleasant and patently sincere man, can inspire such intense, glandular loathing in some of his political opponents. Attacks on his courage and character have today reached the intensity of similar diatribes two years ago against Sir Anthony Eden, a curious parallel which, in part, helps explain the attacks.

In otherwise respectable Conservative newspapers, Gaitskell has been flayed as: A Traitor to his Class . . . A Callow Cromwell . . . The Rt. Honorable Mr. Jellyfish . . . A Peppermint Pink . . . Head Busybody to the Human Race . . . A Man of Jaw and Straw . . . Red Hugh . . . Mr. Pecksniff . . . A Precious Wykehamist and Obvious Child of Privilege. A few dead cats have also been tossed from the far-left Amen Corner: A Trimmer . . . Too Remote, Too Toffee-Nosed . . . Prim, Spinsterish, Donnish Hugh . . . A Traitor to Socialism.

Gaitskell is on the grill with the Tories because of his forthright conduct during the Suez affair, when he vehemently opposed the armed attack on Egypt. In the bearpit of the House of Commons at the height of the Suez fiasco, when everybody's temper was at the ready, Gaitskell, usually calm and suave, was impassioned and red-faced. Dripping with sweat and exasperated emotions, he lashed out: "We will proclaim to the world, loudly and clearly, that there are millions and millions of British people who still believe that it is wise and right to stand by the

(*Continued on Page 76*)

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(*Continued from Page 74*) United Nations, the Commonwealth and the United States alliance."

At a mass meeting in Carlisle, he went further: "The only nation which comes out of this disgraceful mess with clean hands is the United States."

Thus he earned the undying hatred of the right-wing Tory rebels, the Captain Gingers who are the sons of Colonel Blimp. Having destroyed poor Eden in a kind of frenzied immolation of the leader, they have been stalking Gaitskell ever since, as a vicarious symbol in the ritual of tribal sacrifice. Undercover, they snipe at his patriotism, his guts, his lack of a war record. And he is openly roasted for his alleged fawning attitude toward the United States, his belief in the United Nations and his approach to what they call "the Empire" and Gaitskell calls "the Commonwealth."

Perhaps every country has the kind of anti-Americanism it deserves—"a nasty and unworthy emotion," says Gaitskell. One notes in Britain the odd emergence of the old political axiom that it is the extremes which touch. On this island, the thrill of sniping at Uncle Sam is shared, in about equal measure, by the right wing of the Tory party and the left wing of the Socialists. Gaitskell, the man in the middle, gets it both ways.

Perhaps then we Americans can be forgiven for trying to find the fairest answer to a question which will be asked, more and more, in the coming months. What manner of man is Hugh Gaitskell, and does he have what it takes to make a good Prime Minister?

Hugh Todd Naylor Gaitskell was born in Camden Hill, London, in 1906. His dad was a high official in the Indian Civil Service under the British Raj. Most of Hugh's uncles—the family came originally from Cumberland in the North Country of England—were colonels in the Indian Army. His mother, Adelaide, was a Scotswoman from Banffshire, and her father had been British Consul General in Shanghai. All were Anglican or Presbyterian, solid Victorian servants of the Queen. A biographer will search in vain for those hurts and scars of an unhappy childhood, which Sir Winston Churchill claims give bright upper-middle-class British children an urge to excel, the spur to fame.

When he was four, Hugh was taken with the family to Burma. At the age of six, he was sent back to England to begin his education, following in the footsteps of his older brother Arthur. (Arthur, until recently, was general manager of the vast Gezira cotton scheme in the Sudan, where the White Nile joins the Blue.) Both Arthur and Hugh were entered in the Dragon School in Oxford, a private boarding school, then went on to William of Wykeham's famous public school in Winchester, thence to New College, Oxford. Many educators regard this as just about the classiest curriculum in the English-speaking world.

Hugh lost his father when he was twelve, and the friendship between the two brothers—Arthur was five years older—became even closer. Many of the clues to Gaitskell's sunny character can be found in his genteel class origins and happy family life. He was learning Greek and Latin, tennis, golf and horseback riding when sons of the working class were sweating their youth away in the coal seams of the black valleys of Wales.

At Winchester, Hugh began to show a mild, liberalish interest in politics. He helped found a League of Nations Chapter, and spoke once in the debating society against Mussolini's attack on Corfu. He did not win a scholarship to Oxford, as he had hoped to. His first two terms at the university, according to classmates there at the time, Hugh was anything but a grind. He belonged to a set called the New College Gays, danced a lot, made friends at mild tippling parties and had his heart set on getting his "blue"—or letter—in golf. His last two years, however, determined to get First Class honors, Gaitskell really did hit the books hard. His chosen field was the history of the British working class.

This scholarly choice was decisive. For his degree, Gaitskell wrote a long essay on Chartism. Chartism was that first and violent reaction of the unorganized British workers to "the hungry 1840's," one of the truly terrible phases of the Industrial Revolution. American readers are familiar with it as the setting to Charles Dickens' gritty novel, Hard Times. It is also the somber background to much of the writing and thinking of Marx and Engels. (Engels was in England at this time.) Observing this British working-class revolt through the prism of their own Prussian mentalities, Marx and Engels came up with the doctrine of the class struggle. The dialectic of revolutionary socialism was born.

Charles Dickens, who knew and cared a lot more about the plight of the British workingman, came to quite the opposite conclusion. Dickens felt that Chartism failed when the movement fell into the hands of demagogues and agitators, who urged Lancashire workers to ram pikes through policemen. This appeal to mob violence not only shocked the moderate middle class but it also offended the decent social instincts of the British workers themselves. Writing almost a century later, Gaitskell is much closer to Dickens than to Marx: "The British prefer reform to be gradual and revolution to be silent. . . . The success of such a movement as Chartism depends on the acceptance of middle-class leadership and middle-class ideas."

Today this is a self-evident truth, but it was not always so. By an odd coincidence, at the very moment Gaitskell was writing his essay on Chartism—later to be expanded into a book—the then leaders of British Labor bungled themselves into a similar catastrophe, the general strike of 1926.

At Oxford, many of Hugh's larky classmates volunteered as strikebreakers. Hugh himself went downtown and joined the Oxford Strike Committee, took out a union card, hired a car and shuttled between London and Oxford fetching the strikers' paper, The British Worker. It was a decision of the heart—"I felt the government had behaved badly to the miners and that was that." But later he deplored the strike as a mistake.

Gaitskell today is so often mocked as the regulation model, a pillar of the new orthodoxy reflecting the majority opinion of Labor's huge battalions, that it is refreshing, and revealing, to discover what a lonely and unorthodox route he took to get where he is today. Having read himself into the labor movement, on leaving Oxford he now walked into it.

In 1927 Gaitskell took a modest thirty-dollar-a-week job as lecturer in economics to the Workingmen's Educational Association in Nottingham, atop the coal fields. It is a rather winsome picture, Gaitskell with his soft Oxford accent, his brown-blue-red Winchester tie, conducting day and night classes—"many of my students were victimized, out-of-work miners who, quite naturally, were very bitter." Although there was at first some suspicion of his "toff background," the workers of Notts and nearby Derbyshire soon took to Gaitskell, his warm and friendly ways, his no-nonsense attitude, his do-gooding sense of duty and the fact that he lived among them. They called him Hughie.

As a teacher and listener about the black-coal belt, Gaitskell confirmed what he had previously only surmised from books. The British worker, even in the radical mood that came in the aftermath of the general strike, remained in the native, authentic British tradition of reform, not revolution. The working stiff is just as bully-beef British, just as sensible and sober in his values, as the rest of the nation. And he has an innate suspicion of middle-class radicals. Not because they are middle-class, but because they are radicals, swooning with ideas from "abroad."

In any worth-while political career, there is usually some quiet period, half-forgotten today, during which a man born for leadership seems off-beat, swimming stubbornly against some easy, popular tide. One spots it instantly in Gaitskell. It is the Pink Decade of the 1930's. By tradition, the Labor Party is an alliance between middle-class intellectuals and working-class trade-unionists. The former are invariably the Radical Hot Pistols. In the 1930's, when industry was in a severe depression and politics in a red funk, even the ivory towers were leaning to the left. Gaitskell, now a professor at London University, remained one of the clearest and steadiest voices in the right wing of the party. He never broke out with Marxist measles.

The Shocking Pinks were in full flower. Down from Oxford and Cambridge came whole platoons of pale poets breathing fire for the proletariat. London was swarming with literary Lenins hailing "the blood-red dawn." John Strachey's The Coming Struggle for Power put the Left Book Club in big business. George Bernard Shaw daddled about Russia, convinced he had found in Stalin an advanced and genial Fabian. Sidney and Beatrice Webb, touring the Soviet Union in the middle of the monster purges, found the new Soviet constitution a great improvement on the unwritten British one.

Gaitskell writes without malice, but sometimes with lemonish acerbity. Most of his critical shafts at the mad Marxist mummery were fired from the learned journals. An economist by profession, he debunked the new-found jargon of the left: "The Marxist doctrine that has had the greatest vogue is the theory of surplus value. Perhaps it was convenient that this was stated in volume one, before the reader was choked by the turgidity of Marx's style."

It is a piquant footnote to history that two of the least-read books of the 1930's, when the Left Book Club dominated the stalls, both concerned themselves with the problem of how best to raise the productivity of British industry. One was Gaitskell's Money and Everyday Life. The other was The Middle Way, by a backbench Tory named Harold Macmillan.

War, said Heraclitus, is the father of all things. It took Hitler's bombs raining on London to shake lethargic Britain loose from the long interwar doldrums, to galvanize a great people into a supreme national effort. The Tories rediscovered Churchill, and their national conscience. The leaders of the Labor Party—Attlee, Morrison, Bevin, Cripps—came off the windy corners and into the coalition government. Together they waged total war, and together they built the structure of the welfare state.

Much of Gaitskell's quiet civil-service career in World War II is under wraps. He volunteered for military service, but was drafted by the government for secret work. In the Board of Trade and the Ministry of Economic Warfare, he became Dr. Hugh Dalton's bright young man. They were known as Big Hugh and Little Hugh. Gaitskell was one of the boys in the back room, working intensely on schemes to wage economic war on the Nazi state.

Awarded the C. B. E.—Commander of the Order of the British Empire—for his wartime work, Gaitskell was first proposed as the No. 2. British official with UNRRA. He chose instead to stand for Parliament. Physically exhausted, he had a thrombosis attack in 1945 that almost ended his political career before it began. But he left the hospital to give a few speeches, and won handily in South Leeds, in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

On the day of the 1945 Labor election landslide, Hugh Dalton wrote exultantly in his diary, "England is risen, and the day is here." But to govern, the Labor Party soon discovered it needed a lot more than the slogans of socialism. The older leaders of the party faced a postwar reality for which their prewar thinking and emotions left them quite unprepared—from unemployment to full employment, deflation to inflation, underconsumption to underproduction, from Britain the historical creditor nation to an island United Kingdom caught in recurring balance-of-payment difficulties.

Here surely is the real reason for the rapid rise of Hugh Gaitskell within the Labor hierarchy. In the Attlee regime, again and again it was the youngish Gaitskell—gathering around him a small group of trained economists known as the Happy Hughligans—who had done his homework, drafted the solid white papers, who was Mr. Facts and Figures.

How can production be stimulated while inflation is held in check? When his boss Dalton, a man of somewhat soapy charm, tried the gimmick of cheap money, we find Gaitskell shifting his allegiance in the Cabinet to Cripps, and plugging for austerity, priorities and stern wage freezes.

In 1949, it was Gaitskell at the Treasury who sent an envoy to Switzerland to convince an ailing and reluctant Cripps of the iron necessity to devaluate the pound, a financial measure that probably saved the British export market.

And in 1951—faced with Korea and recognizing it was time to rearm—Gaitskell as Chancellor of the Exchequer did not hesitate to frame a stiff budget and slap a charge on the false teeth of the National Health Service. That was really what produced the Bevanite revolt.

The forces of history are sophisticated, often ironic. In the race for Prime Minister, and the privilege of kissing the Queen's ring, here we have the authors of two of the most widely unread books of the 1930's battling today to lead the nation bravely into the 1960's. They want to practice now what they preached then, the gospel of production.

The nuances of party politics will provide the fun. There's Old Mac calling Hugh a nagging governess and "a socialist by stealth." And here's Gaitskell calling the Tories the "Party of Stuffed Shirts and Coronets." One notes that Squire Macmillan, although he beats the drum for free private enterprise, has been most careful not to dismantle the welfare state—"Let's just get a bigger pot and brew more beer." And university don Hugh Gaitskell, although he puts his hand on his heart and sings The Old Red Flag at party powwows, comes up with the campaign slogan "a motorcar for every British worker." It looks as though a pleasanter foreign ideology is creeping into English politics—something very like the American way of life.

THE END

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The Gentlest Pets I Ever Had

(Continued from Page 30)

trunk of a tree. The glide may extend over a hundred feet, provided the take-off point is high enough.

Flying squirrels, varying in size, are indigenous to the New World and the Old, from the Arctic Circle to Mexico. They are not rare, but since they are both shy and nocturnal, are seldom seen by man.

I put peanuts in the box for this one, and each night I would stand watching while he flicked in and out, with such swiftness and agility as to be almost invisible, to carry them away. That was how I discovered he was not one, but several, for soon he had no more than left the box before he was back again, and then I began to see him in several places at once—four, I counted, and five, and six.

When they got used to me, standing there as much a part of the night as another tree, they would all come scrambling down the hemlock to stare at me curiously; then one by one, never colliding, never disputing, float light as thistledown into the box and out and up again. Perched on various branches above, they would fill the night with small, remote sounds of crackling, and drop bits of shell like raindrops on the ground around me.

In time I found the place where they lived, a hollow in the trunk of a dead maple across the brook. I saw how they came to the feeding station, each along the same path, gliding from branch to branch, with no need to descend to the ground. And I thought that they were quite safe, for surely nothing could happen to them up there in the branches.

That was before I came to know the forest as I do today. Now I know that wherever there is movement there are eyes watching, and wherever there is life there is death waiting.

It caught them at the feeding box. It was a cat, black, thin, stealthy. He would climb to a branch of the tree above the box and wait for them there, and at that one instant when they paused to pick up a nut—then and not a second sooner or later—he would drop down on them. There would be the thud of his body, a minute squeal of surprise, the clatter of the nut as it fell to the ground, and then silence.

So they went, one after the other. Finally there was only one squirrel left. He was either luckier than the rest or cleverer. Night after night he eluded the cat, until discouragement drove the poor beast to hunt elsewhere. Then came a time of delight for both of us, the last of the squirrels and me.

Seeing me standing at the foot of the tree, he would emit a tiny "chip-chip" of joy and scramble down the trunk, past the feeding box, stopping with his nose almost touching mine, his black eyes full of bright mischief. Then, whisk! he'd be gone again. Where? Nowhere. He had disappeared. But a moment later I would catch sight of his head popping around the side of the trunk higher up, playing peekaboo.

We were very good friends. Then one night I waited for him and he did not come, and in the morning the nuts I had left in the box were still there. It was the same the next night and the next, until I gave up going outside to look for him and put no more nuts in the box.

Weeks passed. Finally some errand took me outside after dark and past the feeding box, and suddenly there came to my ears a joyous sound, an infinitesimal "chuck, chuck, chuck!" and there he was, back again, my old squirrel friend.

He seemed to be in a strange mood. Ignoring the nuts I hastily put in the box, he came running down the tree to stare into my face, flicked away at once, going high in the branches to chatter excitedly, and then down again. It was some time before I saw the reason for this odd behavior. He was not alone. Up there was another squirrel. During those weeks he had been away he had evidently searched for and found a mate, and he was now introducing her to the feeding box and, incidentally, to me.

She was timid. It took much persuasion to get her to trust either the box or me. But a few nights later she was coming down to pick up nuts just as he did, imitating his every movement. Then, having watched from a distance the games he played with me, she joined in them also.

But when April brought a softening warmth in the air, all this came to an end. One squirrel disappeared. The other was preoccupied and always in a hurry. He would seize the nut I gave him and be off immediately, over his bridge of branches and away. I began to feel rather foolish standing there acting as no more than a vending machine. So I put a pile of nuts in the box and stayed indoors.

The nights grew warm. The frogs croaked in the swamp. The dry leaves on the ground rustled with the constant passage of small life. Young birds, hatched in the spring, came to the feeding box. The crickets began to chirp. And then one night, as I was putting nuts in the box, I heard it again: "Chuck!"

There he was, there she was, and they were both ready for play. It was as if there had been no long summer intermission. Coming head first down the tree, he seized the nut I offered, flung it away with a devil-may-care flourish and nibbled delicately on my thumb. She followed, was on my arm and off again before I had time to be aware of the almost weightless touch of her body.

Oh, they were nimble, they were merry and they were many! Here were the two I knew—here and there and here again—and there was another, and another, and another! Smaller, these were, and brighter-looking; they were the young my two friends had raised. They came down to look me over gravely and, in a sudden dance, flicked themselves lightly over my outstretched hand. Very politely, as if conferring an honor on me, they took the nuts I held out, nibbled busily on the ends of them for a moment and tossed them away. They had not yet learned what it was to be hungry, and the bitter winds of winter were not audible to them above the gentle sighing of the summer's leaves.

They were as difficult to count as fireflies, but I was at last satisfied with having counted up to eight. Leaving a heap of nuts on the box for them, I went into the house with some of the sparkle in their eyes still reflected in mine. Somehow I had the feeling that I had become wondrously wealthy.

There followed many nights of play and growing friendship between us; then one day when I was walking through the woodlot I saw on the ground the first small ball of fur and bone. I picked it up and held it in my hand, pulled it apart, told myself it could be almost anything, it need not be a squirrel. But that night I became aware of what I had not noticed before—how, in the midst of play, they would suddenly flatten themselves against the trunk of the tree and gaze apprehensively upward, although I could detect no sound or movement anywhere between us and the stars.

I found more balls, and became adept at determining what they had once been. This, a wood rat. That, a mouse. And this—this had been one of my friends.

Finally I saw it happen. I had just left the house and was going toward the feeding box, my pocket full of nuts. On the box a squirrel sat waiting for me, his little fists curled against his white breast. I spoke to him; he answered with a merry, tail-flicking dance. Suddenly there was swift movement in the air, something as tawny as the squirrels swept across the dark sky with the sureness and silence of a cat leaping, and almost simultaneously there was the pounce of its body on the box. And then there was nothing left for me to look at but the empty box.

The owl was gone as silently as it had come. The squirrel was gone as silently as it had died. And something in my heart that had just been laughing was gone too.

The next day I made the cage. There is much to be said for freedom, but security has its advantages also. In the life of an animal the two cannot coexist. For the squirrels I had the power to choose one or the other. For myself there was a choice also—to trap them and see their merriment constricted by wire, or to let them remain free and see them die. It was a hard decision to make.

The cage was three feet tall, two feet square, not nearly big enough, but the best I could do just then. In the woods I found a sturdy log, split it in half, hollowed it out, fastened the two sections together again with wire and cut four small doorways in it, each just large enough for a walnut to pass through. Inside I put some shredded paper, dry leaves and soft, fine hay. I fastened this log house high on the inside of the cage, added a few branches of the tree they knew so well and, when everything was ready, I set a trap on the feeding box.

It was so easy it hurt. Even before I had returned to the house I heard the snick of the trap door closing. That's how easy it was.

It was the little female, the mother. I took her to our screened-in porch, where I had placed the cage, opened the trap and held it close to the open door of the cage. She went from one to the other without hesitation, climbed straight up to the log house, slipped through one of its small round holes, and I saw no more of her.

The next night I caught my old friend, her mate. He, too, went up at once to the log house and into it. There was a gentle rustling of the dry leaves and hay, and after that, silence.

Each night I put out the trap. Either the family had been larger than I had supposed or there were others in the vicinity, for the door of the trap clicked shut four more times. Then it remained open, and the bait in it untouched.

Five of the squirrels lived amiably inside the log house. The sixth, the last one trapped, was smaller, of a more recent litter, perhaps, or the runt of a litter, possibly from another clan. He was found unacceptable. The others did not torment him or chase him away from the food. They simply ignored him. But when he entered the log house they pushed him out again. So he slept like a bird on one of the branches just outside the house from which he was banned, his little fists pressed against his breast, his head tucked between them, his feathery tail curled up over his eyes. In his sleep he swayed, and sometimes he fell off the branch.

I took pity on him and made another small house for him. He accepted it gratefully and spent some time the first night happily rearranging the bedding to his liking; the others respected his title to it, and from then on there was contentment in the squirrel cage.

But I was not content. The first thought of the squirrels on awakening was not, as with most other animals, food, but play. It was almost painful to watch the six of them tumbling about in that small cage, going through amazing acrobatics to keep out of one another's way, but colliding nevertheless sometimes and falling to the floor of the cage with sharp squeals of dismay.

I should have been willing to let them have the run of the house if it had not been for the cats. Since, to discourage hunting, the cats were brought in at sundown instead of being put out with the winding of the clock, it seemed the squirrels would have to stay confined, until it occurred to me that the porch might be closed off at night.

Thus, with the shutting of a door, a new life began for the squirrels—and the cats. Each evening the porch was inspected to make sure no cat remained lurking in a corner, the door was closed and the cage was opened.

At first only two of the squirrels ventured out, and they did not go far. But gradually they adjusted their mild little lives to this new freedom. Instead of beginning to play the moment the smoky hue of dusk filled the air, they fed quietly and sat on their branches, grooming themselves, one scrubbing a tail draped over his short forearm, another washing his face, the rest scratching meditatively or smoothing down sleep-rumpled fur.

At a certain hour they began hopping around, going down often to press their tiny hands against the door of the cage; and at this certain hour the cats lined up on the window seat looking out on the porch, their eyes fever-bright, their tails twitching in anticipation. It was time for the show to begin.

The moment the cage door was opened, the squirrels tumbled out like children just released from school. In a twinkling they were all over the porch, tightrope walking along the top of the deck chair, scrabbling upside down on the beams of the ceiling, rattling crabwise across the screens, floating the length of the porch to land on the floor with froglike plops. The cats whimpered with delight, turning their heads in unison, this way, that way, back again. For hours, as the squirrels played, the cats scarcely moved.

This was their nightly pastime all through the winter, with special entertainment at Christmastime. To keep the cats from upsetting the Christmas tree and breaking all the ornaments, we have always set it up on the porch, which is chilly at that time of year and therefore not to their liking. Now the squirrels played games in the tree. It was almost like the old days, when they were free. They scampered up its trunk, crawled out to the very tips of the branches, launched themselves in flight and sailed across the porch.

They examined the mound of white stuff that looked so much like snow under the tree, found it acceptable for bedding, tore off shreds to stuff into their mouths and carry back to their cage. When the big log house and the little outcast's hut were packed so full of cotton that the squirrels had difficulty squeezing in, they began to make small

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No wonder mother gets a thrill out of watching the children hang up their Christmas stockings; she's delighted to see them hang up anything.

ANNA HERBERT

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auxiliary nests in the corners of the porch, just under the eaves. The purpose of these I did not know, since each morning I found that all the squirrels had returned to the cage.

It was not until the middle of March that I learned what these nests were for. The outcast was the first to suffer a change in his way of life. One morning I saw him swaying on a branch, drunk with sleep, just as in the days before I had given him his own house. A few days later he was joined by another squirrel. Then inspection one day revealed that three of them had not gone back to the cage at all, but were sleeping, absurdly, uncomfortably, in the nests tucked in the corners of the porch.

They were persuaded to return to the cage, but would not enter their houses. From inside the log at the top came sounds of mild bickering. And suddenly I knew how stupid I had been. It was time for the young to be born—for the males to stay away. And there was no place for them to go.

I consulted the checkbook wryly, put in a rush order for lumber and wire and cleared a small patch of ground. The new cage cost almost as much as the small room I had hoped to add to the house. Building it was, for me, hard labor under the most trying conditions—snow and freezing rain and bitter cold. But whenever I was tempted to quit, one glance at the three squirrels huddled miserably on their branch sent me out of doors again.

At last their new home was finished, and I was not too displeased with it. It was ten feet long, ten feet high, five feet wide, roomy enough for a squirrel to take quite a long glide. Under its wooden floor was another of wire mesh, to keep the rats out. It had wire sides and a wire roof, so that in winter the snow might sift through to provide its occupants with moisture when their water froze.

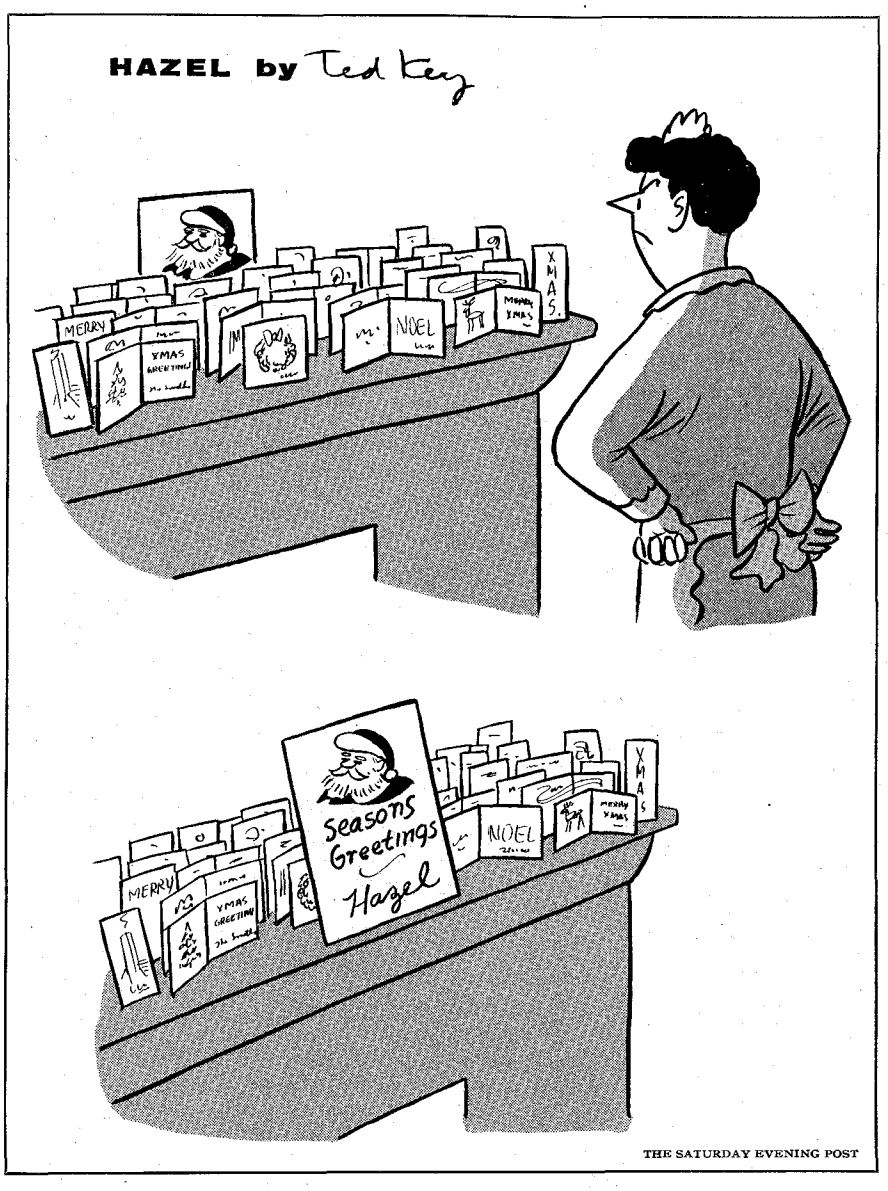
Their water dish was on a shelf just under the roof, for I had noticed that even now, after a winter of security, they feared the ground and were reluctant to stay on it for any length of time. At the far end of the cage, high up, were two long log houses, hollowed out, but with partitions dividing them into apartments, each with a private entrance. There were four apartments in each log, eight in all. Below was another long, low building made of rough lumber and covered with tar paper, with only one entrance, which came to be known as the community hall. Just outside its doorway was their feeding dish. Instead of beams, two of the supports for the roof were trunks of trees, with a few branches left on them where the squirrels might sit and eat or groom themselves.

I looked forward to the grand opening with considerable anticipation. But when the squirrels were moved, cage and all, into their new home and the door to the small cage was opened, nothing happened. For hours, while I hung around somewhat wistfully, not a squirrel stirred.

The next day I passed the cage often, and each time paused to glance in. Nothing had changed. But that night, when I entered it to give them fresh water, a wisp of cotton came floating down from one of the big new log houses. I stood under it and called; a head popped out of a doorway to look down at me with a tilted glance of one part mistrust and two parts mischief, and popped out of sight again.

Sometime during the night they must have moved. I took the top off their old cage and put an ear close to the log house. There was not a sound in it. I tapped against it, lifted it out and finally pried it open. It gave me an odd feeling, something like the embarrassment of reading another's mail or going through someone else's desk drawers. Here, all during the winter, the squirrels had lived. Along the walls nut kernels were lined up in rows. The rest of the log was stuffed with spotless cotton, and in it were three small, equidistant hollows—the nests of the three females.

While I was touching and examining I had a strange feeling that I was being watched and, looking up, was just in time to catch sight of six squirrel heads poked out of six doorways, peering down at me. I left the cage and stood outside it, grinning foolishly and enjoying a contentment quite out of proportion to anything but the sum of money I had spent to make six small squirrels happy.



A short time after they had been installed in their new home a cat contributed another member to their family, a tiny deer mouse that he caught and gave to me unharmed. To save it from being caught again, I put it in the squirrel cage. I knew it was possible that I had snatched it from one death only to deliver it over to another. A chipmunk would kill it; so would a red or a gray squirrel. But I could think of nothing else to do with it.

That night I had my usual half hour of fun in the cage, handing out nuts to the squirrels, letting them scramble up my arms to sit on my shoulder or the top of my head or steal nuts out of my pocket—or foolishly store nuts in it—but all the while I kept looking for a wisp of gray and white that would be the deer mouse.

There was no sign of it, and I concluded the squirrels must have killed it. However, about a week later, I was astonished one night to see a squirrel pop out of an apartment doorway, closely followed by another squirrel, and then by a little gray-and-white head with a pointed nose and bright black eyes and ears like the petals of a flower—the mouse. He was not only living at peace with the squirrels but had become one of them. Although he was of a different color and another race, and no doubt spoke a language entirely incomprehensible to them, they had accepted him as a member of their community, sharing bed and board with him.

It is weather-worn with three years of age now, the house for the squirrels and the little mouse that thinks he is a squirrel. In summer it is full of play, of tawny bodies flitting from one end of it to the other. In winter it is as silent as the snow that covers everything.

The log houses are silent, also, but delicate traceries in the snow tell a story. Close to the edge of the cage are the almost invisible tracks of the mouse, going once around it for his nightly constitutional. Here and there are the larger tracks of the squirrels, stopping at the feeding dish or the peanut-butter jar, pausing at a place where a depression in the snow shows that some of it has been lapped up to quench the thirst. And all these tracks converge at one spot—the entrance to the community hall. Thus I know that inside it, where there is room for all, they live as one body, huddled together with heartbeat close to heartbeat, breath upon breath. There, with only small movements now and then—the readjustment of a part of this body, the detachment of one segment of it to make a short trip out into the snow—they sleep patiently, waiting for the warm nights of spring to separate them and make them many again.

Then there will be the search for last summer's apartments; the lining of them with fresh cotton; the quiet, casual matings, and, afterward, hours and hours stretching far off into a summer's infinity of playing. This seems to be their primary interest in life—to play. All else—the obtaining of suitable living quarters, the making of the nest, even the reproduction that in so many other species seems almost the sole purpose of existence—all these are tiresome details to be got through as quickly as possible so that more time may be devoted to play.

For only one is it different—the largest of the males, the patriarch of the clan. Upon his shoulders, broader than the rest, falls the responsibility for the welfare of the community. I put a wad of cotton in the cage. The squirrels flit past it, too busy enjoying summer to think of the winter cold—all but the patriarch. He gathers it up, stuffs it into his mouth and, half blinded by its bulk, goes from apartment to apartment to peer into doorways. Who needs it most? Having decided, he stuffs it through an opening, pushing it with his nose, his feet, his whole body; then hurries off to another of his chores.

One of the apartments has been set aside as the community storehouse, and into this he puts every nut he is given, can find or, in an attack of overzealousness, can snatch from the very mouth of another squirrel nibbling on it. They are so careless! Half a nut is eaten, the rest tossed away. The patriarch watches it fall, retrieves it, carries it to the storehouse, then must make an inspection of the cage to gather up any other crumbs that have been left lying about. He has no time for play. I often wonder when he eats, and sometimes I feel sorry for him.

How many squirrels there are now I don't know. Frequently I count up to eight; occasionally I think I have seen eleven. Possibly there are some I do not know and have never seen.

There have been births and deaths and misfortunes. Once I found a baby, blind and helpless, on the floor. Not knowing which apartment it had fallen from, I simply chose one at random and placed it in the doorway. It teetered there for a moment before an arm reached out and encircled it and pulled it out of sight. Either I had picked the right apartment or babies are also community property.

Sometimes I see one that has grown feeble either from age or some sickness. Among most animals of the woods, and the barnyard, too, it is customary for the healthier members of the species to speed the departure of the dying. The dispatch, although it may indeed be merciful, is a cruel thing to witness.

With the squirrels it is different. They are a gentle people. When one of them is ill, when his eyes have grown dim and his body reluctant to move, by some common agreement, it seems, a certain portion of the cage is allotted to him. There he may sit in peace and look inward. All around him there is busy, ceaseless, careless, tireless activity—squirrels leaping, scrambling, flying, chattering, chewing. In his corner there is no movement, no sound, only the silent, invisible drama of a little life ebbing. When at last he stays curled up in his nest, when his heart no longer beats, the others remove his body and carry it down to the floor of the cage, where they place it in a corner and cover it with whatever may be at hand—leaves, or discarded bedding, or shreds of nutshells. That is how I find it and know that one of my friends has gone.

One night, now long ago, my eyes caught just a flicker of movement up in the box in the hemlock tree where we put food for the birds. And so I came to know these little elves of the forest, and love them, and build a house for them. They are happy in it and, knowing this, I am happy too. Yet sometimes when I pass the tree where we used to play our games, and look up at the box where once they waited for me, dancing, I am unaccountably lonely. THE END

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THE WONDERFUL HOAX AND THE INVENTION IT BROUGHT FORTH

● Not so very long ago, leisure time meant a time to rest, a time to relax, a time to play. It was reasonable to believe that more leisure would inevitably mean more rest, more relaxation, more play. But it just hasn't worked out that way.

Actually, something of a hoax has been perpetrated upon us. The work day has shortened, the work week has shrunken, the vacation has lengthened, our leisure has burgeoned. *But* . . . with this increase in leisure time has come a wealth of wonderful new things and wonderful new ways with which to use time, so we find ourselves busier than ever, with more things to do, more things to know about, more places to go, new worlds to conquer.

HOLIDAY Magazine came on the scene as an almost precise corollary of this era of diminishing work-time and increasing plenitude of things to do. And as there had never been a situation like this, there had never been a magazine to treat with it, so it fell to us to invent one and we did.

This newly invented magazine covers all the activities that can make our leisure time full, rich and rewarding; travel (intelligently), games (playing, watching and comprehending), food (eating, cooking and talking about), animals (enjoying, riding on, exhibiting), **HOLIDAY** homes (building, rebuilding, refurnishing, rejuvenating); keeping fit, keeping alert, keeping alive, keeping informed.

For our invention we have asked the help of those we consider the greatest writers, photographers and artists in the world. As these words fumblingly reach the paper, four of our great photographers (Tom Hollyman, Slim Aarons, Arnold Newman and Laurence Lowry) are in Africa working on our April all-Africa issue. Aubrey Menen (born in India, schooled in England, living in Rome) is working on a major New York piece after we had him visit New York for his first time. Han Suyin is in Singapore, where she lives and practices medicine, writing for us an analysis of the Oriental mind. Such people as Jerome Weidman, Santha Rama Rau, V. S. Pritchett, Laurens Van der Post, Elizabeth Bowen, Ronald Searle, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Charles Addams, are also at work for us, in various media, on various subjects, in various parts of the world.

And now that we have given you some faint idea of what we are trying to accomplish and what we might be able to bring into your life, we refer you to the blandishments of our Circulation people.

Ted Patrick
EDITOR

There's only one better way to get to know about **HOLIDAY** than from its editor—and that's to read and enjoy it yourself. And now for a limited time you can receive 14 months of **HOLIDAY** for $3.50—a saving of 40% over the regular subscription price. Send your order today and we'll bill you later. Let **HOLIDAY's** world of leisure be yours!

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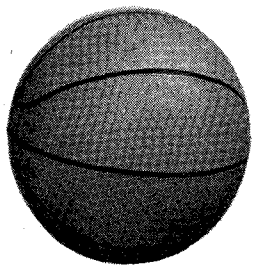

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Keeping Posted

Tales of the Authors

Contributing editor **Jim O'Donnell,** who writes about Hugh Gaitskell, British labor politician, on page 13, recalls that a few years ago David Dubinsky invited Gaitskell to address an A. F. of L. convention in New York. The Labor Party leader, taking off from London airport, bought himself a cheap tourist-class ticket; but when Dubinsky learned about this, he insisted that his guest return first class, free champagne and all. A London journalist wagged, "To prove there are no classes in America, Dubinsky wants everybody to travel first class."

Era Zistel, who on page 30 introduces you to some charming friends of hers (flying squirrels), is a great one for collecting wild and domestic animals and mixing them together amicably. The author and her husband (she is Mrs. Eric Posselt) live in a woodsy spot outside Haines Falls, N.Y. Her customary supply of wild friends was depleted by the killing severity of last winter, but she does have two opossums in residence now; one sleeps under her bed, and both associate happily with her ten cats. A children's fiction book by Era Zistel, titled Orphan, A Raccoon, was published in October by Rand McNally, and on Feb. 7 Crowell will publish her newest book, The Good Year, a factual account of life among the Posselts, which includes the domesticated raccoons that delighted readers of the June 1, 1957, Post.

When **Nora H. Caplan,** of Silver Spring, Md., got word that she had made her first sale to the Post (page 24), she was visiting her home town, Springfield, Mo., and

Nora Caplan ignored a tornado.

the town was right in the middle of a tornado alert. "Instead of heading for the cellar," she reports, "we all started dancing," and the tornado had the decency not to show up. What with being a housewife, taking care of Lisa, 6, and Jason, 4, doing some part-time schoolteaching, and getting in some writing, Mrs. Caplan manages to keep occupied.

Celestine Sibley, columnist on The Atlanta Constitution, has been working on a book about the city of Atlanta for Doubleday's city series; so her task went along according to plan until she tackled a chapter about Atlanta's newspapers and it ran away with her. The whole chapter proved to be about Ralph McGill, the Constitution's nationally respected editor—and it also proved to be a worthy subject for page 25. The author is widow of the late James W. Little, who was copy editor on the Atlanta Journal when he died in 1953. A mother of three teen-agers, Jimmy, Susan and Mary, she says, "I'm madly domestic when I have time—cooking, sewing, housefixing like crazy—but I had to develop a certain tolerance toward dust and disorder, or never make those deadlines."

Celestine Sibley and her children: the author had a recent session in a hospital.

Boy Meets Queen

Nicholas Clarke and Queen Frederika of Greece.

Last month while Queen Frederika of Greece was visiting New York, she held a "command audience" in her hotel suite for a little boy named Nicholas who was featured in a Post article on May 3 of this year. In his article author **Philip Clarke** told how he flew to Greece, selected an orphan baby to adopt, overcame incredible legal obstacles, and (all in three weeks' time) brought the boy back to his happy wife, Carol, in Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. Queen Frederika had a wonderful time with the little ex-resident of her orphanage in Athens—and vice versa. Papa Clarke reports that a TV dramatization of the Post story is planned by CBS' Armstrong Circle Theatre for Jan. 21, and that Nicholas and his parents will make a brief personal appearance. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, who were childless when Nicholas was adopted, became the parents of a pretty daughter, Caroline Elizabeth, born Sept. 18. "Disposition: friendly, but noisy."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Should Gambling be Legalized?"

Yes: it's the best way out in the battle against gambling racketeers, writes Thomas J. Gibbons, Philadelphia's police commissioner.

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